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Bruce Barton

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Summer Camps and Useful Leisure

By DR. W. A. KEYES

President, Camp Directors Association of America

It was Aristotle, I think, who said in substance that the aim and object of all education are to enable a person to derive the greatest possible benefit from his leisure time. The bearing of the avocation of an individual on his success in life is constant. Men deem it their duty to devote themselves to their professions and they consider it equally their privilege to spend their means and the leisure thus acquired as they please.

More than half the people of the United States live in large towns or cities where forms of wholesome and constructive entertainment do not make as strong an appeal to the imagination as do the

neutral or destructive forms.

Our Summer Camps provide city children with the means of self-entertainment. Every year they are furnishing an ever-widening field of opportunity for self-expression. Teachers in the natural sciences and masters in the manual arts are employed by the camp directors as counsellors to instruct the children regularly in such crafts as carpentry, masonry, jewelry, basketry, modeling, painting, drawing, as well as in such sports as horse back riding, sailing, rowing, swimming, etcetera. It is the tradition of campers to accomplish things. In music especially boys receive a real inspiration in camp, for those who can entertain with music are always welcome guests. Where the majority of boys find interest on every hand, the dull ones and the uninterested are led to try out various activities till they light on some field of investigation that proves of absorbing interest.

In the field of nature study camps vary according to their location and environment. Rarely does a person have such an opportunity for doing good to his fellowmen as the nature study counsellor, for it is his privilege to develop within the heart of the camper a love for nature in her various forms. Nearly all children can be taught to love the woods, fields, mountains, brooks, lakes and the gray old ocean. But the cultivation of this love should begin in early childhood, just as the love for music, poetry, literature and the drama should begin early in life, in order that the grown men and women may feel at home in the midst of the most beautiful spots that God has made.

Early in life our children should learn to love the manly sports, athletics, hunting, riding, cruising, camping, in order that they may become strong, energetic, versatile men and women. Comparatively few people love to walk, and only a very few love to take long walks. The reason is because they did not learn in childhood the joy there is in it. I have known many business and professional

men whose education has been so narrow that they can get no enjoyment from country life. A grove is to them just a clump of trees, dark, gloomy, uninteresting. Not so the experienced camper. He sees and loves everything in the woods and field. He discovers the fragrant mint and water-cresses. The camp and the country have given him an added interest in life. He loves to study animals and plants and to enjoy them in their life and freedom rather than by collecting them.

The manual training counsellor teaches the children to enjoy the homeliest sorts of manual labor. Boys will haul sand, rocks and cement almost any distance for the privilege of mixing the compound, and the joy of actually placing it within the bridge or wall that is in the course of construction. There and then the boy determines that some day he will build his own home, after his own plans,

and in his own way.

As the population of the United States becomes more and more urban a greater effort must be put forth to supply our boys and girls with the means of self-expression. The summer camps supply in of self-expression. a marked degree this much needed opportunity. The theatres, movies and other more or less questionable places of amusement claim the time and attention of the bulk of city people. The home is no longer a place in which to spend leisure hours. Our homes are beautiful but empty, and the only excuse for their existence is the bed and the bath. When more attention is paid to the secondary vocations of our children, homes may be restored to their original importance. At the present time camps are rendering more assistance in that direction than any other agency. Their phenomenal growth during the last five years is a proof of their value to the individual, the home and the nation. Camp directors are taking a broad view of the educational value of their work. Their great objective is the harmonious development of the body, mind and soul. The means employed are the various activities which always have appealed and always will appeal to the young. The result attained is the well balanced, selfdirecting, self-entertaining boy and girl, who know right from wrong and do not hesitate between the two.

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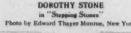
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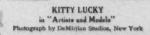






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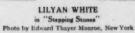






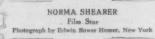
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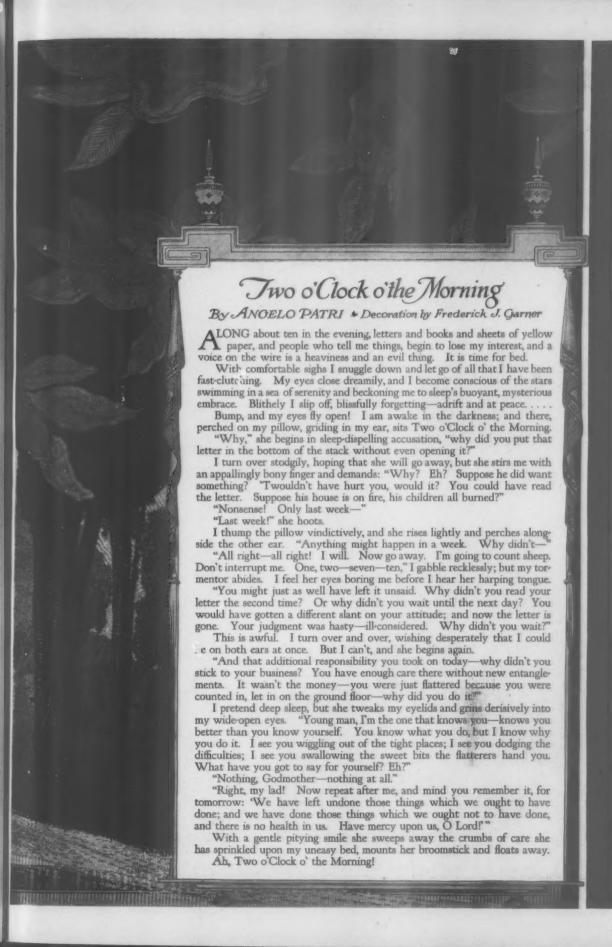










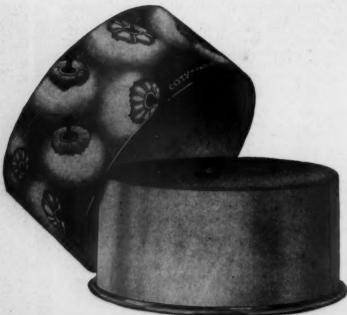




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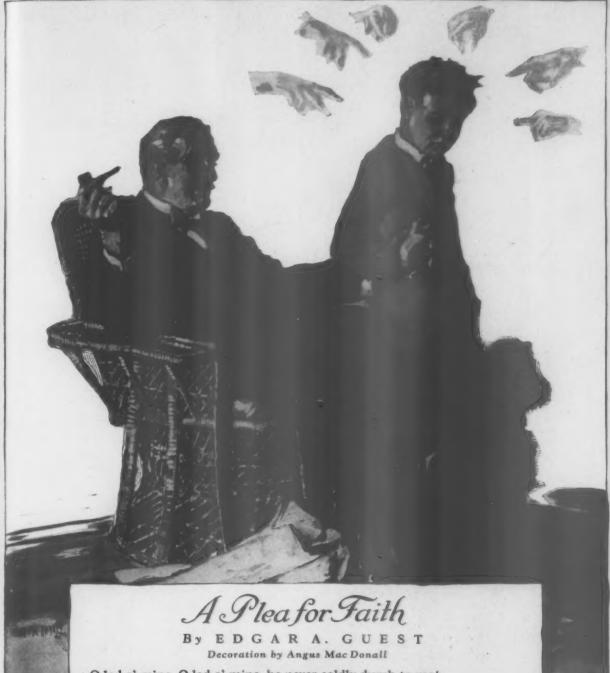




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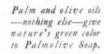


O lad o' mine, O lad o' mine, be never coldly dumb to me!
Whatever care is on your heart, be ever quick to come to me.
Come with the truth upon your tongue, and have no fear or doubt of me—
I have such love for you, my lad, no hurt can drive it out of me.

O lad o' mine, O lad o' mine, your father God has made of me, And shamed I'll be, to go to Him, if ever you're afraid of me. I'll grieve to learn you've done a wrong, but 'twill be worse distress to me, To find you've hid behind a lie and would not all confess to me.

O lad o' mine, O lad o' mine, you are the living part of me—
To find a stranger in my place would surely break the heart of me.
Keep faith in me; whate'er befalls, I'll stand and share the worst with you.
No friend shall be so true as I—but oh, I must be first with you.





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"Let's Both

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beauty of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this budding beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that the exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlhood days.

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Rare oils the secret

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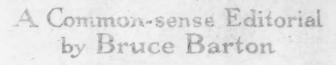
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A Little More Wagging

A MAN who had made a large fortune by selling perfumes was telling me his troubles some years ago.

"You know I get my raw materials from France," he said, "and that's my big worry. I can't make the Frenchmen enlarge their plants fast enough."

"No?" I said. "Why not?"

"Oh, they just wont be hurried," he answered. "They say: 'We're making enough money; we're satisfied. Why should we rush ourselves to death just to add a few more thousands to our income?" It's very discouraging," he finished pathetically.

He kept pounding away at the Frenchmen, and pounded himself into an early grave. I never think of him without recalling that epitaph in an English churchyard:

"Here lies Adrian Spicer Born a man and died a grocer."

My friend was born a man and died a toilet-goods man; but he built one of those businesses which we take so much pleasure in describing as the "largest in the world."

One of my favorite passages in all literature is this from the Chinese:

"Chuang Tzu was fishing in the P'u when the Prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of the Ch'u state.

"Chuang Tzu went on fishing, and without turning his head said: I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead now some three thousand years, and that the Prince keeps this tortoise carefully inclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now, would this tortoise rather be dead, and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?"

"'It would rather be alive,' replied the two officials, 'and wagging its tail in the mud.'

"Begone!' cried Chuang Tzu. 'I too will wag my tail in the mud.'"

We send many missionaries to the Chinese; it would be a good thing if they sent us some in return. If our restless energy could be leavened by their calm assurance that nothing makes very much difference after all, the result would be a race of folks who would get more out of living than either they or we do now.

Working is all right, and I have said not a few kind words for it on this page. But as I get older, I begin to think that Chuang Tzu was also right—that being embalmed in the "greatest business in the world" is poor recompense for never having had the fun of wagging your tail in the mud.



BLANKETS

How to wash them safely

The chief causes of matted, harsh or shrunken blankets are strong soap, excessive rubbing and extremely hot or cold water.

Keep blankets fluffy this way: For 1 double or 2 single blankets, dissolve 1 teacupful of Ivory Flakes in hot water; pour into washtub 3/3 full of lukewarm water, and beat up a thick suds. (If water is hard, use a little Sopade or powdered borax.)

Shake the dry blanket well to remove dust; plunge into suds, working up and down with the hands, squeezing suds through it. To remove spots, soap with Ivory Soap and rub lightly between hands.

Press water from the blanket and repeat operation in fresh suds of same tempera-

Put clean blanket through loose wringer and rinse in three clear lukewarm waters. In the last rinse dissolve enough Ivory Flakes to make water milky.

Wring loosely. Hang in open air—in sun if possible. When partly dry, shake well from corners. When well from corners. When dry, press binding and air in warm room.



Why the new mode requires new methods

OMEN with soft, dainty hands who once would never have dreamed of washing even a handkerchief, except in an emergency, now launder their own precious stockings and blouses and underwear, their own treasured sweaters and scarves, in gentle Ivory Suds which is as harmless to hands as to the dainty garments themselves.

There are two good reasons for this change:

1.—Fine things of this sort cannot be trusted to unskilled hands, rough treatment, and harsh soap.

2.—Delicate silks must be washed as soon as they become soiled, else the acids of perspiration will rot the fabrics and fade the colors. To leave such garments for several days in a damp, dark clothes hamper or bag is to cut months from their life. (If there is no time for ironing immediately after washing, the garments should be laid away clean, for ironing day.)

For one's modern things, delicate enough to draw through a finger-ring, only a gentle squeezing in pure Ivory Suds will do. Ivory Suds—so mild, so gentle, yet so thoroughly cleansing — may be quickly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap. Since millions of women use Ivory to protect their complexions, its safety for silks and woolens is

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

APRIL 1924. Vol. XLII, NUMBER 6

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, Editor



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When Grace Sartwell Mason decided, some years ago, that the writer's life was the life for her, she set about living it forthwith. That happened to be in Buffalo. In spite of all the rebuffs a beginner receives, she kept persistently at it, until today the work of no other writing woman in America is more keenly sought by editors. Hers is the talent that discovers in superficial sordidness the breath of the spirit and even the essence of beauty—as in her present story.

He watched the men, women and children he knew passing by. Among them, who needed money enough to have traded his soul for it?

The Closed House

GRACE SARTWELL MASON

SOME houses are like some persons, conspicuous only in their moment of death. It was this way with the Whipple house. It had stood for forty years or more directly on the open Square, around which flowed the slow tides of our town's commercial life; and yet we were as little aware of it as of the disused cast-iron drinking fountain at one corner of the Square, or the hills that ringed the town about.

For the house had never, in the memory of most of us, been hospitable. And the Whipples having dwindled away, there was left only Almira Whipple, a close-fisted and rather sour old lady. The paint had peeled off the fluted pillars of the house, and gaps had come in the cast-iron frieze of lyres in a Greek-key border

which ran along the cornice. Little having been done to keep it up, the house had become weathered to a low visibility, so to speak, both physically and spiritually—had become as unobtrusive as an old gray dog who asks only to be let alone.

trusive as an old gray dog who asks only to be let alone.

And then, suddenly, it came to its spectacular and mystifying end. At two o'clock one morning, during an absence of Almira Whipple, it burst into flames. It burned like tinder. No one saw the flames start. The house stood back from the street a way, hedged in from its neighbors by old lilac and currant bushes, and sheltered at the back by a small orchard of gnarled apple trees and a high board fence. Mr. and Mrs. Chaffee, who lived nearest and were awakened by the unnatural light beating

Pete Sims had called for her at six o'clock, with one of Jeb Meacham's hacks, but he had not gone into the house—there was no reason for him to do so.

in at their windows, declared that the flames appeared almost to have sprung from the ground about the house. It appeared to be burning not alone from the inside out, but from the outside in-almost, as Mrs. Chaffee said, like spontaneous combustion.

And in the publicity of that encircling glare, the lifelong reticence of the Whipple house was violated. One saw the shutters consumed from the windows as if its eyelids twisted open reluctantly; and when the front door fell in upon a lurid interior, the exposure seemed curiously unseemly.

Practically everybody in town was in the Square, staring. The faces of the watchers were strangely colored, and their eyes shone in the glare. Around the Square the windows turned copper-colored; and in the drugsto e window the green and ruby lights were like two great jewels. Above them the drugstore clerk leaned so far out of his window that Doctor Will expected to see him fall on his head.

"Hi, Narcy, come down and unlock the store," the Doctor called up to him. "Jeb's cut his hand, and I want to fix him

The clerk started so violently that he knocked his head against the window sash, but in a moment or two the old Doctor and Jeb Meacham could see him making a wavering course under the dim gas globes down the length of the store.

"Rattled, the poor nut," muttered Doctor Will, peering in.
"Hold your hand up, Jeb. I
guess he'll get here in the course o' time."

"Well, Narcy, I see ye had time to put on yer purtiest tie," Jeb Meacham chuckled as the clerk finally got the door

Narcy Jethro's hand went up to his beautiful cravat, in the finical gesture familiar to the drug-store habitués. He was dressed in a pale silk shirt and trousers, though he wore no shoes. He attempted a scornful twitch of his nose at Jeb Meacham, but his lips were quivering uncontrollably.

"Will-will they be able to save it?" he gasped, staring past

them out the window.

"Nope," asserted Jeb Meacham, enthusiastic in spite of his dripping hand. "Look it! There goes one o' them front pillars. Gosh, there goes the other. Nobody c'n git in that front door now."

"Did anybody try to?" Narcy Jethro stared with a thin line of white showing above the iris of his eye.

"I did," said Jeb with some pride, "and that's how I got cut Smashed in one o' them sidelights by the door thinkin' I'd unlock the door so the boys could git some of the furniture out.



But 'twa'n't no use. I don't believe there'll be a stick or stun saved." And then he added after a moment, during which the Doctor began work on his hand: "It'll be tough fer old Miss Whipple. Wonder if they'll wire her or wait till she gits home?"

"Lord, I hope some one'll have sense enough to send her a wire," said the Doctor. "She's too old to stand a shock like that. Hand me that two-inch gauze, Narcy."

The clerk turned from the window as if he tore himself inch by inch away. His head kept turning back over his shoulder as

he handed the bandage.

"Open it, open it, Narcy! But don't touch the gauze. My gracious, boy,"—the Doctor looked up impatiently,—"go on over to the fire if you want to. I'll look after the store."

But the clerk shivered and said he'd get his coat and go up on the roof to see if there were any sparks falling there. He dissolved into the darkness of the prescription-room.

"Narcy wouldn't fergit his coat and pearl pin if the' was an earthquake," drawled Jeb.

unlocked.



"No," agreed the Doctor absently. "I hope they'll wire Almira and not let her just stumble onto the ruins of her house."
"Well, it's a goner," said Jeb Meacham with the satisfaction

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"Well, it's a goner," said Jeb Meacham with the satisfaction of one who has never had enough of drama. "Gosh, look! The roof'll splash in, in a minute!"

The two men went to stand in the doorway to watch the last lurid moments of the old Whipple house. The wind had fortunately died down, and the flames roared almost straight upward in the chilly air. The gray house had become like an enormous flower with licking petals of crimson and orange, a joyous and hungry flower. Here and there between the petals could be seen the gray heart of the flower, a bit of window-casing, a foot or two of the frieze of lyres, a corner of roof. Then not even these gray glimpses could be seen. The ultimate moment of perfection had arrived. The fire possessed the house utterly.

The roof fell in with a crash and crack of timbers. An enormous cloud of golden sparks flew upward; the front wall

toppled in, followed in a moment or two by the other three. A loud murmuring cry went up from the watching crowd. And above this murmur of admiration, excitement and pity, the voice of Narcy Jethro gave a cracked yell from the drug-store roof.

Slowly, as the last flame died down, the crowd in the Square dissolved and went shivering home. It seemed that the Whipple house, having held the center of the stage for a fiery hour, would now drop into complete oblivion. There was some talk of the history of the house, and a good deal of wondering as to the cause of the fire and what Miss Whipple would do, whether she had enough money to build again on that site, and so on. And this talk, it seemed, was the last word about the house.

But before the ashes of it were entirely cold, it had leaped up again to a ghostly life. For with the passing away of the house, there began to dawn upon our town a mystery, so bewildering and so sinister, so full of curious possibilities, that it gripped us overwhelmingly. In a word, it developed that not only the Whipple house but Almira Whipple had disappeared.

Old Miss Whipple had been a creature of routine and habit. . Every year since anyone could remember, she had been in the habit of taking a month's treatment for her rheumatism at a small sanitarium a day's journey from Marysport. It was her sole outing, and the one exciting event of her year. Everyone who knew the old lady knew about this journey, for she began to get ready for it weeks beforehand. And always in the first week of November she took the six-thirty local train to the Junction, where she caught a through train to her destination. She had been gone, this time, about two weeks when her house burned

It was Mrs. Chaffee, her next-door neighbor, who undertook to acquaint Almira Whipple with her loss. Early on the morning after the fire she sent a wire to the sanitarium authorities, asking them to break the bad news to Miss Whipple. That afternoon she received a telegraphed reply to the effect that although Miss Whipple's trunk had arrived, nothing had been seen of her, no

word had been received from her.

MRS. CHAFFEE could not believe her eyes when she read this message. She knew there must be some mistake, for with her own eyes she had seen Almira start out on her journey. In the dusk of late afternoon on the second day of November, to be exact-Mrs. Chaffee had a stern memory for dates-she had seen Miss Whipple come out from her house and get into one of Jeb Meacham's hacks. In fact, she had raised the window to wave a farewell to her.

Could it be that Miss Whipple had gone to another sanitarium? But no, this was as ridiculous as to think of Henry Chaffee's getting into the wrong house when he came home to supper. Besides, there was the trunk which she had sent ahead of her to the Merced Sanitarium, and the ticket which she had bought long in advance. No, it was unthinkable that she had gone any-

where else.

When Mrs. Chaffee had read the telegram six times, she whipped off her starched afternoon apron and put on her hat and coat. As she walked along with the yellow slip of paper in her hand, it came to her with a shock that Miss Whipple had no close friend and no relative to whom her neighbor could turn in this perplexing circumstance. The old lady was both parsimonious and sour. She seldom opened the door of her house in hospitality; and she turned a suspicious eye upon attempts at friendship, because, so it was said, she was afraid of some one's making up to her for her money. She had no church affiliations, being of some branch of the Adventists, of whom there were few in Marysport. And she was the last Whipple thereabouts.

Mrs. Chaffee, passing along one side of the Square, turned absently to the left along that part of Main Street where the shops left off and dwellings began, and thus she came to the low, comfortable house where Doctor Will lived. The old Doctor was raking leaves around the roots of his crimson rambler, and with the same impulse that had turned many feet in his direction, it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Chaffee that perhaps Doctor Will would advise her what to do.

The Doctor leaned on his rake and read the telegram. He considered, his eyes under their bushy, iron-gray brows, gazing toward the Square. He could see only a corner of it, but he knew that at the other side of it wisps of smoke were still going up from the ruins of old Miss Whipple's house. He shook his head.

"I don't believe she ever went anywhere else. She liked it at Merced. She's told me so several times-though I don't believe she ever called me in more than twice in all these years. She was a pretty sound old lady for her age.'

"You went there when she broke her arm three years ago,"

Mrs. Chaffee reminded him.

"Yes, that's so. And she talked to me then about Merced Sanitarium.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Chaffee, "that she could have had one of those fits of—what do you call 'em—when a person forgets who they are? On the way, you know. For I know she

Doctor Will agreed that it was not unlikely Miss Whipple might have suffered a loss of memory on her way to the Sanitarium. But there was her ticket. The conductor on the train would either have taken her on to Merced, or brought her back to Marysport Junction.

"Did she have anything on her to identify her?" he asked.

Mrs. Chaffee declared that Miss Whipple had her name sewed into the old-fashioned black leather handbag she always carried. She had seen it there herself. She recalled that on the afternoon Miss Whipple left for the Sanitarium she had met her on the street, and stopping to speak to her, she noticed that the black leather handbag was open. She spoke to the old lady about this,

and Miss Whipple gave a gasp of fright.
"She'd just been to the bank," said Mrs. Chaffee, "to draw out the money for her trip, and she was awful scared for a minute, for fear she'd lost it. We backed up into a doorway while she clawed around in the bag until she was sure the money was all right. I says to her, 'Miss Whipple, you ought to carry your money in a little bag around your neck,' and she showed

me how she had her name in her bag; and I says to her—"
The Doctor hastily stemmed the tide. "Well! That disposes of the amnesia idea, pretty nearly. What do you think of doing

"I declare I don't know. She's got neither kith nor kin, that I know of. And I can't say I feel called upon to be telegraphing around the country-

"I'll wire the Sanitarium myself," offered the Doctor, drawing a rakeful of leaves toward him. "I guess I can do that much for an old patient."

And Mrs. Chaffee, with a sigh of relief, turned the mystery over to him. The next morning he received a night letter which merely elaborated the telegram Mrs. Chaffee had received. manager of the Sanitarium wired that they had expected Miss Whipple on the third of November, as she had made a reservation and her trunk had arrived. But they had neither seen her nor heard from her to date.

When he had read this wire, the Doctor went out into his frost-nipped garden and looked at his button chrysanthemums rather fixedly. There was beginning to stir in him a disquieting sensation too vague to be called a conviction, a sort of faint foreboding which he had known before. He had lived too long. and he was too wise, to undervalue his intuitions, those invisible antennæ of the spirit. And he faced now a certain thought that brought him to a standstill on his garden path.

"Something's happened to Almira Whipple. She's gone. wasn't amnesia, either. This town will never see her again. And her house is gone, too. That's the queer part of it. She and her house! Fifty years there in one spot. And now both of them gone. Inside of the same month. Why?"

For half an hour he puttered about his garden absently. Then he strolled along the street to the Square. The south side appeared very odd, with the gap where the Whipple house had No smoke was coming up now; the embers had cooled. He walked across the Square to show his telegram to Mrs. Chaffee; and Mrs. Chaffee, full of exclamations and conjectures, came out to stand with him on the sidewalk in front of the ruins. It was a mere jumbled, blackened heap of thoroughly charred timbers fallen into the cellar. The chimney alone stood up stanchly, with two blackened holes where the parlor and the bedroom fireplaces had been.

Mrs. Chaffee cast a glance over her shoulder and then she

whispered:

"You know, Doctor, there's something awful queer about the way this house burned. When I first looked out, flames was shootin' out the side windows, and Henry said that when he run past, it was burning all along the front—on the outside!"

"So? What do you make of that?"

"Kerosene! We think it was fairly drenched in kerosene, inside and out, maybe.'

THE DOCTOR was disappointing to her in the way that he apparently failed to rise to the drama of this statement. merely looked at her once, and then turning away, walked slowly over to the drug-store across the Square.

The drug-store was a sort of club for him and for two or three others of his contemporaries who had dropped out of active life to a place on the side-lines. Now that his brilliant son, Doctor Willie, had taken all the difficult cases off his hands, the old Doctor had plenty of time to watch life without feeling himself too much implicated in its problems. He could sit in the pleasant window, looking out between the green and ruby containers, over the piled-up tonics and sponges and soaps, and watch life walking past with a fascination which was for him never failing.

This morning the drug-store forum occupied itself exclusively with conjectures and theories as to the whereabouts of Miss Whipple and the cause of the fire. He knew it was the same all over the town. It was a topic that for the moment exceeded in interest even the remarkable woman evangelist who was holding revival meetings in one of the smaller churches. But the Doctor was not by nature loquacious, and this morning he was thinking se ack his. raw way ney rry wed oses oing that ning ving uch tery hich The Miss tion nor his ums ting ong, sible that It And and n of Then apoled. haf-ame It It timchly, coom she the was he !"

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"I am ready," she whispered, "Tell me, O God, how to heal this sick soul."

about that word kerosene. He noticed that the idea of deliberate incendiarism had not yet dawned upon the general public, the favorite theory being that the fire had been set by some tramp who had broken in for a night's lodging. He did not know why, but somehow the constant repetition of this theory gave him a vague sense of relief.

Until noon he sat there, reading the paper and smoking a black cigar which he called to Narcy Jethro to bring him. Narcy had been told to redecorate the window this morning.

He had decided on a display of perfumes and toilet waters, and it was plain that the mere handling of these objects fascinated him. His long fingers lingered over the smooth, odd shapes of the bottles; now and then he held to the light a liquid of jade or amber or honey-color, and gazed through it. Presently, he went outside to get the effect of his arrangement; and Doctor Will, looking up from his paper, saw the face of the clerk on the other side of the glass.

The thought drifted across Doctor (Continued on page 167)

Rich White Trash

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

There's just one dominant interest in the life of Margaret Culkin Banning-beyond, of course, her own domestic interests; and that is an interest in folks-not people, but folks in the good old American sense. And she knows folks as they are in Duluth, which is not so large that neighborliness is impossible, and is moreover of the type of many other American towns of its size. This sympathetic understanding makes for the reality the reader feels in all Mrs. Banning's work.



ACROSS the wide doors which opened into Mardel's fourthfloor tea-room and restaurant stretched a thick, red-velvet cord, a cord in keeping with the tea-room anteroom, somewhat too heavily decorated, with its wall tapestries and overstuffed divans. The red-velvet cord was presided over by a very dominant head waitress. It kept stray members of the crowd from entering the tea-room and personally hunting around in search of tables. Occasionally its mentor unloosed the brass catch and with a gesture of recognition or condescension let a small group pass through to a reserved or vacated table. On Saturday noon there was always a crowd at Mardel's.

It was a woman's crowd, so much so that although there were

men there, each one seemed to be present only by virtue of some

relation to a woman. A few of the men were taking women to lunch. Others of them were young men whose lunches would be paid for by an older woman member of the party. Some few were fattish men who did not belong to clubs and had the Mardel tea-room habit. But women pervaded the place. The colors of their clothes and the scent of their perfumes, the sense of money spent lavishly and yet with certain niggardliness, the sight of the foods chosen by women, were everywhere. It was not a room of steaks and English mutton chops and mixed grills. It was, rather, a place devoted to mushrooms and salads and chickens for those who let appetite have full sway, and special foods for those who wanted to keep thin. On the back of the first sheet of the menu were numerous suggestions for this latter group, and these

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suggestions helped to make Mardel's popular. One could diet there and put forth no effort -diet with a sense of eating freely, without having to plan or think. Dozens of women, as overstuffed as the divans in the lobby, were eating bran bread on this Saturday at one o'clock-bran bread and iettuce with "special diet dressing," and rel-ishing it all enormously as they watched to see who was coming in and what new costumes were being worn, and generally absorbed ideas for reupholstering themselves. women watched the the younger girls with special interest and even a certain deference.

At one-thirty Georgia
Collingwood and her mother appeared beyond the red rope. It
was one of Mrs. Collingwood's anticipated moments of triumph, when
the rope should be instantly let
down by the head waitress and she
might sweep across the room to her
table. Though she hardly "swept"

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table. Though she hardly "swept"
—she had too much beauty-parlor training
for that! She walked quickly and buoyantly (considering her weight), and teetered
only a little, for she was wearing gray
suède sandals, and the mode gave them, fortunately,
though temporarily, broad and low heels.

Georgia followed with her usual manner of bored insolence. They stopped for a minute at Mrs. Root's table to exchange a word or two—though Mrs. Root was also a dweller in the Antoinette Apartments, and they had seen her as they stepped into their own car an hour ago. Still, it gave a kind of pleasure to make the contact and offere

it gave a kind of pleasure to make the contact and offered other people in the room a chance to observe the perfect suavity of Georgia's gray costume with its smart gray taffeta hat, a gray crêpe jacket and plaited skirt.

Georgia knew that everyone around her at the tables within view gave her at least a glance, and she felt that she thoroughly deserved it. She deliberated her effects carefully, and this gray costume had taken time—and of course money—as well as a quarrel with Madame Irene, who had placed the plume too far forward on the hat at first.

The Collingwoods took their table and spoke to their waitress, who as promptly as possible deserted the tourist group she was serving and came over smiling, to assure herself that their table was spotless and to put the ice in their water glasses before they could acquire a thirst. Mrs. Collingwood spread her napkin largely and looked around, as one in possession. Georgia picked up the linen-bound menu carelessly. She didn't really care what was on it. She wasn't hungry, and it occurred to her that she could recite the menu anyhow. Still, after all, one had to eat.

"Look," said Mrs. Collingwood, sotto voce, "there's the Robins girl who's going to be married next month. That's her mother with her, I suppose. Or is it?"

Georgia followed the direction of her mother's glance to the two women sitting at a little table not far from them. She could look, she discovered, with safety, for Mrs. Robins and her daughter were paying no attention to anyone. They were eating with their eyes on their shopping lists, which lay beside them, and discussing the lists busily. Georgia looked Rosemary Robins over

carefully. She was very attractive—Georgia admitted that, with a certain reluctance; and she dressed well enough, but with no particular style. There did not seem to be any particular style about either the Robinses' looks or manners. Both mother and daughter might have been quite unnoticed in a crowd—"if you didn't know who they were," thought Georgia.

The man at the next table had his eyes on Georgia. He had never even looked at Rosemary Robins. That should have been satisfaction to Georgia. But as she sized up the stranger, she

satisfaction to Georgia. But as she sized up the stranger, she derived no glow from his attentions. Somebody selling blouses, probably. He looked like that.

Her eyes strayed back to the Robinses. They seemed so absorbed, so busy, so delightfully hurried. She thought of the list

of entertainments which she had seen scheduled in the society pages for Rosemary Robins. What a lot of clothes she would have to have—what fun it must be to have engagements fairly tripping each other up!

"What would you rather have?" asked her mother. "Iced tea

or coffee?

"I don't care," said Georgia. "Order for me-anything. I'm not hungry."

Her mother wrote out the order in her twirly handwriting, and

the waitress took it immediately.

"The service is always good here when they know you," beamed Mrs. Collingwood at her daughter. That was her usual remark at this point. "Now, what shall we do after lunch? Shall we go straight to the Lyceum? Betty Wood is there in 'Husbands.' Or shall we try on some fur coats at Darcy's and Hamilton's. Everything's on sale, and we'll get an idea of prices. Of course we wont take anything, unless we see something that's an awfully good bargain."

"Fur coats? I don't need one. I've still the moleskin and the beaver for street. Still, we may as well look. If I saw a short white one that didn't look like a shop-girl, I might get it."

"I don't know," cautioned her mother. "Short fur coats may be all out by fall. Better just look today. See—there's Mrs. Wilson over there by the window alone. My goodness, nearly

all our bridge club's here!"

"Where else have they to go?" asked Georgia suddenly. Her eyes were on Rosemary Robins, getting up from the table,—the Robinses hadn't ordered dessert,—smiling at the waitress and going quickly across the room. Heads turned to watch her progress, but not a trace of consciousness appeared in the girl's manner. Here and there she spoke to some one, and once she and her mother stopped at old Mrs. Maggard's side, and old Mrs. Maggard held Rosemary's hand affectionately for a minute. Georgia knew that all the people who knew Rosemary Robins by sight were talking about her now, saying things just like these

Georgia's mother was saying: "She's not so very pretty, is she? They say she hasn't a thing in her trousseau that isn't handmade. I heard there was one rose negligée that some one sent from Paris that was worth a thousand dollars. They say the young man has to live on what he earns -that his father wont help him at all. But of course, that's just talk. I heard the wedding was going to cost fifty thousand dollars, and that they'd sent out a thousand invitations. How thin Mrs. Robins keeps! I won-der how she does it." "Activity." said

Georgia tersely, in answer to this last query. She didn't quite know what had come over her, a gathering cloud of discontent, of feeling somehow in the discard, somewhat personally shabby.

"Ten years ago, they say, Mr. Robins was

bankrupt—"
"Oh, Mother," said
Georgia desperately,
"let's not talk about
people we don't know!"

Her mother stared at her. "Why, everybody knows the Robinses!" "Do you know them

to speak to?"

"Well-I must say-" gasped her mother.

Georgia ignored her mother's bridling. She took out her vanity box and tried to soothe herself, looking at her mirrored beauty inside the gold cover. The gesture was automatic. A hundred times a day she gave a glance of criticism or appreciation of her delicately modeled features, so minutely cared for. Sometimes the mere sight of her own face could satisfy her, give her a glow of contentment, a lift of pride. But today everything was going against her. Between herself and her reflection she could only see the lovely face of Rosemary Robins, who was going to be married next month, as all Cosmopolis knew.

Her mother was mollifying herself with a blueberry muffin. "I can't quite remember the number of calories in this," she said, "but once in a while I just have to step over the line."

Tonight at dinner she would say the same thing, thought Georgia, and "step over the line" again with butter or a potato. Why make such a fuss about getting thin if you really didn't mean to work at it? Why talk it—and talk it—and talk it.—Mrs. Wilson, who had finished her lunch, joined them. The obsequious waitress pushed up a chair, and Mrs. Wilson planted herself happily on it. She was a woman of Mrs. Collingwood's age, and belonged to her bridge club.

"Well, dear, everybody's here today," she observed cheerfully. "You always see everyone you know at Mardel's, don't you?

Did you notice the Robinses?"

"Do you know Mrs. Robins, Mrs. Wilson?" Georgia spoke coldly.

Mrs. Wilson fluttered. "Why, I'm sure I must have met her a number of times. I just can't recall this minute. Of course, she's been away so much, and so have I, I have never known her intimately."

Georgia's glance dropped. She didn't mean to be so nasty. But it was hard to keep from it, with this talk about the Robins wedding when the talkers weren't invited, when the Robins family didn't even know they were on earth. Something about the atti-

tude irritated her terribly today. And yet it was always the same. Goodness knows, she ought to be used to it!

She sat through the rest of the luncheon, lazily listening to the older women. Their conversation went on and on, a blend of shopping, of prices, of admiration for each other's clothes, obviously meant to draw down the fire of praise on their own, of gossip that was hardly malicious, because it was so uninformed. Georgia watched the people drift out of the tearoom, the teachers lunching there on Saturday in groups, always distinguishable by not wearing clothes that were perfectly smart, the young girls of the sub-deb age who were having as much fun as possible attracting attention, the worriedlooking matrons whom one detected as eating very lightly to keep their pocketbooks from devastation, the "parties" of people who had no place elsewhere to entertain, and people like herself and her mother, richly dressed, commanding some attention and much service, real queens of the tearoom. It used to give her a sense of importance to lunch here, handsomely gowned. Today, without quite knowing what was wrong with her, she felt that there was nothing more to the business. She was sick to death of coming up here and chasing around to shops and movies and bridge-parties.

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But there was nothing else to do. She watched her mother



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pay the check at last, giving the waitress the benignant smile and largesse which would assure them of a fulsome reception next time, and slowly followed Mrs. Wilson and her mother out. Silhouetted behind the two plump matrons, she was really very lovely, and several people asked who she was. She saw heads turn, but it offered her no consolation. It wasn't as it had been with Rosemary Robins. "Georgia Collingwood" didn't mean anything.

obins. "Georgia Collingwood" didn't mean anything.
They shopped. She wished, as they passed through china and kitchenware departments, that she could consult a list and buy swiftly-things like rolling pins and teapots and useful household mechanisms. She had an absurd desire to stop and watch a demonstrator showing a new kind of mop! As if mops were anything in her life! Wasn't the apartment furnished to the hilt already, and the cook wouldn't thank her if she began to suggest new ways of mopping up the linoleum. She'd probably leave. As her mother said, the best way to keep servants "in this day and age" was to let them alone and eat out as much as possible. Mrs. Collingwood was considered quite a successful domestic philosopher by the members of her group. No apartment in the Antoinette could overshadow hers in the value or up-to-dateness of its furnishings. She nearly always had a cook who didn't mind getting breakfasts and a moderate number of dinners, and Mrs. Collingwood herself was held to "keep herself up" very well indeed, and to have a sure instinct for the choosing of the styles which would hold through a season and not go out after the first three weeks of it.

Idling through Mardel's took some time. The women stopped to ask the price of gowns and cloaks displayed on models, to

"look" at a counter where blouses were marked down to seventeen dollars. It was while her mother and Mrs. Wilson were engaged in this last business that Georgia strolled into the next room to price a brown alligator suitcase. She didn't really need a suitcase, but she had seen advertisements of ones like these, and when she went away next time on one of their winter trips to California hotels, it would be rather smart to have a brown hatbox and brown bags and carry out the effect thoroughly. A brown cape with kolinsky, she thought dully—

There was no salesman in the department. Georgia hunted for a price-tag on the suitcase and began to feel as aggrieved as if she had meant to buy it. Such service! She looked around, but no one appeared. Her grievance waxed greater.

Outside the arched doorway marked "Luggage," she saw a man

Outside the arched doorway marked "Luggage," she saw a man pass who looked as if he might be a company official. Georgia went in pursuit of him.

"There's no salesman in your luggage department," she said, at his hurrying back, when she was within range of him. "Can't you get some one in there?"

He turned around to face her, and Georgia saw that he was a busy-looking young man, with a sheaf of letters in one hand, a handsome young man, as dark as she liked men to be.

"There isn't anyone there?" He looked around. "Lunch-time. We don't have a very heavy force there. Miss Jackson! Oh, you're busy. No—never mind. Let me go back with you and see what you were looking at. I'm not thoroughly familiar with the stock, but maybe I can help you."

He was so eager to please, that Georgia found it difficult to

confess that she had only intended to ask prices. Leading the way back to the space among piled bags and trunks, he began to display them to her. Georgia liked his voice, and she liked his admiration—his glances at her dress and hat. He took her for a person of importance. But he could not find the price-tag on the alligator suitcase. Georgia was glad of that. It saved her face.

"It's a shame," he said. "I'll hunt up some one at once. It's a good-looking case, isn't it? Really one of our best. You can

tell a block away that it's of fine material."

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Collingwood strolled in, looking for Georgia. "Oh, here you are!" said Georgia's mother. "Looking at cases?

Are they on sale?'

"I liked this brown one," said Georgia stiffly.
"That is good-looking. I remember seeing Elsie Janis on the train once, and all her baggage was brown," answered her mother. "How much is it, young man?"
Georgia flushed. Didn't her mother realize he wasn't an or-

dinary salesman?

"This gentleman was finding me a clerk," she said.

He laughed in the friendliest manner.

"I'm certainly no good as a salesman," he said, "but I think that even a floorwalker ought to be able to find a price-tag.

So that was what he was. Georgia had hoped he was at least the son of the president of the firm. Only a floorwalker! "Ah, here we have it at last," the young man went on.

how did I miss it? It's written on the maker's label. Sixty-three do'lars. A beauty, isn't it?"
"Sixty-three dollars—" contemplated Georgia.

"Well, dear," said her mother, "let's look at it again some other time when you really need one. We're just looking today," she added to the floorwalker, in genial explanation, "just looking around."

The young man nodded and replaced the case. But for just an instant, as Mrs. Collingwood's fashionable back was turning away from him, he released a glance of mingled comprehension and something else that made Georgia furious even while she was shamed. It was the crystallization of what she had been feeling for herself all day—a kind of contempt.

Lookers-the glance seemed to say-lookers and idlers. Taking

his time like this, to help them waste their own!

Georgia acted on impulse. She stepped up to him again, chin raised a little unnecessarily high.

"I'll take that brown case," she said. "You can send it and charge it-

Her eyes met his. He seemed for a second reluctant to make the sale.

"You don't need it, Georgia," protested her mother weakly.

"But I want it," answered Georgia loftily.

THE floorwalker hesitated no longer. He wrote down her name and address and thanked her, not too fulsomely. Georgia realized that her impulse had misled her. It wasn't after all by buying things that she could get the glance of admiration back in the man's eyes. She walked out of the department in thorough irritation, and sat gloomily through "Husbands" at the Lyceum all afternoon, a series of domestic episodes which professed to blend into a recipe for the cure of unhappy married life. Everything conspired against her. As they drove home in the high-powered sedan which Georgia handled so competently, the Robins car was held up beside them in the traffic, and Georgia had another glimpse of Rosemary Robins, dressed quite differently now in dinner clothes, and sitting between two older men who were in gales of laughter at something she was saying.

At the Antoinette Apartment, they ate that night in the café, for their cook was out for the afternoon and evening. was a room which bore the stamp of the most expensive interior decoration. There were gilt peacocks painted on the walls, and peacock blue hangings. The food was only food, and the people were mostly dwellers in the Antoinette, women who had had the marks of responsibility massaged from their faces, men of the highest boarding-house type, who seemed to have had zest erased from them, people for whom the mechanism of life had been incredibly oiled. There was strangely little gayety in the room, and hardly a woman's face which looked worried. Georgia did not notice those things, however. She was too used to her en-vironment. She only knew that she was depressed, and that the more her mother pressed her to know what the matter was, the more depressed she became.

There wasn't a man in the room worth looking at. Men who had made money, plenty of them, but that was the only attribute they disclosed here. Georgia thought that perhaps if her father had ever shown any interest in her, she might have a better time. But what chance has a girl to meet men whose mother is an apartment dweller and divorced years ago, no matter how rich she is? Young men who do things-and marry girls! Her mind stole back in spite of herself to Rosemary Robins. She hated the thought of Rosemary Robins, yet couldn't escape it. The whole city knew that the Robins family had had "difficulties, and yet they had maintained their position and, in time, had built up another fortune. Georgia had a glimpse into the fact that difficulties might be interesting. This life-this slug's life-of hers!

Three women came in to play bridge with her mother. Georgia went down to another apartment where a girl she knew had "two men from out of town." The men from out of town gave her a The men from out of town gave her a "line" she was used to, and later they all went to dance at the "Palace." Except as necessary companions, her escorts inspired Georgia with nothing but distaste. She knew that they didn't amount to anything. If they did, they wouldn't be with her and

NEVER once, even to herself, did Georgia admit that she sought Mardel's in the hope of seeing that floorwalker. But she did seek Mardel's—and alone, without her mother. She saw the young man, and once she nodded to him. Then, as she was sitting alone at a table in the tea-room a week later, he stopped beside her.

"Was the suitcase all right?" he asked.

Georgia had a smile which could dissipate the look of discontent that was becoming habitual. She gave it to him.

"It was fine," she told him. "I liked it even better when I got it home."

"I felt guilty when your mother said that you didn't need it." "I should think that was your business-to make people think they needed things."

She was pleased that he had remembered the details of the purchase, and she liked to talk to him. He had a confident and easy manner, and he was undeniably handsome. Of course, he wasn't "anybody," and it was funny to be seen talking to a floor-

But it didn't seem to bother the floorwalker.

"You don't understand merchandising if you think that," he answered her last challenge; and pulling out the chair opposite her, asked, "May I sit here?"

She flushed a little as she acquiesced, a new shade of reserve in her manner.

"My name's Bob Gardner," he said; "and of course, I know

yours. She liked lunching with him. He gave a hasty order to the waitress, who smiled at him and glanced curiously at Georgia. Then he plunged into an elucidation of how to sell things.

"Have you been here long?" she asked.

"Oh—I'm sort of working up. I was in the men's furnishing department for a while, and then did a bit of buying for that now I have the third floor to oversee generally.

"You must get awfully tired of seeing women."

He laughed with real gayety. "Lord, what I haven't learned about women! A bunch of these literary philosophers about women ought to be turned loose in a department store. There they'd find out the truth."

"Are we so bad as all that?"

"Oh, I don't group you. It's the variety that's so marvelous. Of course, there are some rough classifications. You can't help being awfully sorry for some of the women you see trying to shop. The game's so impossible to beat for some of them. They haven't the money, and they need things. They're ravenous and worried and unhappy. I've seen women come back again and again to a department, hoping to pick up a thing that they liked when it went on sale. They count on sales. They feel there's a kind of battle between them and the management all the timeknow what I mean?"

"All of them are like that?" asked Georgia. She liked this way of talking to her. It was distinctly not the "line" she usually in-The freedom from personalities, although she did not

analyze it, was restful and interesting.

"Oh, no," Gardner went on. "There are the terrible hordes of lookers." Georgia was distinctly glad that she had bought that suitcase.

"Lookers for bargains?"

"No-just lookers-women wasting time, apparently. They seem to have plenty of money in their control—too much money and too much time."

The First Dlug Hat

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HAROLD MAC GRATH

Far be it from the editor to declare that this story by Mr. Mac Grath is autobiographical, but here are certain facts: Mac was a cub reporter in a New York State town. He once did own a plug hat and a bobtailed overcoat. He did once report a wedding. One of the wedding gifts was stolen. He did get in wrong with the police. He hasn't worn a plug hat since, and he does like to lie abed mornings.

THE city editor of the Morning Times was a wag. He would look at you in the most innocent sort of way and request you to do something; and because the request sounded logical, you committed yourself to the ridiculous. Matson's fooling, however, never hurt anything but your bump of conceit—which is always good for reporters on the way up. The old-timers on the staff weren't to be caught any more, and so Matson fell upon the cubs.

Of course, this was all in the family. Matson would have cut off his hand rather than permit any members of the staff or the *Times* itself to be subjected to outside ridicule. In all the years of Mat-

son's tenure, the finger of derision had never been pointed at the *Times*—for the simple reason that Matson was a fact man: he saw a fake instantly, and would have none of it, unless there was a comic angle. He was always ready to have the public laugh with the *Times*.

A cub is a beginner in the "city-room." He is usually just out of college or else in the middle of a college course, or he just happens to wander in with a high-school diploma. "Just out of college" seems to me quite as sad as, "It might have been." Disillusion is permanent in the one case; in the other, you are still to bump the bumps.

The cub is keen of eye, alert, with a jutting chin, a hound's nose—a young hound's nose—a bird-dog that insists on chasing rabbits. Poor child! Of course he has read your yarns, you old story-telling scalawags, now gone on; and he believes them as I once did. The scoops those cubs of yours fell upon, and the glory that crowned their brows! The proprietor's daughter, the senator's daughter, the magnate's daughter—it didn't matter which; the cub won her and became managing editor.

This is the story of a cub, and some of it is True Talk. Never



The Cub presented himself to his city editor. "All right," said Matson. "Get the jewels and Papa's check if you can."

mind his name nor that of his home town wherein this amazing exploit happened. The town is not far from New York. Today he is in the fifties, the mournful and regretful fifties—what you might call successful, smokes more than is good for him, and likes to lie abed mornings except when he's on his annual fishing trip. This bed used to be a mere makeshift, a between-times; and now there's nothing like it in all the wide world. I almost said the cub was "settled down;" but I suddenly recalled that the only way an ex-newspaper man "settles down" is under the sod. He's married; but he still runs to fires.

A word about the cub—not this one in particular, but all of them. He has queer notions in his head, believes that all newspaper fiction is based upon concrete fact. He begins the game fictionized, and hasn't the least conception of the real job. Assign him to get the market reports,—the inevitable first job in the provinces,—the price of eggs and butter and hay, and he goes about it stealthily. He sees in every man in a hurry some fugitive crook. In every pretty girl, unknown, he sees the heroine of some vast conspiracy. If he hears a door slam in the night, he knows murder is being done. Every once in a while he does



The Cub reached for the hat, but a grimy railroader beat him to it, grinning.

come upon a great story—and walks by because it doesn't look mysterious. It takes about five years to effect a cure.

I'll say this much: as in fiction, so it is in fact—the reporter is the detective par excellence. I can prove it; send a reporter for the photograph of the most recent proud divorcée, and somehow the reporter gets it. Sherlock Holmes couldn't. Sherlock might crawl through a transom for a murderer, but not for a photograph. Established ethics would not permit him to act thus.

There is nothing that a detective can do that a reporter cannot, and often the reporter does the job better than the professional. He goes at his victim diagonally, as it were, wheedles and sympathizes and cajoles, and the victim sooner or later opens up. The professional tries to get the same facts by rattling the handcuffs, and generally barks his knuckles on a stone wall.

It is an odd thing, this loyalty of the reporter to his newspaper, which offers him little or none. Let him fall down on a story, and out he goes. His past exploits do not count. Coal-holes, transoms and keyholes are all in the day's job; and yet it never distresses his conscience. His publisher is his conscience. Perhaps the individual conscience hibernates for the time. Once out of the game, the reporter has all the normal man's horror of snooping. Once upon a time, it was a quest, a great adventure; but now—well, the angle of vision is different.

At two o'clock that afternoon—the beginning of the newspaper day—Matson hailed the Cub as the latter came in.

"Hey, you!"

The Cub hastened to the city-desk. "Yes sir."

"Got a job for you tonight. I'm going to assign you to help cover the Pembroke wedding. Your job will be the wedding presents—the jewelry; they say there's going to be a lot of it."

'Yes sir."

"Got a dress suit?"

"Yes sir."

"Plug hat?"

The Cub's face grew long. "No sir."

"Well, that's tough. Can't go to this sort of wedding without the regulation plug. I'll have to send Carey." Carey was the sporting editor.

"But there's plenty of time, sir," said the Cub, eagerly. "I can get one this afternoon."

"All right. Be at this desk at seven-thirty prompt."

Matson, in order to hide his astonishment, opened the assignment book and scribbled something. He had only been joking; but now that the boy took it seriously, Matson decided to give him the assignment, knowing that the Indian gantlet was easy compared to that of a boy in his first plug hat. As the Cub vanished, Matson let go the laughter that was

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bubbling within him.

"Hey, boys—going to be some fun tonight. The Cub is going to wear his first plug hat to the Pembroke wedding. Ye-ow!"

The boys replied with varied degrees of hilarity. Only last week the Cub had been assigned to write up the improvements at one of the fashionable cemeteries, and had turned in two columns of ele-

giacal prose—which was still in the city editor's desk.

As for the Cub,—red of cheek, blue-eyed, eighteen and young, young with all the thoughts and dreams of youth,—he hurried to the street-car. He could not go directly to a hatter, for the very good reason he had not the wherewithal. But Mother was always on the job when the Cub wanted a little extra unbeknown to Father, who had his own notions of how much pocket-money a boy should have.

Bear in mind, he was an apprentice. He would have to round out six months as an exalted messenger-boy before there would be any pay-envelope for him. The business office reluctantly allowed him carfare, and occasionally the managing editor gave him a couple of passes to some show nobody else in the office cared to see.

Sometimes the Cub gave these theater tickets to his father to show him that his son was a man of special privileges on the Morning *Times*. But more often the Cub took some girl, grandiosely. He was a journalist; in his right hand he held (or was going to) the destinies of the nation. Upon these occasions he talked gravely but beautifully; and when the was over, he hied him to the nearest soda-fountain and the girl to a ten-cent ice-cream soda. (You could get it for ten cents in those days.)

He hadn't decided yet what he was going to be—a statesman, a dramatist or a novelist. Journalism was but a stepping-stone, he would explain loftily to the girls. In his idle hours he wrote poetry, and used such words as *phantasmagorical* and *transmogrification*. He had a wonderful audience for these melancholy outpourings: his mother, who dreamed of sitting in a box the first night and hearing the wildly enthusiastic populace calling for the author.

What an amusing old world it is! Everything seems to be in reverse. Eighteen writes heartrending sonnets, and fifty devotes its time to limerick-contests. We are sad when we ought to

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be joyful, and we are merry when we should be saying our

His mother got him five dollars out of the household funds.

"But what will your father say?"

"I've got to have the hat. The Pembrokes are the swellest people in town. Dad needn't know. I can hide the plug in the garret until I need it again." Well-

He smothered the protest with a kiss. He always kissed her when she gave him some money. But he was a good boy, and often kissed her for nothing.

Your father never had a silk hat. He hates 'em."

"He's an o'd fogey. You always have to fight like the dickens to get him into his dress suit."

But how will you get out of the house without his seeing the hat?"

"Leave it to me. I'll put it in the woodshed, go out the front door with my derby, and sneak around to the woodshed. When I get home at two in the morning, he'll be asleep. The city editor said to wear a plug, and that's all there is to it."

These awful night hours, when you ought to be having your growing sleep!"

"I'm tall enough."

"All right, then. I'll leave some cold chicken in the refrigera-

Good-by, Son."

The Cub had a deuce of a time at the hatter's. The fivedollar hat wasn't bell-shaped; and the brim was too wide. eight-dollar variety, latest in, was the proper caper, but three dollars beyond the Cub's reach. He didn't dare charge it, for fear the bill would accidentally fall into his father's hands. The old boy wouldn't understand or grasp that in the newspaper business you had to have several changes of front.

He viewed himself in the mirror. He felt strangely alone

in the world. There is something appalling in the selection of a new hat, if you're a man. I don't know why it should be, but the fact remains hard-boiled. A bachelor is lucky; he can re-new the old style indefinitely. A husband has to select what his wife tells him to; but he is never permitted to select hers. Time has long since shredded the camouflage called the weaker sex.

After half an hour's torture the Cub made his purchase. He put on his old derby, and his sense of loneliness evaporated. There are some men who can wear plug hats; the Cub did not belong to this category, as will be seen. His wife picks out his shirts and ties and the patterns of his business suits, but she has long since given up trying to make him wear a plug. It can't be done.

Work for the Cub began every afternoon at two o'clock, with a twelve-hour run. He reported the markets, produce and stocks, real-estate transfers, music-teachers' musicales, church fairs, lodge-meetings and the like—dull, deadly dull, for a boy who wanted to find a murdered man in a trunk. Often he would be assigned to go along with the police reporter or the court reporter or the sporting editor, as we called the reporter who covered the sports. Once in a while he stumbled upon a valuable tip, which he sensibly passed along to Matson, who received the same with an untranslatable, "Huh!" A reportorial exploit was rarely applauded, for fear the reporter

would take it upon himself to demand a raise. It was a heartless game, the star reporter trying for the city editor's shoes, the city editor with an eye on the managing editor's desk, and so on. Only the Cub had no jealousy in his heart, nothing save

In those days the average reportorial salary was fifteen dollars a week. The city editor received from twenty-five to thirty, the managing editor perhaps forty to fifty. But there were compensations; you rode on passes, went everywhere for nothing, and you never had to buy a drink unless you were reckless. Now-adays newspapers are business enterprises; then they were more or less political fulcrums, playthings of wealthy men who wanted to get into Congress.

At seven-thirty the Cub presented himself to his city editor, who looked him over critically and solemnly. Suddenly there rushed over the boy a feeling akin to that when you are caught

in the bathtub.

"All right," said Matson. "Get back by ten, for the stuff goes in an early page. And keep away from the punchbowl. The Pembrokes make it pretty stiff. Get the jewels and Papa's check if you can. There's a rumor of a twentythousand-dollar pearl necklace. Know anything about pearls?"

"No sir."

"Well, if you see anything that looks like pearls, that'll be enough. Step to it."

The Cub stuffed a roll of copy-paper into his topcoat pocket along with three fat pencils-enough material to cover the Battle of the Somme— and departed, full of high

emprise.

No sooner was he gone, than Matson let go his sardonic laughter. He was about the best newspaper man in town, and it was easy for him to visualize the Cub and the acts he was bound to commit. Too bad a story couldn't be got out of it. Next to a mysterious murder, the public loved a comic story, especially if touched with the ridiculous.

Going down the dusty stairs, the Cub missed a step, and the shiny tile



A handsome young woman in distress—what more did eighteen need? The Cub reached her side as she swung open the door.

somersaulted to the sidewalk. The darn thing was just a little too small. He hadn't noticed this fact while making the pur-

He retrieved the hat, grateful for the dark, smoothed the ruffled nap and adjusted the brim to his head. Fact is, the hat was off a round block, and the Cub's head was long. remembered seeing a "Passing Show" comedian tap the crown of his plug; so the Cub tapped the crown of his jauntily and strode toward the corner where he was to take the car. The Pembroke place was on the far side of the town; otherwise the Cub would have walked, the weather being June-time.

As he entered the car, fairly well occupied by railroad operatives on the way to the big yards east of the city, he sat down heavily. The plug hat jumped off his head and thumped into the aisle. They say that we die many times through life. Cub suffered several deaths, all at once: for in the far end of the car were two pretty girls who began to giggle.

In those happy days it was still possible for eighteen to blush. A wave of suffocating heat rolled up and over the Cub's face. But he was game. He reached for the hat, but a grimy railroader beat him to it, grinning.

"Thanks," said the Cub, stark murder in his heart.
Why it is I don't know, but here in America the high hat has always been a "comic strip" to the proletariat. He doesn't resent it; he just laughs at it. Maybe he's right.

On his side, the Cub knew that he was sartorially correct,

that the railroad man wasn't and never would be; but he got small satisfaction out of this conclusion, for it in no wise mitigated his sense of isolation from mankind. He would not have cared so much had it not been for the two pretty girls.

The greatest painless misery in the world is self-consciousness; and when we are young, our bump of self-consciousness is all out of proportion with the rest of us. Take the two old women in the middle of the car; they having exchanged nods and smiles, the Cub instantly knew that they were smiling at him. hoped one of the car-horses fell down dead so he could have an excuse to leave the car. A premature departure would have put the victory in the hands of the grinning proletariat. The word proletariat was in the dictionary, but no one had discovered

The first lap of his Via Dolorosa over, the Cub promptly stepped out upon the second. He arrived at his destination. A blue-striped awning ran from the curb to the door of the Pembroke home. The Cub entered by the sidewalk opening, which was low. The plug hat, coming into violent contact with the hidden iron frame supporting the awning, described a parabola and landed in the gutter. The carriage groom recovered it, but with a graven face. An urchin yelled with delight.

"Set 'em up in de udder alley!'

The crowd of spectators laughed openly. By the time the Cub got into the house, he had totally forgotten what Matson had told him to do. But once in the coat-room,-a bedroom on the first floor,-his duties came once more into the clear. He smoked a cigarette furiously, and from time to time looked into the mirror. Comparing himself with the other men about, he concluded that there was no fault to be found with his clothes. Some of the men he knew, and their friendly nods heartened

Row upon row of shiny plug hats formed upon the bed until it resembled the Giant's Causeway. New plugs, and almost new, and some that had survived the Civil War, and some that would have delighted Phil May. And over all rose the faint odor of

After a while the Cub had the room to himself. From below came a popular air from "The Mikado," a signal that the wedding was past and the reception had begun. The Cub picked out his hat, easily recognizable by the two dents and the dried mud, and put it on, trying this angle and that. It was emphatically too wide and too short, and like the fool he was, he hadn't noticed the faults at the hatter's. He couldn't exchange

it now. Five dollars gone to pot, he thought ruefully.

The presents would be displayed in the breakfast-room, which was off the library. He must note the pearls and Papa's check. Miss Sheldon, the society reporter, who, because of her old family connections, had entrée everywhere, would handle the gown and the general story. His own stuff would be "insert, as they called it. It wouldn't be long, now, before he would be turning in stories of his own, the real stuff. Ten dollars a week would take him properly out of the realm of Dad's eternal grumble about the way money went.

He replaced the hat on his folded coat, looked once more in

the mirror, and went downstairs, his paper and pencil in the tail of his claw-hammer.

The music, the perfume of roses, the beautiful women in their lovely gowns, reanimated his romantical outlook; and he made his way into the treasure-room. Folks were passing to and fro. and he heard bits of gossip about the Pembrokes that made him blush. Covertly he scribbled down what he saw. There was the pearl necklace and Papa's check for twenty-five thousand, an enormous sum in those dimming days, when the only tax



"Holy smoke!" yelled the detective. But the Cub resolutely

worth making a howl about was the city tax imposed upon private

Finishing his reportorial duties, too shy to wander about, conscious that he was an interloper, he made for the hall stairs, mounted and put on his hat and topcoat. As he was about to descend, he saw coming from the women's room a stunning young woman in a gray cloak with a ruff of ostrich plumes. Handsome she was, but there was a strained look about her.

Will you do me a favor?" she whispered across the intervening

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He was a cub, and so his sense of chivalry toward the gentler sex was still unimpaired.

"What is it?" he asked, crossing to her side.

"There's a man downstairs whose attentions are very annoying

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to me, and I want to know if you can get me out to the carriages without being observed. It seems foolish, but if that man follows me—"

"Come with me," said the Cub, glowing. "There's the servants' stairs somewhere near. Got a carriage outside?"

"Yes; let us hurry, for he may come up. The carriage has a black and white pair."

"Follow me." If the masher turned up, let him look out!
At weddings (even now as then) there are unusual doings,

"Fhat is the man!" whispered the unknown.

The subtle perfume of verbena wafted to the Cub's nose; and he sensed in this woman the reincarnation of D'Artagnan's Constance. He heard the tread of heavy feet, and pressed the plug hat into the young woman's hand. "Hold it!" he said, as he turned, boiling with manly wrath.

"Hold it!" he said, as he turned, boiling with manly wrath.
Once John L. Sullivan's show had visited town, and the sporting editor had taken the Cub with him to teach him the act of interviewing the great. John L. grew reminiscent. The

subject of barroom fights had come up.

had come up.
"Soak 'im first," said
John amiably. "Don't
wait for the other guy.
Soak him first. Lam
him in the jaw before he

gets set." Thus, when the villain arrived, the Cub remembered John L.'s advice, But while and let go. he reached the man's jaw, he failed properly to connect with what is known as the "button." The counter split his lips cruelly. A man is yellow or he's red; there's no pink halfway station. He comes back or he Perhaps the Cub runs. would have run had he been alone; but with Constance looking on, holding his hat, the Cardinal's minion desiring her— Perhaps he forgot the time, the place and the girl, and the blow in the mouth had aroused the primordial. I've forgotten just which did stir him. Anyhow, he came back hammer and tongs, and in the mix-up caught his opponent on the "button." The Cub did not weigh in out of the lightweight class, but he was tough and wiry. Flat-foot went down, got to a sitting position, and that was the last the Cub saw of him.

By this time the unknown was through the hedge and speeding toward the street in the direction of a hack with a white and black team far down the line. The Cub reached her side (for he could run like a white-head) just as she swung open the door. He heard no invitation

He heard no invitation to enter, probably took the invitation for granted, but enter he did, slamming the door. Immediately the vehicle began to roll down the street, the horses breaking into a gallop.

"I'm afraid you'll have to jump in a minute or so," said the unknown. "I am making the train, and must get there before he does."

This did not seem particularly cordial, but the Cub was too dizzy to notice. "All right. I'll step out the minute we get downtown. But I don't think that he'll be chasing you so very hard."

"Thanks to you. Are you hurt?"

"Nothing to worry about." He licked his lips, and the taste of salt tingled his tongue. If he knew anything about puffed lips, in about half an hour his would (Continued on page 134)



barred the way. "Will you divide and shake hands?"

confusions; so the servants in the kitchen paid little attention to the Cub and his protegée as they passed through the kitchen door, into the garden. Young folks on a lark.

"This way!" cried the Cub enthusiastically.

A handsome young woman in distress—what more did eighteen need or care for? It was a long time ago, and today the erst-while Cub looks askance at all strange women, particularly if his wife is at his elbow. Here he was, without any disillusions, save perhaps a dim one relative to the undependability of hatters in general. With one hand he caught the young woman by the elbow; with the other he clutched the brim of his plug hat and lugged the woman toward the garden hedge.

"Hey, there!" boomed a brassy male voice. "Stop! No, you

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George Gibbs is the one novelist who knows the most interesting city in America today—Washington. He lived there many years, received his professional training at the Corcoran School of Art, and has an intimate acquaintance with the divers strata of Washington society. So this novel is not only vital modern drama, but authentic delineation of the fascinating life of the nation's capital.

Sackcloth and Scarlet By GEORGE GIBBS

Illustrated by the Author

The Story So Far:

"IT isn't Polly's baby," said Joan to Georgia Curtis, the gossiping inquisitor who had put her on the rack, "but mine—my baby. I hope you understand."

Life was never the same again to Joan Freeman after that speech of hers, uttered in desperate defense of her sister; doors would now be closed to her. Indeed, life had never been the same since, nearly a year ago, foolish, impulsive little Polly had come to her with her confession and her dire dilemma.

They had been on a summer trip to the Canadian Rockies, two wealthy orphans unchaperoned; and Joan had been unwise enough to make a separate journey for a few days, leaving feather-headed little Polly to her own devices—which had included a reckless clandestine flirtation, under an assumed name, with a handsome guide named Steve, who did not in the least understand the girl. Steve, indeed, had been honest enough; after the affair had—gone too far, he had expected to marry "Ruth Shirley," as he knew her, at once. But she had shrunk from the complications of such a step—of introducing the awkward Westerner to her smart set in New York; and she had left Lake Louise abruptly, leaving no address.

Sometime afterward, in New York, Polly was driven to confess it all to Joan; and the older sister had at once gone to Lake Louise to find Steve—Polly hadn't even known his last name. But Steve, when he learned of "Ruth Shirley's" disappearance, had also vanished.

Joan had taken her sister to France then, to an obscure hamlet where Polly's baby, a boy, was born. But her recovery was slow; and when inquisitive Georgia Curtis passed by on a motor trip and recognized Joan as she wheeled the child by the roadside, Joan did not dare risk the shock of reporting the mischance to Polly. And so now, also, when Joan confronted Georgia in Paris, her protective passion for her younger sister drove her to claim the child as her own. No, life would never be

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the same again for Joan Freeman; doors would be closed to her.

Presently Polly grew better, but her character was not changed. She evinced no affection for her son—consented, indeed, to Joan's sacrifice. And soon, keeping her secret, she married one Joe Drake.

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Joan took the boy as her own and remained in France till he was two; then, assuming the name of "Mrs. Freeman," she removed to Washington, and lived in seclusion there for some years—until one fateful day Jack all but drowned himself pursuing tadpoles in Rock Creek and was rescued by Bob Hastings, who with his employer, young Congressman Stephen Edwards, happened riding by.

Edwards called upon Joan; but though she liked him, and Jack adored him, she didn't encourage his visits. For he would soon discover her status: there was no Mr. Freeman, and she was not received in Washington society. Yet Joan was deeply troubled when disclosure threatened—in odd fashion. Edwards was leading the fight of the conservation group against a powerful New York syndicate seeking to acquire certain timber reserves; the Curtises

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were at the head of that syndicate; and Georgia, apparently desirous of knowing their enemy better, had invited Edwards to dinner. And yet—Edwards had already heard a portion of Joan's story from a Mrs. Bain, who had a débutante daughter Natalie. (The story continues in detail:)

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HE house rented by the Sam Curtises for the social part of their legislative campaign was on the Massachusetts Avenue extension at Sheridan Circle. When Edwards entered the reception hall a few moments before eight, a butler offered him a tray of small envelopes. One of them bore his name, and so he took Then as he entered the drawing-room he was announced, and greeted cordially by his host, whom he had met some weeks before at the Capitol. Sam Curtis, a man of forty, was large, pallid and blond, in contrast to his dark and deftly colored wife.

Edwards had been curious to see this woman so mysteriously alluded to by Joan Freeman, but was slightly disarmed by her easy air of good nature. He saw at once that she was pretty. Perhaps it was the heat of the room, the heavy odor of scent, but she gave him the impression of being full blown, like a flower in a conservatory forced to maturity before its time. He had met only two of the people in the room, Newett, a Congressman from New York City, and Natalie Bain; but Mrs. Curtis made the introductions with an ease that he admired, and then turned to him with a confiding

air.
"So nice of you to come on such short acquaintance, Mr. Edwards. But I've heard so much about your wonderful career that I was very anxious to meet you."

Pretty thick, he thought. She didn't figure on wasting much time

"Why, that's mighty kind of you, ma'am. I'm very glad to be. here."

"You're to take me in,

you know."
"Am I?" He hadn't the slightest idea of what she was talking about.

"Yes-to dinner. Didn't you get your en-velope?"

"Ôh, yes—I didn't open it.

"And you're to sit be-side me and tell me the story of your life—and other things very personal and confidential.'

She had given him the seat upon her right, an honor that he had not deserved. But as he remembered that it was a game that she was playing, he gathered assurance and met her with a good-natured deference that left her puzzled. There was little harm in her, he thought at first, just the facile feminine guile that

is always skirmishing along the borders of intrigue. "Sam tells me that you're already the most important man on your committee, Mr. Edwards. That seems rather fine for a man in Congress so short a time."

"It would be fine-if it were true," Edwards replied easily. "Somebody has been telling Mr. Curtis about the wrong man.
"I'm afraid you're too modest."

"I may have a stray virtue or two, but modesty's not one of them. Did you ever hear of a modest member of Congress? Why, publicity and self-praise are the chief cards he learns to play in an election campaign. Show me a modest politician, ma'am, and I'll show you a failure."

You don't think modesty is the best policy, then?" she asked with an air of conscious cleverness.

"Not for a politician-or honesty either, when he's talking about himself." "I'm afraid you're trying to make me form a bad opinion of

you. But you're not going to succeed, because I've already decided to like you very much."

"That's kind of you-very good-natured and generous." She raised her eyebrows expressively. "Good-natured-um! I don't know that I like that. Good-natured people are so seldom capable of being interesting."

'I can't agree to that, ma'am. You're the proof of the con-

trary," he said awkwardly.

She laughed.

How much of her liking was genuine, how much assumed, he could not guess. But it did not matter much, and so he gave her the benefit of the doubt. If her interest in him was based, as he suspected, on expediency, she was clever enough to be dangerous. And if she was sincere enough to be telling him the truth, her friendship might be difficult. So he established mental reservations for future reference, and when the conversation became general, turned to Natalie Bain, who sat on his right.

Natalie, as always on public occasions, wore a startled look, as though she expected at any moment to be arrested and taken to the police station. The look was really the result of an intense eagerness to be interested in everything. She gave the impression of being on tiptoe, perilously balanced along the edge of comprehension, beyond which were bottomless depths of be-wilderment and uncertainty. But the startled look gave place to a smile as Edwards turned toward her, for he was one of the few men with whom she was upon terms of understanding.

"I thought you were never going to notice me," she said.
"You couldn't think that," he said genuinely. "How are you?
We haven't had a ride for weeks."

"That isn't my fault, is it?" "No, maybe not. But I've been busy-very busy."

"Have you?" she said with a smile. And then with an air of ingenuousness that masked a purpose: "Of course, I oughtn't to complain, but you do ride still, don't you?"

"Yes, occasionally." "With Mrs. Freeman?"

He frowned as he twisted his wineglass in his fingers, but said

Miss Bain gave him a glance and then, smiling uncertainly,

"Joan Freeman, your companion! You were seen miles beyond Chevy Chase."

"Was I?"
"Yes." She glanced at his profile in her startled way. "I didn't really intend to be inquisitive—but you said you were so busy, I just thought— Oh, dear," she gasped, "I'm always put-

ting my foot in it!"

Her distress annoyed him. Natalie Bain was a nice girlusually well behaved and sensible. But she had her unhappy moments—especially those in which she tried to be coy and only succeeded in being stupid. He was silent as phrases of Mrs. Bain's comments on Joan came back to him. Natalie Bain's views of life were a pale reflection of her mother's, but negative.

"I'm so sorry I spoke," she said painfully.
"It doesn't matter at all," he finished with a smile, and changed the topic. A moment later, when in reply to a question from Mrs. Curtis he turned away, Natalie Bain again wore her startled look.

Chapter Twelve

EDWARDS had been prepared for a cordial greeting in this house, for he had entered it with a feeling that he had been invited for a purpose which had nothing whatever to do with his social attainments. There had been moments before he had confided in Joan Freeman, when he had seriously thought of declining the invitation. But on second thought he had decided to go. If Sam Curtis intended to try to use him for his own ends. it was just as well that he should come to an understanding of Edwards' point of view as soon as possible.

The friendliness of his host was perhaps a measure of the obligation that Sam Curtis wished to incur. In the dining-room over the coffee and cigars, he drew the Congressman into the conversation, so directing it that Edwards was forced, in spite of himself, into a dominating position among the group of men. He was by preference and experience a man's man, and skillfully avoiding politics, told several anecdotes of hunting and camping in the open country. They listened—the banker, the politician, the secretary of embassy, the lawyer, the man of affairs; for a primitive interest in the lust of the chase is the common denominator of most men. When the others moved at last toward the drawing-room, only Edwards and Curtis remained. His guest would have followed, but Curtis put a hand on his arm.
"Don't go in yet, Edwards. Let's have another cigar—and a

drink. Sit down again. That was a great mountain-lion story of yours. You've had some interesting times.'

"You can see a lot in this life if you keep moving."
"You come from a fine State, Edwards. We have some properties there, lands up in the San Luis Valley, some mines, to say nothing of railroad interests."

"Yes, I know it," said Edwards coolly as he snipped the end

from his cigar.

"We ought to be friends, you and I. We've a lot of things in common. You're fond of the out-of-doors; so am I. You must run up to my camp in New Brunswick next season."

"You're very kind. But I guess I'll have to go back home and

put new wire on some of my political fences.

"Oh, you'll find time for that. I might be able to do some work on those fences too. Father has some good friends in Denver, men like Albright of the Western Trust, and G. A. Stearns of the Denver and K. C. You know them, of course?"

'Oh, yes. But they belong to the Governor's outfit. I don't. My crowd bucked the Governor pretty hard year before last. He hasn't much use for me."

EDWARDS grinned as he settled himself comfortably in his chair. He was wide awake to the purposes of the situation, already a little surprised at the directness of the overtures of his host. Sam Curtis puffed his cigar and looked into the fire.

"Oh, Feltham is a good-enough man, as long as you don't tread on his toes. But he's narrow. A single-track mind, you might say, that can't see around a thing."

"Or into it either," said Edwards calmly.

"Yes. He has his limitations. He's all right when he's told

what to do."

"You mean when Albright tells him."

"Exactly—or what somebody higher up tells Albright." He theed his cigar carefully. "You know Albright's company is lighted his cigar carefully. owned in New York."
"Yes," commented

commented Edwards shortly. "I was aware of that

If Curtis had known his guest, he might have gained caution at the dry tones of his voice. But the business he had in mind was that of putting opportunity in the way of the deserving—a pleasant business, the mutual profit of which made other considerations unimportant. This fine fellow was so placed that he might do the Curtis interests a service without harming himself, and the rewards for such service were worth having. So he only turned his cigar in his fingers and examined it critically.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "James K. Curtis owns it-or he owns control, which amounts to the same thing. So you see if you needed Albright's friendship or support, a word from

James K. might be valuable."

"But I don't need it—not now," returned Edwards with a laugh. "The crowd down my way doesn't train with the Denver crowd. They need us sometimes more than we need them.

"Possibly. But then, you never can tell in politics when the situation will swing. We think Albright is a pretty big man. He's too big a factor in Colorado to be ignored."

"I don't ignore him. But there's plenty of room in Colorado for both of us."

Something in his guest's tone now made Curtis look up, but Edwards' comfortable attitude was reassuring. So he went on:

"Of course, you know what you want to do for your district and State, and you're popular enough among your own people to feel pretty independent. They say you showed that in the legislature. But a man in your position can't get along without strong friends. You're pretty young to be where you are. You've got a brilliant future. There's no saying how far you could go if you played the game-the governorship, the Senate.

Edwards laughed.

"Well, you may think me unduly modest for a politician," he said, "but as a matter of fact, I've never had either of those bees

in my bonnet."

"Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't have them there. You've magnetism, and you've worked hard from pretty small beginnings to arrive where you are. You see—" Curtis straight-ened and then went on with a wave of his cigar: "You see, we know something about you even in New York. And when I met you in Ransom's committee-room, I made up my mind that you measured up to what I'd heard about you."



"Edwards," Curtis went on, "you're not the sort to be satisfied with a career like that. I mentioned Ransom because—he has your job."

"What had you heard about me?" asked Edwards easily.

"That you were one of the new men from the West who were going to be heard from in Washington." He laughed. "There's no use in my beating around the bush any longer. Hang it all! I thought I'd like to have you for a friend, if possible—and in return for that personal-political friendship, do what I could with James K.'s friends out in your own country to make you solid."

This was all pretty raw stuff, Edwards thought, pretty crude from a trusted agent of James K. Curtis, and it did not flatter either his self-esteem or his intelligence, which had anticipated something more subtle than mere flattery, something less obvious than these proffers of political help, where none was wanted.

"Well, sir," said Edwards after a moment, "that's very kind of you. I'm not one to say that a man can get along without friends—a politician least of all."

"Quite right," Curtis went on carelessly. "There are little men here in Washington who have grown to be big men because they knew how to make friends, and knew the right kind of friends to make. Your friends at home can help you get to Congress, and to get a reputation in your own State; but it's the friends a man makes in Washington who help him to get a national reputation."

"No man can get on anywhere," said Edwards coolly, "without a good reputation, Mr. Curtis."

To Sam Curtis, these platitudes seemed to have the effect of clearing the atmosphere for his further remarks, for he accepted the quiet demeanor of his guest as the outward sign of acquiescence in the principle that he intended more definitely to enunciate.

"I've said there were small men in Congress who got to be big men—men who had survived the pressure from above, the power of the leaders on the floor and in the Committees, the sheer weight of numbers and influence which keeps the new men down without a chance, during their terms, of getting a hearing or of reaching a position of responsibility that will give them the opportunity to reveal any talent or brains they've got. Men like you come to Congress, full of enthusiasm, full of fight, full of fine projects to enact useful legislation, with the intelligence and skill to do good work for their own States and for the country. What happens to them? Nothing. Who ever hears of them? Nobody. All that they have to show for their existence in Washington when they go back home is the appointment of a postmaster or two, some gifts of seeds from the Department of Agriculture, and a

few 'speeches,' never even delivered on the floor of the House, but published in the Congressional Record, by virtue of that rule which gives them 'leave to print.'
"Quite true. I know it."

"Some men are satisfied with a career in Congress like that. And they go back home with a record of two wasted years, time that would have been better spent if they had stayed at home using their natural capabilities in doing something really useful. That's true too, isn't it?"

"Ves-it is."

Curtis rose and stood by the fireplace, speaking more deliber-

ately, more definitely.

"But if I've got your measure, Edwards," he went on, "you're not the sort to be satisfied with a career like that. If I'm any judge of men, it must go against your grain to be kept at the beck and call of an antediluvian old fossil who holds his position as head of a committee just because he has the knack of living longer than anybody else.'

You mean Ransom?" said Edwards quietly.

"I do. I like Ransom. He was a good man ten years ago, they say, but his people have kept on reëlecting him because it got to be a habit.

"And because he was square, I guess." Edwards straight-ened in his chair, but he hadn't lost his smile or his air

of well-being.

"Square! Yes, of course. So is a brick, but it isn't of much use as a thinking machine. I mentioned Ransom because—he has your job."

"My job?"

"Yes-as chairman of that committee." "You must be dreaming, Mr. Curtis."

"I'm not dreaming. This seniority system hasn't stood up well under pressure. It doesn't work. There are about sixty House committees, as you know, and most of the chairmen are dodoes, in office just because they've stuck to their jobs. It doesn't matter about the chairmen of most of these committees, but it does matter with the important committees. And your committee is important. When I say that you ought to be it's chairman, I'm not dreaming. It's quite feasible. There are only three men in the party who have real claims. One of them is a sick man; another is almost as old as Ransom; and the third is hopelessly incompetent. The other party members of your committee are new-some of them just appointed.'

"You seem to be well posted," said Edwards with a grin.

"I am. I have business with that committee, and I'd like to know-as a number of other people would-that there was some chance of getting a hearing, some chance of finding a chairman whose methods and state of mind didn't belong to the dark ages."
"It has seemed to me," put in Edwards slowly, "that Ransom is always very fair with everybody."

Curtis shook his shoulders impatiently. Then with a laugh he

turned to his guest.

"Oh, damn it all, Edwards! What's the use? Your loyalty is all right, but it's superfluous just now. We're not talking from the housetops here. This is a private conversation. You know that Ransom is a fossil, a shining example of the inefficiency of the seniority system, and so do I. What I've been trying to tell you in a roundabout sort of a way is that you can be useful to us in that committee, useful in your present position, but more useful as its chairman. You're the sort of a man I like. A straightforward, right-from-the-shoulder sort of man, and I believe you've got a great future, if you'll just keep your eyes open and recognize your opportunities when they come to you.

Edwards got up. He wanted to be on even terms in all respects. "By all this, I take it that you and your friends hope to provide

those opportunities?

"That's right-backing, the kind of influence that a man in your position in Washington can't get on without.'

Edwards folded his arms, staring into the fire, but he did not

speak for a long moment.

What annoyed him most was Curtis' certainty as to the success of his advances. He had an air of having done this sort of thing before, an assurance that could only come of the previous successes of the Curtis methods with the little men of Congress who could be useful. The time had come to let Curtis know that he was not to be bought. And he spoke with a candor which left no room for doubt.

"You have said some very fine things to me and about me, Mr. Curtis," he said, choosing his phrases deliberately. "You've suggested some very brilliant opportunities for my future in Congress, which may or may not be presented. And you've offered me both



Curtis looked at his guest curiously.

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Curtis caught his breath, then straightened, his jaws tense. He threw his cigar into the fireplace and turned.

That's final?" he asked with a cold smile.

"Yes-final. "I'm sorry."
"So am I."

"It's a pity, Edwards. I think you'll regret the position you

Chapter Thirteen

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"I'll have to take that risk."

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"Perhaps. But not if I can prevent it, Mr. Curtis."

"At any rate, we wont fall out over a difference of opinion.

Have a drink? No? Then we'd better join the ladies."

He indicated the way suavely, and Edwards went toward the drawing-room. But he knew, without any further prompting from his host, that he had made a powerful enemy.

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Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

Justice

CAMILLA KENYON

Following the publication of a story by Camilla Kenyon in this magazine several months ago, a stream of letters began to flow to the editorial desk. The curious feature of that story was that if a single phrase in the last paragraph was missed by the reader, the point of the story was lost; evidently several missed that phrase. And now here is another by this California woman who has such a marked talent for fiction-writing.

While he was thinking what to say, he continued to search. An impulse prompted him suddenly to look up.

looking, it seemed, steadfastly at-nothing.

Kirby, with his neck stretched at an uncomfortable angle, stared. It was as if he saw something utterly portentous and appalling, something at sight of which his universe cracked and crumbled about him. .

Feet came clattering down the steps. voice called back to some one at the door: "Well, so long. I got to hump myself, guess. —Oh, neno, Kirby, that you?" Kirby's breath re-

turned to him then. He straightened his bent back and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his hand. He crossed the lawn,

stumbling.
"Say, Allen," he said faintly, "help me into the house, will you? I—I've had a sort of attack."

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As Allen helped him up the steps, Kirby looked back over his shoulder. But the figure under the locusts had disappeared.

THE spring dusk was filled with the fragrance of locust blooms and the freshness of newly watered lawns as Alvin Kirby came out of his wife's boarding-house to look for the evening paper. Not finding it on the porch, he hesitated, wondering whether to call his wife from the kitchen to hunt for the paper in the garden. If he did it himself, it meant going down steps and consequently ascending them again. And ascending steps was bad for his heart. Yes, he would call Janice. But then she might insist on his waiting until she was through with the dishes; at this hour, with her nerves rasped from serving the boarding-house dinner, Janice was not always amenable. He saw in imagination the tightening of her lips, still so provocatively red and fresh, the line between her level eyebrows. He knew how she would look

at him, her eyes tormented, exasperated. Well, he would have to hunt for the paper himself-that was well, he would have to hunt for the paper himself—that was all. He counted the steps as he went down. Eight of them. Eight steps for a man, with a heart like his, to climb, or else wait all evening for his paper. He would let Janice know later what he thought of it. He went stooping about the lawn, but no newspaper rewarded him. Probably the young whelp of a carrier had forgotten to throw it in. He'd sure let them hear from him at the office. While he was thinking what he would the continued to continue the continued to continue the second sure he was the standard the continued to continue the second sure he was the second sure he was the second the second sure he was the second sur

say, he continued to search. He had reached the geranium hedge that bounded the garden when an impulse prompted him suddenly to look up. Just across the sidewalk, in the shadow of the locusts growing in the parkway, stood a man. His face, blurred by the dusk, was half turned from Kirby; his figure, gray as the encompassing twilight, was motionless. Silently he stood there,

"WELL," said Mr. Butters, "if you'd rather board somewhere than put up at the hotel,—and I don't know as I blame you,—I can recommend Mrs. Kirby's place." With a return of that faint discomfort which had haunted him since the beginning of the interview, he shifted his glance from the stranger's face,

or the interview, he shifted his glance from the stranger's face, pretending to arrange the papers on his desk.

"Kirby," repeated John Grimes—the name was on the card he had given Mr. Butters. "Kirby." He took a notebook from his pocket. "Address?" He held the pencil poised.

"Corner Sixth and Magnolia. Big house, west side of the street. Walnut tree shading the lawn. You can't miss it."

Mr. Grimes wrote down the address and returned the notebook to his pocket.

'Sounds all right," he remarked. "Good neighborhood, I sup-

"Best in town. House was built by old Bill Kirby, one of our leading pioneer citizens. Went to his widow when he died.' "Oh, then it's the widow who takes boarders?"

"No; she died too, some years ago. Her nephew and his wife live there now—the old man's nephew, that is. Her nephew was killed in the war."

"I see. And so they have made a boarding-house of the place?" During this dialogue Mr. Butters found his eyes traveling in a furtive way to the stranger's face. It was a rather handsome face—at least, it should have been handsome, for the features

were regular. A smooth, unlined face, too—smoother than was to be expected, seeing that Mr. Grimes' hair was rather gray. Prematurely gray, perhaps—and yet, was Mr. Grimes exactly a young man, either? Mr. Butters frowned. As a matter of fact, the fellow's age was difficult to guess. Around thirty? Didn't seem just right, somehow. Forty? Couldn't say he looked forty, though. The truth was, whatever age you thought of seemed the wrong one. Something a little peculiar about his make-up altogether, though you couldn't put your finger on it, quite.

But Mr. Butters kept his feeling of this out of his voice as he

responded:

"Yes, Janice—that's Alvin Kirby's wife—is trying her best, poor girl, to make both ends meet. She and Alvin hadn't been married long when old Mrs. Kirby died, and as soon as Alvin got hold of the money, he started speculating, and lost about every-thing but the house. Then his health broke down, and she had to turn in and hustle any way she could. She was one of our Riverton beauties before she was married. Too bad! Though some people say-"

"Oh, well, you know how people talk in a town like this. You see, Janice was engaged, first off, to the other boy—Jim Lowrie, Mrs. Kirby's nephew. Of course, nobody blamed her, as things stood, for breaking off with him; but still, some thought her a little overprompt about marrying Alvin—especially when Jim was killed in France, and folks kind of forgot everything else. Anyway, she's sure shown grit, the way she's buckled in since Alvin's

In the ensuing silence it dawned on Mr. Butters that he had been talking too much, at least for the brisk, snappy man of business that he earnestly believed himself to be. suddenly that of one who must make every minute count, he

turned to his desk and scrawled a few words on a card. "Here," he said, passing it over, "you might show Mrs. this-sort of introduction. If she can take you in, you'll find it pretty comfortable, I think-good home cooking, anyhow. Well, glad you think of investing in this neighborhood-I believe we can convince you that land about Riverton will bring you in as big returns on your money as any in the State. Let me know tomorrow what time suits you, and we'll drive round and look things over."

With a good-by nod Mr. Grimes walked out of the office of Butters and Stahl. Mr. Butters' eyes followed him—perplexed,

yet he couldn't tell himself why.

WHEN at the ring Janice Kirby opened the front door, she found confronting her well-dressed man who, when he removed his hat, disclosed hair sprinkled with gray.

"Mrs. Kirby?"
"Yes." The reply was a second late in coming. In that second Janice experienced an indefinable sensation—as if a veil were lifted and dropped again before her inner vision. What lay behind it she did not know, but it seemed that something in her, something deep and inarticulate, had caught a glimpse-had recoiled with sick incredulity and dread.

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"I was sent here by Mr. Butters. He thought you might have a vacancy.'

The sensation, whatever it was, had passed as swiftly as it came, but her hand trembled a little as she took the card the stranger offered. The feeling had been so queer, so indescribable. But she made a mechanical gesture of invitation, and in response to it the man crossed her threshold. As his glance traveled round, she felt as if everything in the old-fashioned hall—hatrack, chairs, dark ugly wall-paper-leaped out of the shadows into conspicuousness-she was so suddenly conscious of them all. She seemed, even, in a strange way, sharply conscious of herself—seemed vividly to see Janice Kirby standing there, no longer so fresh and pretty as Janice Wright had been, and with her red-brown hair a little rumpled. She put up a hand to it, uneasily.

In the living-room they talked for a few moments, Mr. Grimes, meanwhile, glancing about him casually. And at once everything in the room seemed to stand out-the old marble clock on the mantel, the books in the glass-fronted bookcase, the pair of china statuettes that flanked the clock. Clearly, intensely, they all stood out—shouted out, almost: "Here we are, the old things!" It was as if suddenly they had felt themselves to be, not old and

shabby and absurd, but familiar and dear.

Mr. Grimes explained himself briefly. He was in Riverton on business that would occupy him for some time-an indefinite time. He disliked hotel living, and Mr. Butters had advised him to apply to Mrs. Kirby. If she had an available room, he would be glad to look at it.

"The front room upstairs," she told him, and led the way



"Well, hasn't it strick you that since he came, Alvin has grown worse steadily? I tell you, Janice, there's something queer about it."

Extraordinary, the feeling she had as he followed her up the staircase! She kept wanting to look back over her shoulder, exactly as when she was a little girl and ran frightened up to bed at night. She had that same shuddering sense that there was some one there. And of course there was some one there—Mr. John Grimes, who had come to engage a room. Only the some one whom she would see if she looked back seemed not to be Mr. Grimes.

It was Mr. Grimes and no other whom she found there when she turned round after raising the shades in the big front bedroom-Aunt Martha Kirby's room. Aunt Martha's heavy black walnut set was still there, though most of the ornaments she had cherished had been relegated to the attic. But Janice had left the big steel engraving of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, because the paper behind it had not faded to match the rest.

"It's awful, I know," she said, laughing nervously, for Mr. Grimes was looking at it. "Perhaps I can find something else to fill the space, if you can't stand the Signing." Even as she spoke, it seemed to flow quietly into her mind from somewhere that perhaps it wasn't so awful, that perhaps it was rather endearing in its ugliness-that, and the sense of wounding some one a little by her laughter.

But of course not Mr. Grimes, who merely said civilly: "Please don't make an change on my account." His voice was a little thinner, less robust, than quite matched his strong, lean frame. He met her terms without question, arranging to send his luggage from the hotel and himself return in time for dinner.

When she had shown him out, she looked into Alvin's room to tell him about the new boarder-he would probably make a grievance of it if she did not. Alvin had been in bed all day, recovering from an attack he had had in the garden last night-a sort of nervous collapse, it seemed. She was glad. secretly, when he did spend the day in bed; it was infinitely easier than having him about peering, interfering, always with that jealous watchfulness of mis.

"Taken the front room, has he?" he repeated, turning on his pillow. "Fellow Butters sent up-young fellow?"

the question at her suddenly.
"Not particularly young," she answered coldly, and went out. That abominable jealousy of his! But outside the door, she paused. How would she, if she had wanted to be explicit, have answered that question? Was the man to whom she had rented the front room young? Was he verging on middle age? She realized that where age was concerned, it seemed impossible to place Mr. Grimes.

As a rule, even if Alvin spent the day in bed, he got up for dinner. He seemed to feel that by sitting at the head of the table he reminded people that he was the head of the house. He would sit there sucking his jaws and looking about him suspiciously; he was always imagining that a word or look aside must be about him. His uneasy sensitiveness was always being wounded. He hated Mrs. Katz, who sat at his right, because her idea of treating an invalid was to "jolly him up." He hated Miss Kittle, at his left, because she did not take the trouble to make herself attractive to him. He hated old Mrs. Pugh, who had known him from a boy and still treated him as one, and as an obviously fit subject for moral maxims. But tonight he seemed to forget them all, as well as the asthmatic Mr. Katz, the jovial Mr. Allen and the two superior school-teachers, in watching Mr. Grimes at the foot of the table.

JANICE did not sit at the table, but filled the plates in the kitchen and gave them to Lizzie, the waitress. The door from The door from the kitchen to the pantry was hooked back, and the door from pantry to dining-room Lizzie was in the habit of swinging out too far, so that it usually hung open. Thus Janice could look into the dining-room. She saw, tonight, that Alvin kept staring across the table at Mr. Grimes. It was as if he could not help it, as if he struggled unavailingly against something that compelled him, that drew his unwilling gaze continually to the face of the new boarder at the other end of the table.

Janice shifted her position; now she too could see Mr. Grimes in his place opposite her husband. That persistent, furtive stare of Alvin's had not at all discomposed him; his face was as calm She could study it better now than she had been able to this afternoon, when something about Mr. Grimes had so oddly disturbed her. What had it been, after all? Perhaps it was the impassivity of his face, almost as if it were a statue's-as if it hid, rather than revealed, the personality behind



Yes, it must be that; it was the strange unrevealing blankness of the face.

'Coffee, sir?" asked Lizzie at his elbow, and Mr. Grimes looked up from his plate. Janice stepped quickly out of sight; for an instant she felt again as if a veil had been lifted.

She was trembling as she turned back to the sink.

It was ten o'clock that night before Janice left the kitchen, for there had been jelly to put up. When she entered their room, -hers and Alvin's,-she found him sitting up in bed, obviously awaiting her. "Look here," he demanded at once, "who is this new man-

this Grimes?

She knew that note in his voice, and that it meant, unless she controlled herself, a scene. Tonight it was even sharper than usual, as if his nerves were on edge about something. reply she moved to the mirror and turned on the light beside it.

"Can't you answer?" "I want to know who His voice rose.

"I have told you all I know," she answered quietly. "You are as well informed about Mr. Grimes as I am."

He breathed hard. "Well, I don't like him," he declared.

"Why?" She was looking into the mirror as she let down her The glass revealed to her not only her own face, beautiful still, though a little tired and worn, but Alvin's, as he sat propped against the pillows, frowning, querulous, aggrieved, and-was it?frightened.

Why?" he repeated. "Well, never mind why-I mean, I don't have to come through with reasons, do I? You like a person, or you don't—and I don't like this Grimes. I don't like having him around—and I wont." His twitching hands plucked at the

She turned quickly. "Be quiet, Alvin-don't be ridiculous!" she said sharply, in the tone she might have used to a child or

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Janice would stand at the window, From there she would watch Alvin and Mr. Grimes. More and more intently would she watch Mr. Grimes.

MR. GRIMES gave no one an excuse for ousting him. He was quiet, orderly, punctual, courteous. He was out of the house a great deal, looking at property around Riverton, it was understood. Often days passed when Janice did not exchange a word with him except at breakfast, which she served herself, Lizzie being with her only on part time. Then as she stood beside him, asking, "How will you have done this your eggs morning, Mr. Grimes?" he would sometimes, in answering, raise his eyes to hers. He did it casually, and she stood quietly under his look, but it always turned her white to the lips. She would return to the kitchen weak and trembling, hardly able to go on with her work. But she would find an extraordinary reassurance in the sound of Mr. Allen's voice from the dining-room, singing out: "Morning, Grimes! Well, you got a line on anything to suit you yet?"

Mr. Allen prided himself on being a "mixer," and would have felt it a blemish on his character not to include the new guest in the circle of his genial-But they saw each other only at meals, or when both of them happened to sit on the porch for a while, after dinner. Beyond this degree of intimacy Mr. Allen felt no desire to go, though at first he had sized Grimes up as a promising recruit for the local Boosters' Club and other organizations in which he was interested. Why he had later abandoned the idea of enlisting Grimes as a Booster he could not have said. In all outward respects Grimes was certainly eligible-he was above Riverton's average, in fact. Quiet as he was, there was nothing awkward or shy about him; on the contrary, you felt it would be impossible to shake his rather singular self-possession. A disconcerting self-possession, somehow, suggesting, not to put it too fantastically, that of a nonparticipating onlooker at human affairs -one who was inconceivably remote and detached-watching things from a distance, as it were.

All Allen definitely knew was that he was never quite comfortable with Grimes. He had mentioned him to Butters once. Butters could not tell him much—merely that Grimes had "blown in" to Riverton with money to invest, had bought a couple of town lots already, and was looking for a bargain in orchard land. His references were a bank in the neighboring city and another in Texas. According to what he had told Butters, he had bought some Texas land cheap from a "mover" some years before, and sold it profitably in the height of an oil-boom. A close-mouthed fellow, certainly, but apparently on the level.

And then Allen had contributed: "Sort of a queer duck, though, wouldn't you say?" Butters' face had changed oddly. For a moment he and Allen had looked at each other; then Butters had looked away.

"Why, I dunno," he muttered noncommittally. Allen, for a reason that seemed obscurely to lie in (Continued on page 152)

the verge of a tantrum. More and more she was coming to consider him that—not a man, but only the shell of one over a stunted, ungrown child-soul.

"Now tell me, if you can without getting excited, what it is that you object to in Mr. Grimes." She hid the eagerness with

which she awaited his reply, the while undressing.

"Well, I don't cotton to him—that's all," he answered after a moment's hesitation. He spoke sullenly, his eyes avoiding hers. "Looks to me like—the sort to make trouble if you had him round much. Anyway, I don't want him here. My God, do I have to argue over every little thing? This is my house, aint it? Can't I say who I'll have in it and who I wont?" His voice had risen as he proceeded.

"It may be your house, but if I am to run it as a boardinghouse, we can't turn people out of it without some reason. I can't ask this man to go, simply because you choose to dislike

him at first sight."

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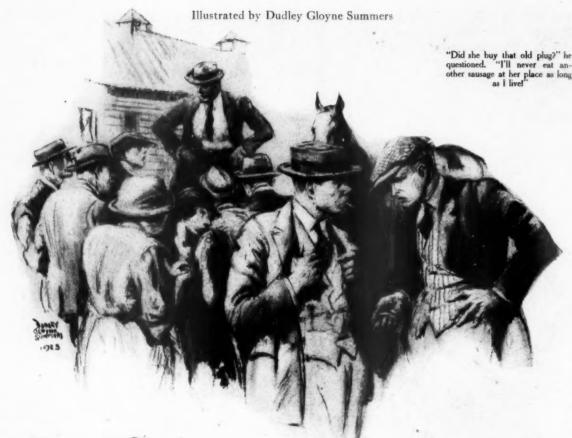
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"Maybe you don't want him to go," Alvin flung at her viciously,

his hand pressed to his heaving chest.

She made no answer, but stripped the denim day-cover from her couch—the couch that was one of Alvin's grievances. In silence she turned off the light and crept into her bed. Time was, when she had blazed up at things like this; now she took them stolidly—on the surface at least; inwardly, she shivered with a faint nausea. But she said to herself that she must bear it, for it was part of her punishment for having married without love. Alvin knew that she had not loved him, and he avenged himself by pretending to doubt her loyalty. Yet he had been willing to take her without love; merely to possess her he had taken her, in that first blind pain and fury of hers when she broke off with Jim.

She had married him as she would have grasped at any weapon with which to strike back at the man who had wounded her.



The Hot-dog Special

By GERALD BEAUMONT

THE INFORMATION KID, who knew everything, insisted that the best stable on the Tia Juana race-track was the one owned by the Widow This emphatic endorsement might well have puzzled a stranger, since the lady in question owned no race-horses, nor could she have pointed out the quarter-pole if her life depended on it. Nevertheless the Kid stuck to his opinion.

"Only dogs on the track that can look a stranger in the face without blushing!" said he. "They keep their form regardless of the weather, and they run well on any kind of track. Best bet of the day, boys! Play

Ma's stable, and you can't lose!"

There was deep wisdom in the Kid's tip. Mrs. McGregor's relation to the sport of kings was that of a queen of frankfurters. She played the races, but only by catering to the appetites of sportsman and stableboy, millionaire and mendicant, piker and plunger. She kept her "stable" in a capacious barrel, warmed up her entries on a gas-range, blanketed them with bread and sent them to "the post" equipped with mustard and a pickle. Ma's hot dogs were almost as popular as their owner and trainer.

Fifty years had left no wrinkle on the Hot-dog Lady's good-natured countenance; time had not shrunken her heart, nor dulled the infectious joy of her laughter. Blue-eyed, ample-bosomed, silver-haired, "Ma" was a whole-souled dispenser of winning "wienies—hot and juicy and fried in butter!" As the Information Kid said: "It's a shame to call 'em dogs!"

It was reasonable to expect that Hollywood would wake up to the filming possibilities of Gerald Beaumont's stories originally published in this magazine. But neither Mr. Beaumont nor anybody else thought the awakening would take the form of an explosion. "All of a sudden," he writes, "I am informed that sixteen of the stories are by way of being filmed. Several are being 'shot' at this moment." Yet being wise, Gerald Beaumont is not upset by this celluloid success. He will continue to consider himself first of all a story-teller.

Though Mrs. McGregor's establishment was bounded by the paddock, the betting ring and the grandstand, she knew less about racing than Henry the Rat knew about Euclid. Equine thoroughbreds never patronized her counter, and so she had no opportunity to become acquainted with their peculiarities. But of human nature she had seen a lot. Eight times an afternoon, as the drumming of hoofs sounded just beyond the whitewashed rail, men rushed past the Hot-dog Lady, whooping or cursing, tearing up their tickets or hurrying jubilantly toward the pay-off windows. Sooner or later Ma served them all—the hardened bookmaker, the experienced sport and the frightened novice, the latter too often trembling under the shock of having lost money which he had had no right to risk

Sometimes, when the Information Kid was having a

bad day,-one in which, to use his own expression, he "couldn't pick his teeth, let alone a winner,"-he wisely refrained from further exertion, and seating himself on a stool at Ma's counter, undertook a voluntary ballyhoo in behalf of the Hot-dog Lady. At such times even the bookmakers laughed.

"All r-r-r-right, boys! You can't play the races on an empty stomach! Red-hot and rarin' to go! They're at the post in the Hot-dog Handicap! They smell like chicken; they taste like turkey; and they go like hell! The only honest-to-Gawd thoroughbreds on the track. Trot a couple more out of the paddock, Ma! That's right, brother; play 'em again! It's the best bet of the

Mrs. McGregor was grateful to her publicity agent.

"That's all right, Ma!" the Kid assured her; "you're the only one on the whole track that ever gives us hustlers a real run for our dough.

Inasmuch as the way to a man's heart is through the gastronomic paddock, the Hot-dog Lady was not without her admirers, particularly among the little jockeys who had to keep at low weight and to whom a hot dog, in consequence, was a course dinner.

But on a race-track, romance begins and ends with the particular kind of "dog" that is expected to come galloping home some afternoon, hooded and bandaged, with twenty-to-one against his chances, and the money planted all the way from here to China. The Information Kid knew all about that kind of animals, none better. But Mrs. McGregor's life was commercially circumscribed, consisting of hot dogs and dimes, dimes and hot dogs; and so far as the Kid knew, it seemed destined to go on like that until the last sausage had been purchased by the last thin But here one morning Allah, Lord of the Three Worlds, waved his scepter over the paddock at Tia Juana, and all things began.

Hughie Harper had passed to his reward, and his horses were being auctioned off by a heartbroken little widow. They were a fair sort of selling-platers, and one after another they found new owners among the circle of two hundred horsemen attending the sale. But when a groom led out Captain Adams, there was a general movement to depart. All men knew that the famous old chestnut was now barred from the post because of bad legs.

"One moment, gentlemen!" pleaded the auctioneer.

"Nothing but his own-er's death would have placed this gallant animal on the market. You all know his record: seventeen thousand dollars in purses, and finished in the money thirty-one times. He ran the great Cudgel to a head in the Suburban. A thousand pounds of thoroughbred, gentle-Who'll give a men! hundred dollars for the honor of the sport?'

The auctioneer looked in vain for an upraised hand. Harper's widow, who loved her horses with all the ardor of a Kentucky woman, low-ered her head and put a black-bordered handkerchief

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Leaning against a post, the Information Kid contemplated the picture with sympathetic understanding: Captain Adams rearing disdainful head above the silent crowd, old Benjamin Todd on the auction block pleading for just one bid, and the little woman at his side weeping The Kid had seen just such tragedies enacted before. He reasoned that he would see them many times again. Regretfully he held his peace, fingers fumbling with a single greenback that represented the extent of his wealth.

But some one else had seen the same picture! Here she came, edging her way through the crowd toward Harper's widow, and

waving a white apron at the auctioneer.

"A hundred dollars!" called Mrs. McGregor. "If no one else wants him, I'll give a hundred dollars!" Her old hat was askew, and her blue eyes were bright with sympathy. The auctioneer waited for no other bid. Down came his hand.

"Madam," said he, "you have bought a race-horse and saved the honor of the sport!"

In another minute the crowd dissolved, leaving the little woman from Kentucky and the Hot-dog Lady laughing and crying in each other's arms.

"There, there, honey!" said the Hot-dog Lady. "I know just how you feel, and I'll take the best of care of him!"

The Information Kid loved such incidents. He was like a young trout over whose particular pool of life Allah was perpetually dangling the right sort of fly. He lit another cigarette, and studied the tableau with sparkling eyes. A tug at his sleeve disturbed him, and he turned to behold his colleague, Henry the Rat, small and dark and wizened. Henry, as usual, had missed the best part of the performance, but he had arrived in time to see Captain Adams being claimed by Mrs. McGregor. Henry's sentiment was limited, but his suspicions were profound.

"Hot-dog Lady, aint it?" he questioned. "Did she put up a hundred bucks? Did she buy that old plug? Well, if that aint one for the book! I'll never eat another sausage at her place as long as I live!"

The Kid wheeled on his partner. "Now, listen, Henry," he commanded, "if you go starting any story like that, I'll bust you right on the nose. Ma aint going to

cook that horse."

"Oh, aint she?" mocked the Rat. "I

was right here when the guy says a



you're blind. They ought to rule her off the track. Wait till Frenchy Bonville and Doggie Brown hear about it! We got enough trouble, now, trying to pick the winners, without having to eat the losers!"

The Information Kid reached out and twisted his colleague's stringy necktie into a garotte. The Rat crumpled into submission, but before the Kid released his hold, he had impressed on Henry the advisability of viewing matters in a different light.

"Have it your own way!" grumbled the smaller hustler, rubbing his neck. "Have it your own way! But if she can't run him, and she aint gonna cook him, will you kindly tell me what in hell the lady is gonna do with him?"

The Kid hesitated, undetermined whether to comply with the request or to swat his partner on the chin. The scales finally

descended in favor of higher education. "Mrs. McGregor is a lady-" he began.

"Ye-ah," said Henry, "she's the Hot-dog Lady-"

"Never mind about that. She's a lady, and she bought that old horse because her heart was touched. Ma never seen a paddock auction before. She happened to be at the track this morning because they were putting a new gas-range in her stand. She's going to give Captain Adams free feed and stable-room as long as he lives.'

Well, she aint gonna do it on my dough!" protested the Rat. "If she boosts the price of coffee and dogs just to take care of

that old crow-bait, she wont do no business with me.

"She'd make money if you stayed away," retorted the Kid. "The only time you and Frenchy give her any dough, is when you've got a bum half-dollar to unload.'

This started another argument, so acrimonious that the curtain must be drawn, and consideration be given to the feelings of the

lady in the case.

FROM sausages to sentiment is not such a far cry, after all. The Hot-dog Lady bridged the gap from the moment that Captain Adams' velvet muzzle first plucked a sugar-lump from her toil-worn palm. Here was something Mrs. McGregor could understand.

Surrounded for most of her life by the walls of a delicatessen counter, Mrs. McGregor found an extraordinary thrill in the realization that this battle-scarred warrior of the turf was now entirely dependent upon her for support. It was the nearest approach to royalty she had ever achieved, and the romance of the adventure gradually laid its spell upon her.

Blame the Information Kid, if you will, for what followed. The young hustler could never resist the temptation to develop every whimsical conceit to its conclusion. "The Arabian Nights"

was the Kid's Bible.

"Give Ma a run for her money," he told the track officials. "She lost half her customers by taking that old plug. The paddock kids wont play her entries no more. Go down and put the official O.K. on the lady." Presiding Judge Nelson was the first to take action, and he was followed by his associates. Then came the track secretary, and the official timers, and the publicity man. One after another, they showed up at the Hot-dog Lady's booth, and gravely congratulated her on having become the owner of Captain Adams. Officially, they welcomed her to active participation in the sport of kings.

"Madam," said Starter Morrisey, "I can't promise to let your horse get off first, but I'll see that he doesn't get off last."

'And You" McIvor, handsomest man that ever wielded bookmaker's chalk, descended from his platform to purchase a hot dog, and assure Mrs. McGregor urbanely:
"Your credit is good with me at any time, madam. Just hold

up your hand-one finger for each hundred dollars-

"Oh, I'll never do any betting," protested the Hot-dog Lady. "Gracious sakes, I just bought the horse because nobody else would, and he looked hungry. I can't imagine why everybody's

McIvor smiled and walked away. He alone had a hunch as to what was coming, for he had seen many times the unsuspecting bark of feminine sentiment sucked into turbulent waters.

Never had Mrs. McGregor received so much attention from distinguished personages; never had she been made to feel the great difference that exists between a mere vender of sausages and an official patroness of the race-track. Happy as a child and delightfully flustered, she neglected her regular customers and scorched most of her hot dogs.

The Information Kid helped out with an owner's badge. "Here 'are, Ma! See the silk tassel? That means you're an owner.

Now you're all set."

"Why, aint it pretty!" marveled the Hot-dog Lady. "What

"Tie it to the old apron. Walk right into the clubhouse, or the paddock, or the president's office. If anybody tries to stop you, just flash the badge, and tell 'em where to head in!"

"For pity's sake!"

"Sure, and another thing: you want to pick out your silks.

Ma-what kind of colors do you like?"

It was a long time since Ma McGregor's blistered fingers had felt the soft crinkle of silk, a long time since her wardrobe had boasted anything but white aprons and the quiet garments of mature widowhood. But the Hot-dog Lady was still young at

"Why, I've always liked green," she confided. "I had a dress once of Nile green, overlaid with silver, and if I do say it

myself-

"Silver and green?" interrupted the Kid, suppressing a grin. The Rat had suggested a field of mustard with a sausage in the center. "Why, them's swell colors, Ma! I'll get Old Lady Daley to submit some samples."

BUT the young hustler was compelled to drop this program in favor of another that was more urgent. McIvor, who always had more irons in the fire than he could handle, chased the Information Kid off to Cuba to find out why one of the largest gambling-houses in Havana was not paying the expected dividends. The Kid was gone a month, and during his absence the Hot-dog Lady trod the path of romance not wisely, but too well.

No sooner had the paddock gypsies become convinced that Mrs. McGregor's intentions regarding Captain Adams were strictly honorable, than they cast about for some other explanation of her investment. The tip went out that "Ma had a sack stowed away;" and the story grew, as it passed from mouth to ear, until it reached the point where the Hot-dog Lady had inherited a million dollars and was going into the game big. Immediately there was a wild scramble to get aboard.

When the king of the hustlers returned to Tia Juana, almost the first person he encountered was Henry the Rat, who was

bursting under the weight of accumulated knowledge. "Greetings!" said Henry. "Now, listen: Your

"Now, listen: Your lady friend has bought four more of the lousiest-looking hammerheads that ever escaped from the pound. The best of them is Tarcutta, eight years old, and the only thing he ever won was an argument over oats.

"Tarcutta?" queried the Kid, and then gave a demonstration of his retentive mind. "'By Tasmania, out of Queen Lil; second sire, Yorktown, winner of the Melbourne Cup; bay gelding, three white stockings; been in sixty races and finished third twice in a mile and half.' Go ahead, Rat—I've got him; what's the rest?"
"Aint that enough?" demanded Henry. "Well, if you're look-

ing for any more laughs, she's hired Losing Jones as trainer!"

The Information Kid sat down and held his head in his hands. Losing Jones was an ex-jockey whose string of misfortunes was as long as the tail of Halley's Comet, and almost as famous.

"Thought that would get you," commented the Rat. guy on the track that can't get a job anywheres else, has tackled the Hot-dog Lady. She's all smoked up, and they're going to take her for the works. Say, if she's gonna feed the birdies, what's the matter with us gettin' out on the front lawn with the others? Frenchy Bonville says the lady has been left five million fish by the Czar of Russia."

"The Czar of Russia was scratched a long time ago," corrected the Kid, "and five million Russian fish aint equal to one American sardine. Keep your shirt on, and I'll see if I can gather a

little wisdom for your bum ear."

HE was not long in uncovering the real state of affairs. Far from inheriting any fortune, Mrs. McGregor had been speculating with the modest savings account that represented the toil of twenty years. Moved first by compassion for Captain Adams. then lured on by the romance of the new world that welcomed her, Mrs. McGregor found herself in financial quicksand that grew ever deeper. Feed-bills, stable-rent, entrance-fees, exerciseboys and jockey-hire all made their demands upon her slender resources. With the compliments of the track officials still ringing sweetly in her ears, she tried desperately to preserve her new status in life, and to retain the tassled badge that established her as a sport. More than all this, Ma McGregor had attained a genuine affection for the five equine heirlooms that now constituted her official family. Losing Jones had said that Captain

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"Sure they give booby prizes!" he snapped. "Little brown tickets with Sir Weller's number on 'em."

Adams would never face the post again. So the Hot-dog Lady bought Tom's Token at a bargain sale, only to discover that Tom was permanently afflicted with the heaves. Then she acquired the Duc d'Orleans for two hundred and fifty dollars, and picked up Tarcutta when old man Dunphy got in a row with the railroad company and declined to take the "hammerhead" off the cars.

All this, and more, the Information Kid absorbed in ways of which he was a master. He held his peace until he encountered the self-appointed trainer of the McGregor stables. Then there was an explosion.

Losing Jones was a thin, apologetic individual with sad eyes and black side-whiskers that resembled the tassels on a hearse. He wilted under the Kid's tirade, and then essayed a feeble remonstrance.

"Go easy, Kid!" he whined. "This is the first steady job I've had in ten years. Aint a young man any longer, and I got to look out for myself. Mrs. McGregor wont miss the money. She's got a big sack—"
"Forget it!" admonished the hustler. "Ma's broke! She aint

paid her bills for a month; and the first thing you know, the sheriff will show up with an attachment."

Losing Jones clawed at his whiskers. "Is that so?" he wailed. "Broke, is she? Well, if that aint just my fool luck! I thought the lady had inherited a fortune."

"She inherited nothing but five hay-burners and the world's worst trainer," snapped the Kid. "Go way away from me now; I don't want to have nothin' to do with you."

IN the tackle-room of old "Johnny-All-Around," that night, the king of the hustlers called into conference a dozen of Ma McGregor's most picturesque patrons. They included Henry the Rat, Frenchy Bonville, Silver Dream Charley, Bubbles Jackson and a number of others, any of whom were capable of selling Tuesday's paper on Thursday afternoon and giving the purchaser his change in counterfeit money.

The Kid knew his audience, and he wasted no time in getting to the point. If there is any class of youthful wanderers in the world to whom the phrase "home and mother" has an unfailing appeal, it is the ragged and care-free (Continued on page 128)

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller "Rupert's Progress" might well be the title of a volume of biography. When Mr. Hughes was a lad in military school, he planned to become a great musician, but later decided that sculpture pleased him more. Still later he discovered his real metier—writing. His first novel sold two thousand copies! Today, however, his novels are among the most widely read in the English language.

The Golden Ladder

By RUPERT HUGHES

The Story So Far:

AS a young girl Betty was all too well known in the town of her doubtful nativity—the Rhode Island Providence, of President Washington's time. When she was nineteen, her latest lover Pierre died; and Betty, yielding to a mutual disgust with Providence, left it for New York. There her funds ran low, and she accepted an offer which had been made by a French sea-captain, Delacroix, to accompany him to France.

A certain Lavinia Ballou, who knew Betty, and who had overheard, cried out:

"Well, I do declare, if you aint the brazenest thing! But it's all a body could expect of a girl who would run off and leave a little—"

Betty's hand went out to Vinny's throat. "If you speak of that again to me, Lavinia Ballou—or to anybody—killin' you is the least I'll do to you!"

Betty returned from France with Delacroix—and a wardrobe of Parisian clothes, a headful of lawless Revolutionary ideas and a useful capital of Gallic elegances. The French mariner continued to provide for her for some years in New York; but she became reckless in her affairs during his absences; and finally, returning unexpectedly, he threw Betty and a certain Mr. Evertsen bodily into the street.

Betty took refuge with a friend named Laloi, who conducted a bookshop. Shortly thereafter, walking with him, she met his

friend Stephen Jumel, a French refugee from San Domingo whom Laloi had rescued from the debtors' prison and who had since prospered as a wine-merchant. As they stood talking, the carriage of Mrs. Vansinderen passed; the lady cut Betty—worse, her carriage-wheels spattered Betty's dress with mud. Said Jumel:



Betty was like the girl Celine who went about selling trinkets; an amorous advance was always checked with a cold: "Buy something."

"Mam'selle should have a carriage and make mud upon that leddy. W'at you geeve to somebody who buys you carriage?"
"I'd give my soul."
"I take!" responded the Frenchman. Thus Betty soon found

"I take!" responded the Frenchman. Thus Betty soon found herself possessed of the finest carriage in town, and a liveried coachman to drive it; and she likewise found herself installed, without bell, book or candle, as the lady of Jumel's house.

without bell, book or candle, as the lady of Jumel's house.

This was progress—another step on the golden ladder; but Betty was by no means content: she longed intensely for—

respectability, the looked-up-to estate of a married woman! And at length she hit upon a plan; she pretended a mortal illness, and so convincingly assumed a deathbed terror of eternal flames because of her unwed life with Jumel, that the Frenchman sent for a priest at once. Betty recovered marvelous quickly then; and Jumel realized he had been tricked, but he was a game sport and had the ceremony repeated in church. But the town took little note of the affair; it was absorbed in reports of the duel wherein Aaron Burr had killed Alexander Hamilton.

And Betty's triumph was short-lived; for Lavinia Ballou, in company with Jumel's valet Albin, met and recognized Betty; and tales of her life in Providence promptly reached Jumel.

The Frenchman was horrified at her desertion of her own child back there in Providence, and strove to persuade her to find the boy and bring him to live with them. No amount of pressure could force Betty to this acknowledgment of her past. A little later, however, she did adopt the child of her half-sister; and little Mary Bownes pleased Jumel vastly.

It was about this time that Betty persuaded Jumel to buy the old Morris mansion; in that neighborhood they were much in the society of titled French refugees. But in spite of her recently acquired "respectability," New York refused to receive Betty; in despair of recognition she sailed with Jumel for France.

(The story continues in detail:)

TO be spoken to, or not to be spoken to: that is the question of success, of a certain sort. Betty longed for it and could not get it. It tormented her amazingly to be looked through as if one were transparent; to be deprived of the lifted hat as if one's passing did not matter; to be denied the conversation of people who, after all, were probably more interesting in their stubborn silence than they would have been had they unloosed

There was one other soul in New York who was not spoken to by those who make it a matter of importance whom they speak to. This was Aaron Burr, who would, at a slowly approaching day, speak to Betty and add his melancholy distinction to hers As yet they were not speaking to each other. Betty regarded Burr with interest, for she understood what it was to be snubbed. But she dared not express her sympathy, since one of Betty's few acquaintances among the elect was the widow of Alexander Hamilton, whom Burr had killed, and who in his death had turned Burr into a man dead though walking.

When in 1812 Aaron Burr had stolen back into Boston as Mr. Arnot, in disguise, thwarted, penniless, hopeless, he feared a prison in New York less than a death by starvation in a foreign gutter. In the country which had all but made him its President, and all but hanged him for a traitor, he found that hate had finally died of the disease so fatal to love-fatigue.

He had sold a few volumes on board ship for thirty-two dollars, had borrowed a wig and grown himself a beard. And he waited in hiding till he could learn from New York friends what fate might greet him there. It should have taken only five days for a letter to get to Boston and for an answer to return, but no word came. Of twenty-six remaining dollars he lent his landlady sixteen and a ship acquaintance ten. Both returned the moneys which was more than Burr had always done or was likely ever to do, with the enormous sums he owed.

In his desperation, the president of Harvard University consented to talk with him, and paid him forty dollars for two rare books that Burr had brought overseas. Twenty of these dollars went for the passage-money on the sloop that got him to New York in nine days, just ten days before President Madison de-clared war against England.

After skulking about New York in terror, Burr spent his first night in a cellar at a cost of twelve cents. Like a wayfarer in a savage wilderness he hid during the day and traveled by night. A woman gave him shelter for several weeks while friends secretly persuaded his creditors to grant him a chance of life. indictments hanging over his head were as withered as his old

One day one read a little advertisement: "Aaron Burr has returned to the city and resumed the practice of the law." He nailed a small tin sign on the front of his lodgings, and waited for what might come. He had ten dollars as his only capital,

aside from an infinite supply of pluck.

Five hundred callers waited upon the prodigal that day. One of them was a lawyer whom Burr had set upon his feet, and who now lent Burr his library. In the first fortnight Burr earned two thousand dollars. No wonder he wrote with cheer to his Theodosia and her husband, and to the little grandson whose toys he had bought abroad and had to pawn.

But the clouds had opened only for a moment, to remind him how blue the sky could be, how warm the sunshine once had been; for there came from Theodosia a brief letter like a scream of

anguish:

"A few miserable days past, my dear father, and your late letters would have gladdened my soul; and even now I rejoice at their contents as much as it is possible for me to rejoice at anything: but there is no more joy for me; the world is a blank.

"Madame lumel will be good enough to understand why I cannot permit my wife to ride in her famous carriage.

I have lost my boy; my child is gone forever. He expired on

the 30th of June.
"My head is not now sufficiently collected to say anything further. May Heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost."

A little later he had letter from her husband, Joseph Alston, the Governor of South Carolina, who was also the general of her troops in the war now being conducted with an unpreparedness and inefficiency never equaled even in the history of the American militia system:

"With my wife on one side and my boy on the other, I felt myself superior to depression. The present was enjoyed; the future was anticipated with enthusiasm. One dreadful blow has destroyed us, reduced us to the veriest, the most sublimated wretchedness. . .

The disaster that crushed poor Burr must have deadened him to the excite-

ments of the war. In spite of his brilliant military record, he had no hope of being permitted to serve in arms; and he had only contempt for the ghastly unfitness of the unmilitary souls in charge of the rash attack on that Great Britain which was slowly crushing even Napoleon's genius.

The patriots who proposed to wrest Canada from England with one impetuous raid, were dazed to learn that General Hull, after issuing a bloodcurdling proclamation and capturing a Canadian village, fled in panic before a small force of Indians and Canadians, shut himself up in a fort at Detroit, then promptly surrendered to his amazed pursuers without firing a shot.

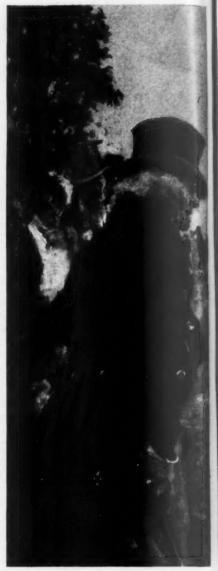
The news of this national humiliation reached New York just about the time that Burr received another letter from Theodosia showing that her soul had not recovered even after a month of

mourning. Still she cried ale

"Alas, my dear father, I hive; but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I ...ve, and why? . . .

"I wish to see you, and will leave this as soon as possible, though not so soon as you propose. I have been reading your letter over again. I am not insensible to your affection, nor quite unworthy of it, though I can offer nothing in return but the love of a broken, deadened heart, still desirous of promoting your happiness, if possible. God bless you."

Confused as his own affairs were, Burr managed to send a doctor from New York to Charleston to bring Theodosia to him. Whatever one may say or think of Burr,-and there are few





men on whom history and gossip have heaped more abuse,—there is at worst the pity due him, and the homage, that one pays to a trapped and drowning rat, still swimming fiercely, still snapping at the wires that close about him as the water rises. Let the word "rat" stand for Burr; since Faux, an English farmer who saw him then, described him as "a little, lean, pale, withered, shabby-looking, decayed, gray-headed old gentleman." But how worse than ratlike to slander him or deny him the majesty of his sufferings and the glory of his defiance!

His creditors spared him while he was penniless, but the news of his first fees wakened their ardor. He owed appalling amounts, yet his spendthrift heart kept taking upon itself new charities. He gave gifts, who could not pay his creditors!

Constantly before him was the horror of the debtors' prison with its final shackles upon his courage, and its vermin waiting for his body. Every bit of good luck was a mere delay. But still the old rat dodged, and gnawed and swam.

Then came the supreme test of his mettle. Whatever his faults, his misfortunes were sublime, and he was equal to them. In the first days of 1813 he received a note from the physician he had sent for Theodosia, and who loved Burr enough to perform this service for him:

"I have engaged a passage to New York for your daughter in a pilot-boat that has been out privateering, but has come in here, and is refitting merely to get to New York. My only fears are that Governor Alston may think the mode of conveyance too undignified, and object to it; but Mrs. Alston is fully bent on going. You must not be surprised to see her very low, feeble and emaciated. Her complaint is an almost incessant nervous fever. We shall sail in about eight days."

With all the other storms of hatred that buffeted him, Burr did not falter before mere blizzards of wind and snow. He gathered his cloak about him and faced the sleety gales that flogged the Battery, watching the Bay for the ship that should bring his lonely child to his lonely breast.

If sails whitened the horizon, they were never the sails of her boat. Ships brought word of a fearful tempest that crashed along the whole Atlantic Coast and broke across Cape Hatteras about the time that Theodosia's ship should have passed that fatal headland. By and by there came by overland stage two letters from Governor Alston addressed to Theodosia, and one to Burr:

will be three weeks since, in o be dience to your wishes, Theodosia left me. It is three weeks, and not yet one line from her. My mind is tortured. I wrote you on the 29th ult., the day before Theo. sailed, that on the next day she would embark in the privateer Patriot, a pilotboat-built schooner, commanded by Captain Overstocks, with an old New York pilot as sailing-

master. The vessel had dismissed her crew, and was returning home with her guns under deck. Her reputed swiftness in sailing inspired such confidence of a vovage of not more than five or six days, that the three weeks without a letter fill me with an unhappiness—a wretchedness I can neither describe nor conquer. Gracious God! Is my wife, too, taken from me? I do not know why I write, but I feel that I am miserable."

More anxiously now Burr haunted the Battery and its outlook toward the sea. Into the harbor of New York the privateers kept coming with their prizes. But the sea brought no good news to Aaron Burr of Theodosia. To this day no man has ever heard of that ship or of any of its sailors or its passengers.

A rumor went about that some of the pirates infesting the seas had captured the ship, and that Theodosia, her maid and her doctor, had been forced to walk the plank. The story was based on the alleged confession of a dying pirate who had seen a beautiful lady walk bravely out into the sea. Whether that were her death or not, what after all was her life, or anybody's, but a kind of walking the plank blindfolded for a brief distance before the drop into oblivion?

But Burr, for once, was not eying the ladies. His gaze was always on the east, toward the Narrows, where all the ships came in as through a door from the great outward of the sea spaces. He kept on hoping, kept on patrolling the Battery, where the waves of the Bay beat against the stout sea-walls and flung spume now and then upon the skirts of the ladies who stared at Burr

and chattered about him after he had passed like another serpent

in another Eden.

Theodosia's return, however, would have been less miraculous and unbelievable than the future union of Burr and Madame Jumel. For now that he was returned from his exile, she was in France dealing with Napoleon, who, having risen higher from humbler beginnings than Burr, had fallen harder and was doomed to a lonelier destiny than either Burr or Betty.

Chapter Thirty-three

So there stood Betty on the soil of France and waited to see if Napoleon would make use of the bark named after her, the Eliza. which Jumel had offered to carry him to America.

The jocose Fates that tumbled the monarchs off their thrones and tumbled brand-new monarchs into them, had chosen a strange minister in the little Corsican who came over to France and knew debt and jail and poverty, then glory unparalleled in human chronicle, then disaster as illustrious as his triumphs had been.

It was a quaint touch that while kings and czars and princes waited in embarrassment to know what to do with the captured Napoleon, and dared not accept Lord Liverpool's advice to turn him over to Louis XVIII to be shot or hanged, Betty offered him

her ship.

She herself had come nearly as long a way as Napoleon since she stole out of the little town where her mother had walked the unpaved streets. And now she had a husband and wealth and ships, and she took her place with the mighty ones who tried to solve the dilemma of Napoleon.

The little pavement-trotter whom the little city of Providence had farmed out as a young girl, and hooted out when she reappeared as a rich woman, the wanderer of five names whom New York would not accept, for all her money and her carriages,

found welcome in both the royal courts of France.

For a while it was so dangerous taking sides that the very question of money was full of risks. If you called a certain five-dollar gold-piece a napoléon, as like as not the tradesman would fling it back at you as a louis d'or. If you called it a louis, you were rebuked with napoléon. The trouble-fleeing Jumel preferred to call it a pièce de vingt francs, which offended nobody.

He and Betty rode for six days from Bordeaux in a cabriolet. The quarters were tight, and the little girl Mary Bownes sat between them or perched on one lap or other all the way, chattering

incessantly and asking innumerable questions.

In the taverns there were many quarrels. The soldiers of Napoleon, who adored him the more, the farther they were from his presence, would not abide the taking of his name in vain. They fought the royalist soldiers who came back with the King.

Most of the French believed that the Little Corporal would reconquer his empire. Had he not returned from Elba? Where could they put him and keep him, so long as they did not put him to death? And even then his ghost would return. As return it did!

Louis XVIII was only le Roi. They called him the "Oyster King," punningly changing his numeral dix-huit to des huitres. Napoleon was forever l'Empereur. The very title resounded with a thrill of drums. Jumel had high hopes of getting him to

America.

The Paris that Betty revisited was another Paris from the one she had known when she came thither in the days of the White Terror. There had been no Napoleon then. Now he was everywhere. Even the buildings long antedating him seemed to have been built by him, for he had had their grime of years scraped off and their walls redecked with his letter "N." And his symbolic bees swarmed on all the walls.

FOR their home in Paris the Jumels chose no less a place than the Hotel de Berteuil in the Rue de Rivoli. It was at a fashionable address and well-servanted, though it embarrassed even Betty to have a male valet make her bed.

The first thing Betty sought was a carriage of her own. There were not many private vehicles in Paris, and Madame Jumel was soon as familiar a figure on the boulevards as she had been

on Broadway

It was a shock to her when her husband came home after his final interview with Napoleon and announced that the Emperor could not be persuaded to America. He preferred to intrust his destiny to the English who conquered him at last. He expected to be established as a country gentleman in England, where he could rest and hunt foxes until the time came for another

return. The British, however, selected for his doom the little island of Saint Helena, and shipped him thither to be entombed alone, with a guard over the sepulcher.

But he was gratified and prayed Monsieur Jumel to accept as a token of his appreciation his own traveling carriage, his army chest and other souvenirs of his grandeur. His battlecarriage had been abandoned on the field of Waterloo.

Then he vanished from France, trailing a cloud of immortal

splendor after him.

In thrifty haste Betty must ride forth in the carriage of Napoleon, now her own. It was a triumph for her till she reached the barrière. Here the sentinels of the Allies recognized the Napoleonic arms and made her get down. They put her under arrest as a spy, and she spent hours of miserable anxiety

before word could be sent to her husband.

Jumel hurried to the American minister and made him go along in Betty's own carriage. The minister overawed the commander of the gate and threatened him with international dificulties until the officer at last restored the coach and the horses. Betty rode back to town with undiminished front, but she was convinced that Napoleon's star had set forever. She turned her eyes toward the throne of the eighteenth Louis. Even when General Bertrand brought to her the key to Napoleon's army chest from the Emperor himself, she regarded it as a souvenir of one already dead.

THE street life of Paris fascinated Betty. In the neighborhood of the Palais Royal life was at its maddest. Museums of art, libraries, gambling halls and dancing resorts were jumbled together. Generals, philosophers and Cyprians were mixed with dogs that danced, educated hogs, canary birds that drilled, Hindu jugglers, hermaphrodites, giants, Javanese serpents, Egyptian crocodiles. Betty had a trace of the street still in her soul. But ambition was gradually smothering her last gipsy strain. She grew mercenary with the years. She could not even love without computing the profit and the risk. She was like the pretty girl Céline who wandered about the cafés selling trinkets. She was a Parisian institution, and many a man put out his hand to pinch her cheek or beg a kiss. But she always retorted: "Buy something!" She would stand and barter jokes, but an amorous advance was always checked with a cold: "Achetez quelque chose!"

Betty's once so promiscuous heart was growing miserly too. But she no longer thought the thoughts of the Céline she had once been. She strutted now among the great, and pretended that she was born in their soil. She was to be found at many a conversazione, where the program included a dance, a concert

or a little play.

The American colony in Paris was large and brilliant, but Betty was omitted from its invitation lists. Now and then she was surprised to see from her carriage some New York woman who had snubbed her on Broadway snubbing her on the Rue de Rivoli. But Betty could endure this the better now, from the fact that she did not have to ride alone in Paris. Some eminent

peer or peeress was usually glad of a lift.

Betty literally rode into the French court in her carriage. She bribed her way by lending it to the magnificent ladies who had resumed their ancient prides without recovering the funds that had been expropriated. She drove carefully. Without offending the grateful peeresses of Napoleon's creation, she had won over the peeresses of the ancient regime. She kept a double salon; on alternate evenings Bonapartes or Bourbons were her guests. To her doors would come begging letters from some countess who wanted to call on the Minister of Finance but did not want to

"Dear Madame Jumel. It is for tomorrow that Mama has her appointment with Monsieur Roy. Would you kindly let her have

your carriage-which she wont keep long.

To her doors came invitations to the salons of the aristocrats. If a peer died, she must receive an engraved mortuary letter. When the King went to his chapel to worship, she was permitted to join the little group of witnesses. When the King gave a ball, Betty danced.

Among her friends were the Duchesses de Berri and de Charot, the Comte d'Alzac and no end of others, till her tongue was twisted with their complex titles, and her memory was wrenched

with trying to keep their alliances straight.

The Comtesse Tascher de la Pagerie, an impoverished relative of the Empress Josephine, came to live with Betty. It was thrilling to have a Comtesse dwelling with one like a poor re lation. It was glorious to extend charity to duchesses. ed

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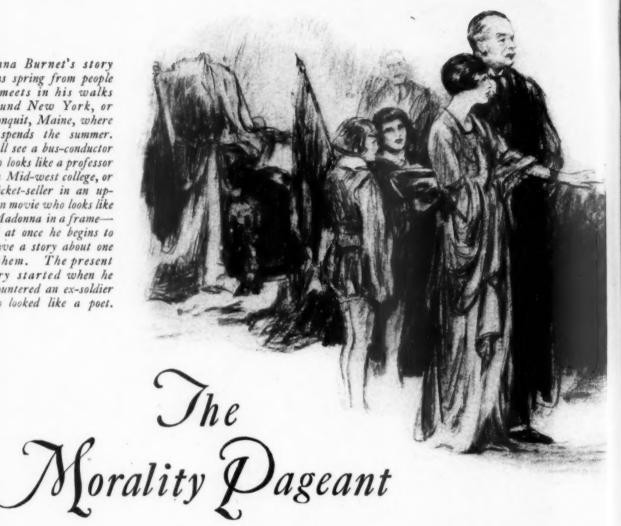
"To secure for Madame the bagatelle of a title would be the least that I would do in return for a smile," the Comte made haste to respond.

It was through this Comtesse, who lived for years on the bounty of the Jumels, that Betty finally obtained the chance to acquire the jewels of Napoleon and Josephine. She made her husband pay twenty-five thousand dollars for them, and they were cheap at the price, considering that they included the wreath of sapphires woven by the best goldsmiths for the little Napoleon to set on Josephine's high head when he made her Empress. The crown may have been, as some one said, "hellish ugly," but it was beautified by its tragic renown; for Josephine was divorced, dethroned and dead, and Napoleon was moping like a crippled eagle on a crag he could not leave.

Betty reveled in the thin high air of her new dignity, and longed to make it known in America. She gave little Mary Bownes the name of Mary Eliza Jumel to save troublesome explanations, and taught the child to call her "Mama." Then she put her in the school of Mile. Laurau, that she might learn to be a lady. She made sure that the child should be taught all the necessary graces that she had lacked, such as spelling and grammar, morals and music, history and drawing.

Her own French was expected to be bad. It disguised her bad English. Her morals were sustained by the importance of assuring her own footing. There was (Continued on page 160)

Dana Burnet's story ideas spring from people he meets in his walks around New York, or Ogonquit, Maine, where he spends the summer. He'll see a bus-conductor who looks like a professor in a Mid-west college, or a ticket-seller in an uptown movie who looks like a Madonna in a frameand at once he begins to weave a story about one of them. The present story started when he encountered an ex-soldier who looked like a poet.



By DANA BURNET Illustrated by C. J. Mc Carthy

M ISS FELICIA MAXWELL turned over in bed, tentatively opened one blue eye and instantly closed it again. It was a day in spring. The room was flooded with sunlight; the bright warmth of it touched her cheek. She buried her head in her pillow, murmuring sleepily: "Must get up. Something doing today.

That something was vague but compelling. What was it? Oh, yes—darn it! The train. She had promised to drive Lucy to the station that morning, to meet the Uplift-hound.

She sat erect, smoothing back her curly bobbed hair, indulging in a last gratifying yawn. Darn Lucy! And darn the Uplift! There was too d. much of it in Amity already. Getting so a girl couldn't step out o' nights without some dumbbell writing piece about it to the Sentinel. Not that she, Felicia, ever had been written up personally; but her generation as a whole had come in for some pretty strong editorial comment of late. The Sentinel was owned by Roscoe Welliver, a wealthy gentleman of high moral character, who delighted to head the move-ment for a Bigger, Better and Saner Amity. On Sundays Mr. Welliver conducted a Bible class. During the rest of the week he wrote, or caused to be written, vigorous editorials admonishing the community—especially, admonishing the Younger Element. It was Mr. Welliver's firm opinion that Things Had Gone Too

Lucy, Felicia's married sister, with whom she lived, agreed

with the owner of the Sentinel. Lucy was a charming young matron, a good sort, but awfully d. serious about her responsibilities. Serious about her children, serious about her husband, -who was a twine manufacturer, and rather a jolly soul,-and especially serious about the motherless younger sister, whom she had taken into her home. It was chiefly because of Felicia, and the Problem she presented, that Lucy had joined the Committee, formed by Roscoe Welliver, for the Propagation of Sane Amusements for the Young. This committee—unofficially known as the Kill-Joys-had launched upon an ambitious program, a program with a punch, the object of which, in brief, was to eliminate the jazz element from the local social system. In pursuance of this object the committee had invited to Amity the person irreverently designated by Felicia and her friends as the Uplift-hound.

"As if the young hadn't troubles enough now!" grumbled Felicia, rubbing her eyes. Pessimistically she reflected that the only decent orchestra in town, the Amity Sextet, was slowly dying for want of encouragement. Moreover, one heard persistent and melancholy rumors that jazz was going out.

"Oh, well! A girl can always marry and settle down!"
She jumped out of bed, strolled across the room in her paleblue silk pajamas, and snapped the catch of a small phonograph that stood conveniently upon her dressing-table.

The soothing strains of "The Dark-town Blues" fell grate-



At this exhortation Felicia arose, and to the discouraged-looking Mr. Connell she said: "Satan, I know you now. Begone, and trouble me no more!"

> On the second floor she met her brother-inlaw, wreathed in a halo of cigarette smoke.

"Mr. John Connell, I believe.

"Well, well, well! Look who's up at the crack of dawn! 'Lo, Nanty.

Felicia looked at him sternly.

"Smoking before breakfast. Bad for the heart, interferes with digestion, dulls the brain-

"Oh, say, Nanty!" The plump and jovial Mr. Connell put his arm around her. "Don't you start in on me."

They went down to the dining-room together.

"But say—what's the excitement? What are you doing up before noon?"

"Going to drive Lucy to the station to meet her gentleman friend." "Gosh! Is that bird coming

"M'hm! Didn't Lucy tell you?" "Yes, but-guess it didn't register. What's the big idea, anyhow?"

"Oh, he's going to help the Kill-J— the Committee—put on a Morality Pageant." "Huh! Zasso?"

Mr. Connell had sunk down behind the pages of the Sentinel.

"First thing this town knows," she observed gloomily, "it'll be so d. moral it wont have any Younger Generation at all."

"Oh, come on, now, Nanty!" Mr. Connell felt it incumbent worse, and his wife's efforts.

upon him to uphold the community morals, and his wife's efforts in their behalf. "Good thing, have a pageant. Trouble with you kids is, think too much about kickin' up your heels and havin' a good time."

Felicia regarded him icily.

"Trouble with you is, you're overweight."

He glared back at her, but finally broke into a weak chuckle. "You win, Nanty. But honest, when a fella has to sit plunked down in front of a desk all day—"

"If business interferes with your figure," observed Felicia tersely, "give up your business."

Mr. Connell laughed. But there was a certain elephantine

wistfulness in his voice as he said: "Fraid I've got past the time when I can cater to my figger. Say! Look! Here you are." He had pounced upon an item in the paper. He read: "Mr. Philip Talbot arrives today. Well-known director coming to supervise Morality Pageant. Will stay at the home of Mrs. John Connell, second vice-president of Committee on Sane Amusements.' Gosh! Is he goin' to board with us?"

"Two weeks," said Felicia in a hollow voice.

"How come? Why doesn't Welliver take him? It's his show." "But Lucy's head of the Pageant Committee. Tell you the truth, J. C., all the ladies were bidding for him. Lucy got him. If I were you, I'd keep a watchful eye on Things." "Ha, ha!" roared Mr. Connell uncomfortably. "Think I'd

fully upon her ear. She began to exercise to the music-arms out, arms overhead, body bend, legs bend, hands on hips, bend. One—two! One—two! Her slender body, as supple as a willow shoot, swayed rhythmically to the familiar, wailing air. She ended by dropping to the floor in an amazingly efficient "split." Then, hopping up, she pirouetted madly across the room and shut off the phonograph.

A moment later she was writhing and gasping under a cold shower, from which she emerged pink as a baby, and quite as innocently unconscious of her lovely self. She had her wisdoms, this modern young woman. But they were wisdoms tempered by an adapted paganism-a paganism healthier, perhaps, than it is generally thought to be.

It took her eight minutes to dress. Usually it took her five, but today she was meticulous. Not that she cared a hang what the Uplift-hound might think of her. Still, there was a certain obligation to look one's best when meeting strangers.

On her way through the hall, she stopped and poked her head into the nursery. Lucy's two kids, Betsy and Dick, greeted her with howls of welcome.

"Nanty Lisha! Nanty Lisha!" they shrieked, and Betsy shouted: "Tum see the bug I squashed!"

Felicia shook her blonde head at them.

"Nothing doing, old dears: Your Nanty Lisha's got a date this morning. Now you be good, Dick,"-this to the boy, who was experimentally pulling Betsy's hair,-"or the Uplift-hound'll get you."

"What's a Uplifhoundel?" demanded the youngster, awed. "Oh, he's a sort of animal," said Felicia, and went away pleased with her definition.

be jealous of that bird? I bet he lisps. Say! Lucy prob'ly invited him here to be an example to you. Good thing, have a little culture in the house."

"It needs it," snapped

Felicia.

Lucy, phenomenally dressed and hatted at eight o'clock in the morning, swept into the diningroom.

"Felicia, we'd better start. We might have a blow-out on the way. noticed yesterday that the left front tire was

about gone."

"Why, those tires-" began Mr. Connell plaintively; but Lucy continued in a slightly higher key:. "I'll just swallow a cup of coffee while you're getting the car out of the garage."

"Right," said Felicia, and with a significant, solemn glance at her brother-in-law, she strolled gracefully from

the room.

There were two cars in the garage, Mr. Connell's runabout and the family sedan. Felicia climbed into the sedan. As she backed it out into the driveway, she caught sight of young Ted Newman, her next-door neighbor, just entering his garage. They hailed each other across the hedge separating the two places.

"Hi, Fee! Where you going?"

"Station!" called back Felicia, her foot on the clutch pedal.

"Meet that bird?" "Yes.

"Say! We ought to get together-do something bout this. All our crowd-

"Yes! See you later, Ted. Can't stop now—"
She drove Lucy to the station. The train from New York was for once on time. Lucy took this fact as a happy omen.

"Oh, I know the pageant's going to be a great success!" she bubbled, standing by the car door. "You'll help, wont you, dear? We're counting on the Younger Set."

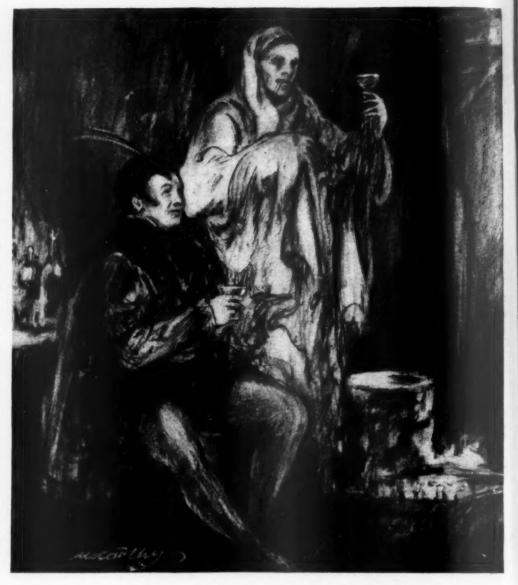
"Mmm."

"I know we're all going to like Mr. Talbot. He was so highly recommended by the Drama League-

The train whistled. Mrs. Connell bustled off down the platform, to return a few moments later with a tall young man at her side. "My sister, Miss Maxwell. Felicia, this is Mr. Talbot," she

introduced him.

" 'Do." said Felicia politely. The young man took off his hat, smiled and said that he was glad to meet her. He was so different from what she had imagined that she distrusted him at once. He was tall and lean-in fact, he looked a bit starved. He had dark-brown hair slightly ruffled about the temples, gray eyes and a long straight nose. His mouth was rather large, and it drooped a little at one corner. Felicia had ex-pected him to be beautiful. She found him only moderately good-looking. She had expected him to be suave and polished. She found him a trifle uncouth. She distrusted him.



"Have you seen about Mr. Talbot's trunk, Loo?"

"Oh, no! I forgot-

"I've only my bag," said Talbot, hoisting into the car a battered suitcase

"Right," said Felicia succinctly.

On the way home the front tire blew out. Lucy exclaimed: "Oh, I knew it-" But Felicia said nothing except: have to move. The jack's under the back seat."
"Let me help you," offered Talbot.

Felicia's voice was cold.

"Thanks, I can do it alone."

But he had found the jack and the tire-wrench and was out of the car before she could prevent him. Lucy remained inside. "I'd only be in the way. I don't know the first thing about car. I suppose I ought to learn-'

Felicia and Mr. Talbot changed the tire. She said, rather grudgingly: "Nice way to welcome you to Amity."

"Oh, I've done this before. I was a chauffeur, once." His smile provoked her curiosity. "A chauffeur?"

"Yes. For six months I drove the fattest general in the A. E. F. Then I transferred to the air service. It was easier there." The jack slipped. He said quite distinctly: "Damn." He was human.

Felicia distrusted him more than ever. What right had he, director of Morality Pageants, to be human?

When they got home, she left him strictly to Lucy, who,



The Spirit of Vice stubbornly reseated himself.
"Go way, Lucy," he said,
"or I'll refuse to be Satan."

Mr. Welliver took the floor.

"Mr. Director, ladies and gentlemen: It is not my purpose to dictate the -ah-form of the effort which we are about to make for a Better and Saner Amity. Nevertheless. I feel that I am entitled to the expression of an opinion." (Applause. Polite exclamations: are!" "It's your show!" "Go on!")

Mr. Welliver continued: "You are kind enough to say that the-ahshow is mine. I confess my responsibility. I have ever been, if I may say so, on the qui vive to direct the stream of progress into channels fair and—ahem! To be brief, it is evident that since the war, in which Mr. Talbot, I understand, nobly participated, there has been a deplorable slackening of moral fiber in our community. Jazz dances have become the order of the day." (Facetious interruption: "You "You mean night!") "Yes, precisely. Ah—hmm! Moreover, cigarette-smoking has increased alarmingly among the youth of both sexes; and I am afraid," -here Mr. Welliver's voice sank almost to a whisper,—"I am afraid that there is a good deal

(Horrified murmurs: "It's true." "Appalling!" "Synthetic!"
"It comes from Canada!") "Therefore," proceeded Mr. Welliver, "I conceived the idea of giving a pageant to depict these evils in their true light. I have even drawn up a scenario, in which I have outlined a series of tableaux showing the conflict between Virtue and Vice. Virtue will be represented by a beautiful young girl, while Vice will be Satan, attended by various of Smoking, and so forth." (Cries of "Bravo!" "First-rate!"
"How clever!" "Who's gonna be Satan?") Mr. Welliver raised his hand. "In conclusion let me say that I offer to the committee, for the staging of the pageant, my private residence, including both house and grounds. I thank you." (Loud applause, which continued as Mr. Welliver modestly presented to the director his typewritten scenario.)

At the same hour, in the Connell residence, a few blocks distant, another meeting was in session. At this meeting were present Miss Felicia Maxwell, who presided; Mr. Ted Newman, who sprawled gracefully at her feet; Miss Zillie Tutworth, Miss Belle Amberly, Miss Jessie Fitts, Mr. Bert Haschengest and other components of the Younger Element. The proceedings

were informal.

"The Kill-joys are up at old Welliver's-"

"Gimme a cigarette, Bert."

"Honest, that orchestra's getting discouraged. The pianist told me last night they were gonna disband if-

with appropriate matronly fuss, saw him established in the room directly above. As she washed her hands of the grit from the tire she thought: "Air service! He was in the air service. And now he's joined the Uplift. How on earth could he have sunk so low?" guest room on the second floor. Felicia retired to her own

THAT night the Committee on Sane Amusements met at the residence of Mr. Roscoe Welliver. Mr. Welliver owned the finest house in Amity, a large, modern pile of brick and stucco, set well back from the street and surrounded by a level, closeclipped lawn. In the formal drawing-room of this house, Mr. Philip Talbot was presented to the members of the committee. Lucy introduced him. She said that she was sure Amity would appreciate the honor of having with them a gentleman who, since the war, had gained a national reputation by his direction of pageants in—here Lucy hurriedly consulted her notes—in Elizabeth, N. J., in Mauch Chunk, Pa., and in many other centers of morality and art. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. T bot blushed and rose. He looked rather tired—no doubt fr. his railroad journey. He said that he was glad to be in Amity, which was, as everyone knew, one of the most progressive towns in the country. But he would not waste their time with speech-making. The object was to get on with the pageant. If the committee would tell him its plans, he would be glad to go to work on them, and so forth.

"We were doing fifty when the cop caught us, but Tom said-" "I like it bobbed; it saves so much time. But Mamma was simply furious-

"Imagine hiring a director— "Felicia says he's human-

"They're gonna make this town safe for senility—"
"We ought to do something!" This from Felicia, whose high-

pitched wail produced a momentary silence.
"Aw, say!" Mr. Bert Haschengest, a stou Mr. Bert Haschengest, a stout youth of phlegmatic disposition, was speaking. "It wont amount to anything. They'll just have their old pageant, and then it'll fade. Everybody'll forget it."

Not with old Welliver handling the pub-'Forget nothing! Anyway, it's the principle of the thing.

"That's right. They're sore at us because we like to have a good time."
"But they want us to coöperate with them!" exclaimed Felicia.

"Coöperate? They've got a nerve."

"Thing for us to do is to keep out of it. Show our inde-

Felicia had risen, her face alight with the shine of thought. "Thing for us to do is to go in! If we don't, we're dumb."
"What do you mean, 'we're dumb?'"

"Shut up. Give Fee a chance."
"I mean," continued Felicia, "that if we coöperate, as they want us to, and take part in their old pageant-well, they'll just have to be nice to us. And maybe we can put something over-I mean, so's to turn the whole thing our way!

Chorus of enthusiastic approval:

"Now you're talking!" "That's the stuff, Fee!"

"I move we coöperate. All in favor-"

"Aye!" shrieked the assembly.

Ted Newman took the floor. "I agree with Felicia." (Further enthusiasm.) "And-first thing we gotta do's to get next to the guy who's running the show. So I move that Felicia be appointed a committee of

one to vamp the director!" In vain the committee of one protested. The question was put, and the ayes had it, by overwhelming majority. Felicia

stood up, glaring at them.
"I guess not!"

"Oh, come on, Fee!"
"Be a sport!"

"Strike a blow for home and country!"

Ted Newman called for silence. To Felicia he said: "No kidding. As long as he's visiting your sister, as long as you got him right here in the house with you, might as well make a hit with him.

"Maybe I can't," objected Felicia. "He looks like a woman-

"Fat chance!" returned Mr. Newman gallantly. Felicia had begun to smile. "Well," she conceded, "all right. I'll do my little best for the cause!'

THE meeting broke up in a renewed outburst of hilarity. Ted Newman invited Felicia to go for a drive. She accepted.

They drove downtown to Frieberg's drugstore, consumed two large chocolate nut-fudge sundaes, and then went to a movie. the darkness of the theater Ted slipped his arm around her shoulders. She suffered it to remain there for a moment; then: "Cut it," said Felicia simply.

He cut it.

"Don't you like me a little, Fee?"

"Course I like you."

"I'm crazy about you, Fee."

"This picture's gone to your head, young fella."
"No, I am. Honest. Say, listen." He leaned He leaned toward her. "I'll be making seventy-five a week down at the office pretty soon. Then you-we-I mean- A fella could get married on that, Fee.'

"I guess he could."

"Well, say. Listen. Don't you think-I mean, when I'm making seventy-five, will you-what I mean-marry me?

She put her hand on his.

"Ted! You know I'm terribly fond of you, but-please don't ask me that. I-I'm not ready to marry anybody, just yet." "Well, but-what I mean-when you are?

"I'll let you know." "Will you? Honest?"

"Honest."

He squeezed her hand. He felt at once blissful and relieved. He was crazy about her; but youth is sweet, and marriage is the end of youth. He sensed that, without quite realizing it.

Felicia got home about ten-thirty. She said good-by to Ted at the door and let herself in with a latchkey. A light was burning in her brother-in-law's "den," a small room opening off the living-room. She went to the door and looked in.
The Uplift-hound was sitting at John's desk, reading.

glanced up, saw who it was, and smiled.

"Oh! Good evening. "I'm sorry," said Felicia "I thought you were-I mean, I

thought-

"Mr. Connell has turned over his study to me. I was just looking through Mr. Welliver's scenario for the pageant.

"Wont you come in?"

FELICIA suddenly remembered her duties as a committee of She blushed. Then she went in boldly and seated herself in an armchair.

"I suppose the pageant'll be a great success," she said, with a sense of deep guile.
"Well, yes. There's not much chance of failure. The audience

is guaranteed in advance, you see."

"I see." There was a brief silence. "I suppose you're very much interested in this sort of work?"

"I am," said Talbot. "I make my living at it."
"Oh. But I mean, I suppose you're interested in it from the—um—standpoint of art and—morals?"

He smiled rather oddly.

"I don't know. What are morals?"

"They're what Mr. Welliver wears to church on Sunday," said Felicia indiscreetly.

Talbot's mouth drooped, twitched a little. But he maintained a Sphinxlike decorum. Felicia hastily changed the subject.

"How's the scenario?"

"Oh, very good. Er-very effective. There are to be tableaux. Tomorrow I'll have to start casting."
"If I can be of any help to you—" murmured Felicia.

He regarded her

"By Jove!" he said. "Why can't you be Virtue?"

"What!"

"Virtue is the leading part. They wanted a beautiful young

Felicia turned red.

"But—gosh! I'm not beautiful."
"Pardon me," said Mr. Talbot. "You are."

Felicia experienced a variety of emotions, among which was vague desire to help the cause.

"Well, of course," she said stiffly, "if I can help-"

We'll put you down for Virtue. Now, how about

"My brother-in-law!" said Felicia promptly and maliciously. This time Talbot laughed outright.

"I can't imagine anyone more unfit for the part."
"You don't know him," said Felicia darkly. "He smokes cigarettes before breakfast, and"—leaning forward—"he has a whole cellar full of pre-war stuff, including a dozen cases of real, honest-to-God champagne."

"No!" said Talbot. "I'll have to shine up to him."
"Why," asked Felicia, "do you drink?"
"Eh? Oh, no, no. Of course not. That is, only on occasion.
Hmm! Let's go on. We're doing splendidly. Whom could you suggest for the Evil of Smoking?

"Ted Newman."

"I'll put down his name. And the Evil of Laziness?"
"Bert Haschengest." She spelled it for him.

They continued. In twenty minutes a tentative list was completed. The cast was composed almost entirely of members of the Younger Element. Felicia had planted them there.

"Of course I'll have to submit this to the committee," said Talbot. "But I'm sure it'll be all right."

"I don't know," said Felicia. "You see, the committee has an idea that we younger people are opposed to this pageant. They think we think it's aimed at us. But if you tell them that we want to cooperate-

Mr. Talbot looked at her rather whimsically.

"I'll tell them. I'm sure they'll be delighted to have your cooperation.

Well, I hope so. And I was thinking-" She paused, then said innocently: "I was thinking it (Continued on page 111)



By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

WE'LL run her under the lee of Katara," said the skipper.
"No use burning coal for nothing. This will blow itself ut by morning. You ever called there?"

out by morning. You ever called there?"
"Never, sir. No one living there. Sort of desert island."

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> The skipper peered through salt haze toward the weather side. A lash of spray came up from the foredeck, as the Siandra took it green across the bows. The skipper wiped one sea-pickled cheek with his sleeve.

> "The 'Sailing Directions' say there's good anchorage," he remarked. "We'll alter the course. Give the passengers some dinner tonight, anyhow."

> Bob Liddon, chief officer, chuckled slightly. The sufferings of the Siandra's passengers, enduring an unusually stormy trip to San Francisco, did not affect himself or the captain with much pity. But the under-engined boat's fruitless struggles against the heavy northwest gale that had been blowing for twenty-four hours, and the chief engineer's complaints about coal, did touch them.
> "Katara, then," ordered the skipper. "We'll alter the course,

sight it in two hours, be at anchor by sundown. Tell everybody there's to be no going ashore."

"THE place is said to be haunted," declared Bob Liddon.

Greta Ferris, the slight woman with the wonderful red-brown hair, whom Liddon had noted appreciatively the day they sailed from San Francisco, was lying in her Madeira chair alongside the rail. She had been fixed there ever since they came to anchor, filling her heart and her eager eyes with the lonely beauty of Katara. The Siandra lay safe and quiet in deep water, beside a bone-white beach, under wooded hills as green as fresh lettuce, behind which the sun sank red and kindly, promising relief for tomorrow. Still the screaming gust whirled over the crest of the hill, whitening the water a few rods beyond the ship; still the relentless Pacific ravened with dripping jaws, tossing its purple mane against a band of lemon color set low down in the east. But there was quiet now, and by and by there would be dinner.

"Who says so?" asked Mrs. Ferris. Bob regretted that she was

Mrs. and not Miss; he also regretted that Ferris should have turned out to be-of all menthe fattish stockbroker-looking fellow with the ugly magenta face, who had been so troublesome to the stewards right through. But nevertheless he was disposed to sun himself, harmlessly, in the light of the russet-haired girl's brown eyes. It had been a dull trip.

"All the natives in this part of the Pacific," was his answer. "That's why it's uninhabited. Belongs to some old bean or other in Tahiti, but he never comes near it. Native, of course. Scared of it."

"Oh, why?"

"Don't know. It's something that happens at night. Passing canoes put in for wood and water, and a nut or two, in daylight, but they'd rather drown than call after dark. And anyhow, nothing comes here unless it's driven by weather. A lonely place."

"It's the loveliest place I've

ever seen. I wish I owned it."
"So do I," allowed Liddon, covetously. "I reckon I've got a touch of island fever."

"Fever? Oh, I'm so sorry.
"I don't mean illness. It just the longing for an island that gets hold of folks out in these parts-an island of your own. It doesn't get you really bad till you've seen the island, and then it's like being in love with a girl you can't marry. feel rather that way about this little place. But so long as nobody else takes it up, I sha'n't mind too much. And nobody will, I suppose. It's reputation's

"It wouldn't stand in the way of any sensible man," suggested Ferris of the magenta face, leaning over the rail. "I should suppose there's quite fifty tons of naturally planted copra to be got off it, right away. At twenty-five a ton-

"Well, you see it isn't in the way of any trade-route. Only the gale took us here. Reckon it isn't much known, outside of the natives, and they're scared."

"It might be interesting to find out what scares them, if we're

stopping overnight.

"Oh, I'd be on fast enough," allowed the mate, "but the skipper says no going ashore. You see, we might want to up-anchor any minute, if the wind changed."

Ferris made no reply, but fixed his sharp tradesman's eyes upon the island. Liddon was looking at russet-haired Greta. It was his watch below, and he knew he needed sleep, but Katara and the woman between them held him bewitched.

"Look!" said Ferris suddenly. "What are those lights?"

While they were watching, dark, the swift dark of equatorial lands, had come down swiftly. In the heart of the unknown island something shone, something that grew brighter and brighter as the night thickened. It looked like candles placed in a row, or like the footlights of some unearthly stage—a rank of small, pale, steady flames, set in an open glade.
"What on earth can it be?" whispered Greta Ferris.



"You can search me," promptly responded the young mate, in the idiom beloved by seamen who trade to Californian ports. At the same time he moved a little nearer.

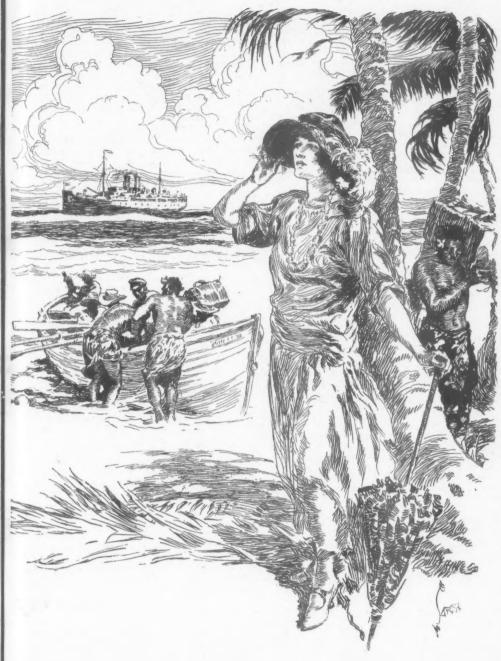
"Very curious," remarked Ferris, with a pair of binoculars to his eyes. "I would swear it was just candles—all in one place. Can't be natives, I should think."

'Not on Katara-and not that kind of light."

"Can't be phosphorescence of any kind that I've ever heard of. What the deuce is it?"

I did hear that there was something or other "Don't know. seen sometimes after dark, but that hardly anyone had seen it."

Then we're in luck. "Seems so," agreed Liddon in a despondent tone. He did not feel lucky. He knew just how much chance the average merchant officer has of acquiring islands, and settling down on them. About as much chance, he thought, bitterly, as he had of outliving, or killing off, Greta Ferris' husband, and marrying her himself.



There-he had told him. Liddon turned white, then scarlet. If they were going to fight—

"My lad," said Liddon smartly to the apprentice-boy, opening his radio, "if you don't want to get into trouble, pretty damn quick, you'll hold your brush a bit steadier when she rolls. Think I want to go into port with- Answer? I'll see."

He read the wireless. "No answer," he said.

The steward went back. The apprentice continued painting.

Presently his brush slipped again, fell from his hand and smeared a long streak of white across the hatchcover. He looked up, frightened.

But Liddon's thoughts were not on hatch-covers. He had realized, in one tremendous moment, that for the future, hatch-covers, ships that had to be made spick and span for port, all the duties and the wearinesses of a first mate's job, were passing out of his life. And in the great emptiness so left arose the shining picture of Katara.

"Five thousand pounds!" he murmured. "Five—thousand! Bless that sweep! Not too much, but—enough."

He said the last words aloud, and the frightened cadet, who thought the mate must be out of his mind, to speak so quietly, answered, in a flurry: "Yes sir, I'll see it doesn't happen again." But when he looked up, Liddon was gone.

FROM Katara Island silence had passed away.

A gap was torn through the black forest; tangle of felled trunks and upended limbs, all the wild raffle of clearing, filled the space of light and air that the ax had newly made. Liddon's rough

nest, peered through the lattice of dead timber. Liddon's imported from far Western groups where the traditions of Katara were unknown, swung knife and ax with the sharp, echoing sound that the pioneer settler loves. Farther away, among the rude, natural groves of coconut that fronted the sea-beach, other boys were at work splitting and drying nuts, and singing as they worked. Out in the green lagoon Liddon's ship, a brave small schooner, swung at anchor. There was a ruffling wind among the palms. The wood-scent lay warm upon the air. A small boy, in the leaf-thatched cook-house, was busy with something that sent out savory smells. Blue smoke went up.

Liddon, felt hat set back on his forehead, hands in the pockets of a pair of khaki trousers much the worse for leaf-stains and for weather, looked at it all, and saw that it was good. There was, perhaps, one thing wanting—somebody white to talk to. He had been there alone with his boys for three busy months happy, gloriously happy; but once in a way, he had felt like talk-

"Hang it, I'll turn in," he thought. Aloud, he said: "Sorry to have to leave you. We'll be off again at daylight. Good night.

THE Siandra was far on her way toward San Francisco. Liddon, the Chief, was down on the afterdeck, "swinging to the ship's long roll," and looking blankly out at the unbroken horizon ring. Gold of afternoon, deep-sea afternoon, swayed in flakes and pools upon the dark covers of the hatches—spilled, flowing, back and forth upon the decks. Apprentices, called cadets, were busy with brushes upon the hatch-covers; the long tidying-up before port had begun.

"Wireless for you, sir," offered a steward, coming down from the

Liddon turned from the horizon ring, swinging a mechanical glance, as he moved, over the apprentices and their work. He took the envelope casually; it could not be anything important. "Any answer, sir?" asked the steward.

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ing to some one, playing a game of cards, if that had been possible, having a mutual smoke and yarn. And the sight of a

woman-and the sound of her nice silly talk!

Well, even that, it seemed, was to be vouchsafed him. An hour ago the boys on the hill had raised the cry of "Sail-O!" Liddon, running out with his binoculars, had seen the Siandra making in toward the reef, putting out a boat, preparing to land passengers—one in a white suit, one in a colored dress. Visitors!

HE found himself wishing his clothes were a bit better; but after T all, people didn't expect much on a "desert" island. And it had been a tight fit to get things going. The price of the little schooner, and the price of stores for his boys, and tools and a bit of furniture-and, most of all, the cost of taking up the island from a Tahitian chief who opened his mouth very wide indeed, when it came to selling the place that had never been any use to anyone-all these things had eaten into his small capital, till he had been fairly frightened. But things were clearing up now. The copra was worth something; the boys didn't cost much; he lived on next to nothing himself. He would pull through, all right. And the thrill that went through him, every time he climbed up to the top of the hill and saw the island lying underneath him-his kingdom, his own!-was worth far more than it had ever cost him. He, luckiest of all men he knew, had realized his dream-was living it.

Down on the paint-white beach that bordered the lagoon, he waited for his guests-saw the boat draw in, saw, with a jump of the heart, that the two people in her were the Ferrises, man and wife, whom he remembered so well from that last voyage. How decent of them to come and look him up! He couldn't quite understand why the captain of the Siandra had come to anchor out there, with no visible reason for the delay-but anyhow, he was glad of it. He could only have wished that the skipper had

What! There was luggage in the boat! Somebody meant to stop. Who, and why? The pride of the proprietor suddenly welled up in Liddon's heart Ferrises or no Ferrises, friends or no friends, he had not asked these people. Whom did Katara belong to,

Taking her husband's somewhat careless hand to lean on as she sprang off the bow of the whaleboat, Greta Ferris saw the look on the face of Liddon as he hurried down the beach. It made her feel sick. She hated the whole trip. Arthur had made her come; she wished she had not let him. How proud the man looked, how utterly the ruler of his kingdom! Yet all the time, if he only knew!

Ferris, fat, magenta-faced, with a cigar stuck in one corner of his mouth, was greeting Liddon now. Greta, woman-like, noted the shabbiness of Liddon's clothes—noted, too, the sailor grace of his young body, the fine poise of his head. She remembered, if one may be said to remember that which one has never forgotten, certain long tramps, before breakfast, on the Siandra, when a sluggish husband had been loafing in his berth below, and a smart young chief mate was always ready to give up his sleep, for a walk and a yarn with her. It had all been very innocent, very ordinary. But a little hole, perhaps, had been made in one heart-possibly in two.

And now she-she-was mixed up in this awful business.

Arthur was beginning it right away; she knew it. He had drawn Liddon apart; he was saying something to him, showing him papers. Why couldn't he have waited a minute-given them all time to get up to the house, at least? The boat's crew were listening and staring; the boys cutting copra on the beach had dropped their work to gape. Hadn't he any decency? What was the use of asking that? She knew he hadn't; she had always known. There-he had told him. Liddon had turned white, then If they were going to fight-

Greta's small feet moved swiftly under her high skirts; she was beside Ferris, in the light shade of the palm-trees, before the furious words that sprang to Liddon's lips had time to rush forth. He checked himself, and turned to her, with a look that said plainly: "Keep out of it!" But Greta did not mean to keep out of it. She had seen the effects of her husband's way of doing

"Arthur has told you," she said, holding herself in, and making herself speak quietly. "We're—we're most awfully sorry. Perhaps some arrangement could be made that would satisfy everyone. We realize how hard-"

"Hard!" said Liddon, with the red all faded from his face, the white of furious dismay come back. "It's easy to talk. Hard! My island, my home-

"I think not," cut in Arthur, in what Greta called his "unbear-

able" way. "My island, if you please. If you will make illegal bargains with ignorant niggers-

"Arthur-don't! Of course the Tahitian chief will repay the

price Mr. Liddon paid. And there are islands—"
She was talking to gain time. The look on Liddon's face frightened her. He was staring at her husband as she had never seen any man stare at another, in her sheltered little life-and yet she knew the meaning of the stare. The cave-woman had known it thousands of years ago, had slunk away to the back of the cave, when she saw it, and hidden eyes and ears beneath crossed arms, crouching on the ground.

Neither of the men took any notice of her. In the cave-days, long ago, they, or their ancestors—it is one—had kicked the women aside when trouble began. Morally, Greta was kicked

aside now.

"You know," said Liddon, talking in a hard, loud voice, "you know perfectly that nobody can get money back from a native; he'll have spent what I gave, and what you gave, long ago. And anyhow the Tahitian Government isn't. . . . And my improvements—my clearing and planting and building—" He was getting louder and louder.

But Ferris had seen justly angry men before. He knew all

about this sort of thing.

"Oh, that for your improvements!" he said. "Business is business. You've seen my title, and the lawyer's letter. The place is mine, and if you don't want to stop till the next boat blows in, you can get away by the Siandra tonight. I'd recommend you to, on the whole. It wont be comfortable for you here-on my

"I'll see you damned first," answered Liddon with sailorly

promptness.

"I don't propose to live here," went on the other, as if he had not heard. "Not good enough for me, by a long chalk. But I fancied the place, that time we called. I'd like to stop here, once in a way. Got a decent half-caste overseer with me—that's he, helping to shove the boat off- Hold on, you, this fellow white man him wantum go along ship, by-an'-by. —The copra here ought to be worth something decent; queer thing that those superstitious brutes never-By the way, ever see anything of the lights?"

"Yes," interrupted Greta, determined to ease the tension of the

moment, "what were those lights?"

"Nothing," snapped Liddon briefly. "Never saw them." Then to the man, the only person who mattered: "Look here: You can get the tide if you don't wait too long. I wouldn't advise you to wait. Clear out. Clear out of my island. I don't care what

damned tale you're pitching. You go, before anything happens."
"Oh," commented Ferris easily, "you've been in the bush too long; things aren't managed that way by civilized people. My title's perfectly good. I'm going to take a walk over the property and see how it looks. Want to come and show me round?"

Liddon looked at him in silence, hands hanging loose, head thrust forward like the head of a boxer ready to strike. Again the air seemed tingling with electricity undischarged. Again Greta offered herself as lightning-conductor.

"You go too far, Arthur," she warned.

Neither noticed her. Liddon, restraining himself almost furiously, turned his back on Ferris, on the lagoon and the whaleboat and the great ship lying out at sea. Beyond the copra-sheds, the encircling beach lay bare. He plunged away through the sand, and tramped, head down, hands swinging, a dark figure against the reddened western sky.

"Gone for a walk," commented Ferris. "Best thing he could

do. I'll have time to look over the clearing and planting before it gets dusk. Greta, you go up to the house and wait for me." He turned due eastward, toward the sheds and the new plan-

tations. Greta, wasting a gesture of resigned despair on his unseeing back, ordered the boys to shoulder her trunks, and started

up the coral-sanded track.

It was a small bungalow, rudely built of bark and thatch, but in the full heat of the tropic afternoon, any shade was grateful. Young Mrs. Ferris found a cushioned cane chair and stretched herself out to wait. She was very glad the two men had taken opposite ways. Arthur went too far, almost always. He had gone too far that afternoon. Some day something would happen. Some day something would-

MRS. FERRIS opened her eyes. Under the high, darkened roof, a hurricane-lamp glowed mustard-yellow. Outside the door, green bush, white sand, blue sea had changed as if by enchantment to one great wall of black, crystaled in the upper half with hanging stars. (Continued on page 140)



COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

ORD KILKENNING MARSTON CONQUEROR I wavered for just a moment at the corner of the alley which led behind the Bon Ton Butcher Shop, and sniffed with the air of a connoisseur. The back door had just opened, and the butcher-boy had emerged with a basket, to lift it high, then to send pouring into a waiting box a collection of rib-bones, neck-cuts, parings and bits of chopends, there to repose until the alley wagon should lug them away,

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Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I pushed forward a carefully washed and daintily perfumed paw, and followed this with another sniff, a glance of pop-eyed appraisal toward the yard on another sniii, a giance of pop-eyed appraisal toward the yard on his right where a grouchy-appearing man stood playing the lawn hose, and a further look up the street toward where a young woman was moving slowly out of the picture. The step brought no discord, and another beautifully manicured foot followed the first one. That much accomplished, the two hind legs pattered in the bow-legged fashion of the Boston bull, followed by a short sally of anticipatory delight, and after that—panic!

Three things had happened all at once. The grouchy-appearing man on the lawn had turned and said in a curt voice: "Sic 'im!" The young woman had whirled with fright, clasped her hands, and called: "Toodles!" And worst of all, a big yellow dog, with no pediges, but with a bullying air of seriousness, had leaped from the grouchy man's veranda, cleared a rosebush, and was struggling to push himself under the fence. Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I did not hesitate. He dodged into the middle of the street, missed by a fraction of an inch the front wheel of a bicyclist, ducked to the cover of a churchyard, rounded the building, then came down the hill toward his mistress with a widemouthed air of unconcern which indicated plainly that he had not the slightest knowledge of what all the commotion was about.

But the young woman was not thus to be deceived.

"Toodles!" she exclaimed again, and caught him into her arms.

"Toodles! Don't you know you mustn't?"

To which Toodles—otherwise Lord Kilkenning Marston Con-

queror I-replied with a passive lick at her ear, then squirmed

to be set down. The young woman turned, in the direction of the lawn-sprinkler.

"I should think, Mr. Mason," she said with the proper amount of scorn, "that you'd have more sportsmanship than to set a big dog like that-

"Then keep him out of that alley!" came the rejoinder. "I aint raising chickens to have 'em chased by Boston bulls-I don't care how much pedigree they've got."

"Oh! I gather that your chickens have been in that alley!"

"You gather right."

now, he had occupied the same

Miss Margaret Lannington, owner (and exhibitor each year in St. Louis, fifty miles away) of Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, compressed her lips. There were several things she would have liked to say. One of them was to the effect that Mr. Mason didn't own that alley. Another was that he ought to keep his deadly old chickens locked up. A third was that the alley had been built and was maintained by the Village of Kenwood, and that dogs had as much right to it as-

But her better judgment intervened. Certainly, neither to Mr. Mason, to herself nor to anyone else would she even hint that Lord Kilkenning was an alley dog. Certainly not! So she merely compressed her lips again, looked in sorrowing fashion at Toodles, busily investigating the opening of a drain-pipe, called to him in a firm voice, and went on home-where she washed his paws, talked to him earnestly, and established him on his silken pillow on the living-room couch, while she sat down to think. Lannington had been doing a good deal of thinking lately.

It had to do with Mr. Bainbridge. Mr. Theodore Bainbridge was also of Kenwood, and of Kenwood's one hope of industrial fame, the Tri-State Manufacturing Company, where, for five years

quiet of mind. It was something far more important. She really cared about Theodore. She admitted it-not only to herself, but to Toodles. But there was just a something-an indefinable something, as she so often told herself-which reared between. She didn't know what it was. She wished she did, because sooner or later, Miss Lannington felt, Mr. Bainbridge was going to propose.

Therefore the consideration of the matter was worth while. When a person cares for some one, and yet doesn't care enough,

and wishes-

"And oh, Toodles!" She pulled her chair over close to the silken pillow where Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I lay, sleepily batting his big eyes. "If I just knew what it was! If I could just understand what that indefinable something is about him! Sometimes I think it's lack of sophistication. But then, he comes in and looks at you and calls you the Shrimp-and I just know it isn't that. Because, Toodles, he really is sophisticated. He's really traveled a lot, and knows a great deal more than the average young man. If I just could understand!"
Whereupon she sighed. Then Toodles sighed, batted his eyes

again, wiggled his feet and snored himself into a land where there were no silken pillows, except when he wanted 'em, and where all the universe was peopled by cows waiting to be chased, bones to be buried, chickens to go squawking over fences, weed-patches to be investigated, and rabbits hovering in the offing, ready to dodge and sprint with the excitement of the chase. Somewhere. far back in the ancestry of Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, there had developed a complex, destined to travel down through generation after generation of dogdom, to find its true home at last in the heart of the Lord Conqueror. For example:

Toodles didn't like to be bathed. He didn't like dog-biscuit. He much preferred a coal-bin, with its accompanying grime, to the velvet trappings of his stall at the dog-show. He liked all those things which a real dog likeshe whined and yelped and fidgeted as he traveled the country roads in the back seat of Miss Lannington's car, white feet against the rear curtain, eyes popping, tongue hanging from loose jaws, nose pressed hard against the glass, as the receding panorama displayed woods and gulleys. farmyards and pastures, waddling ducks and clucking chickens, horses and colts and calves and cows. To interest in all these, Toodles reverted as naturally, as thoroughly, as though he had been re-moved from them but yesterday. But it was only instinct. Toodles had never even possessed a

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More, he never had even been able to gratify the one plausible and possible ambition-to roam down that alley behind the Bon Ton Butcher Shop, where rested the box of rib-bones and cuttings, a haven of refuge and of feasting for every other dog in town that possessed the time and perspicacity to make a sneak of it from the other side of the block, a quick dive for the box and a hastier get-away before the grumpy guardianship





of the growling Mr. Mason's yellow mutt should assert itself. Toodles had only one opportunity a day, and that was when Miss Lannington went to the post office—the quiet hour when there were few automobiles, and few dogs on the street, and few dangers to a valuable possession like Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I. At that time, and then only, she allowed him to travel without a leash; but even then the freedom was worth practically nothing. Every sashay he took into untrodden fields only brought a frightened call for his return to heel. And every time he sought to make a sneak into that alley, the big dog jumped out at him. What was the use?

However, in his dreams, it was different. Then he was the kind of dog he wanted to be—a hard cookie like the rest of the gang. Then it was that his perfumed paws twitched with the haste of the hunt, and his funny little pushed-in nose wrinkled and sniffed between his long snores. Now and then, too, with the visionary rabbit or the nightmarish cow only one jump ahead of him, he would round into a strained "Ki-yi"—and then awake to learn that his sleeping joys had resulted only in research by Miss Lannington in the Dog Book, and an application of vermifuge. But—one afternoon there came a change.

Toodles awoke with a start, cocked his ears and raced for the front door, there to bark and prance and jump and lick at the ears of the man who entered—the only person who ever had reached a point where he could be allowed to become familiar with a possession like Lord Kilkenning. Too much fondling, says the Dog Book, is just as bad for a canine as it is for a baby. A number of authorities are quoted on the matter. But with Mr. Bainbridge, of course, things were different.

So he went to one knee, striving to encircle the squirming pup

with one arm, meanwhile glancing expectantly and somewhat apprehensively up the stairway. From one pocket a roll of blue-prints projected, causing Mr. Bainbridge some concern as the dog continued to leap and bound and yelp in its delight at his arrival, and the possibility of a bit of a romp. But evidently Mr. Bainbridge had other things on his mind.

"There—that's enough, Shrimp!" he announced with a chuckle.
"All alone, eh?" He stood and regarded the agitated Lord Conqueror. "All alone, eh, Your Majesty?"

He never had known exactly why he called the Shrimp "Your Majesty." Certainly it was no token of disdain, or even of concealed cynicism; perhaps it was the same reason that caused Margaret Lannington to chide him, yet be somehow pleased when he called Toodles, the Shrimp. Anyway, Margaret Lannington at that moment appeared on the landing, and was coming smilingly downstairs. A moment later they were in the living-room.

at that moment appeared on the landing, and was coming smilingly downstairs. A moment later they were in the living-room. It was a nice afternoon, wasn't it? Yes, it was a lovely afternoon. So balmy. Wonderfully balmy. Had she been riding today? Yes, and it was perfectly gorgeous. Wasn't that lovely? It certainly was a wonderful day. Yes, indeed. One of the prettiest spring days— Then Margaret Lannington noticed the roll of blueprints in his pocket.

"Oh, you've been talking over your plans again," she asked with sudden interest, "down at the factory?"

Theodore stared toward His Majesty the Shrimp, settling himself on the silken pillow.

"No. Mr. Kendall said he didn't think they'd do."

"Why not?"

"He didn't give any reason. He just said he thought they wouldn't do."

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"Of course." The girl in turn regarded Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, as he prepared to round into a snore or two, and perhaps another delicious dream. "Mr. Kendall ought to know. He's been there so long."

"Yes. I had rather hoped that he wouldn't give the final de-cision himself, that he might take it up with the president and general manager. I really thought I had something that would save a good deal of money, and cut down costs and do a number of beneficial things. But when he turned it down, of course, that ended it."

"I suppose so. I don't suppose those things ever go directly

to the heads of the business?"

MR. BAINBRIDGE looked up with some surprise.
"Not from me! Naturally not." Then he laughed. "I can see old Kendall if I ever went over his head—he having been there fourteen years, and my immediate superior! He'd never get over it!"

"And he's always been so kind to you, too."

"Yes. Of course, he's never thought much of my ideas, but then, he's always been very good about telling me so. In fact, Margaret, I suppose I should be very grateful to him-for being good enough to look at them all, and decide against them, in-stead of letting me go on up and be turned down there. You see, in a way, he's protecting me from criticism from above."

"I see. I think it's very nice of him."
"So do I." Young Mr. Bainbridge warmed to his subject for a moment. "I can see how he looks at it—he's an older man more experienced and all that. Of course, every idea I've had could be worked out-if I were just given a chance-that is, I believe it could. But then, on the other hand, maybe I don't

know all the things they have to buck up against.'

"Of course not." "And there's always that to be considered. As I say, Mr. Kendall, being my superior, and really having my best interests at heart, always looks over these things; and when he turns them down, I know there must be a good reason for it. But as I told him today, I supposed it was just waste of time. He agreed with me-that maybe it'd be better for me just to stick to my regular

"Well, it would be easier, Theodore, than for you to sit up nights, figuring out all these things-if they're not going to

work.

"That's what Mr. Kendall said." Then he paused, and waved a hand in hesitant fashion toward his pocket. "But these aren't

"Yes." He had brought forth a blueprint and unrolled it on his knees. "I've been sort of figuring that I've saved up enough now to build a little place. I-well, as you see here from the floor-plan, there would be a porch here, opening into the reception hall—not too big, you know, yet large enough not to be stuffy; and then at this side would be the living-room, with the fireplace there—and then the dining-room and the kitchen and everything, just as you see it."

"I think it's gorgeous!"

"Oh, do you really?" He was warming to his subject. "I'm awfully-awfully glad you like it. Now, on the second floorof course, the stairway would come up here, opening into the hall, and here would be the guest-room, and then, straight across the front of the house, I figured that we'd have our—that is—I—" Then he awoke, halted and stammered again. "That is— I-if you'd care to-

Those things never do happen the way one would expect Margaret Lannington blushed and looked the other way, and waited. But Mr. Bainbridge didn't say anything more -merely a queer gurgling which might have been meant as the beginning of words, but which progressed no farther than the

center of his throat. At last:
"Oh—I—I hope, Theodore, that you haven't gotten the wrong

idea!"

"Why-have I?" In quite absent fashion, he had begun the rolling of his blueprint. Yet, in a way, it was not unusual. Five years of being turned down at the factory had given him a sort of expectancy, as it were. Plans by the dozens and plans by the score which had come to him o' nights, to be mapped out, studied, plotted, then handed to the desk of his superior, Mr. Kendall, the superintendent, taken home, then brought back the next day with the announcement that they wouldn't do. Now, the plans for a house, and what it would contain, had gone the way of all other things. Mr. Bainbridge cleared his throat.

"I-I just thought I'd ask, Margaret."

"Yes-I know." She rose and went to the side of the snoring Toodles, there to sink down weakly, and to disturb a beautiful

dream in which bones grew on bushes in a land where dog-biscuits were not allowed. "Oh, I'm so terribly sorry, Theodore!" "Yes." He too had risen, disregarding the fact that Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I had hopped off his pillow with the possibility of a stroll in mind. "Yes, I knew you would be-

"And you're not angry with me? Because-really, Theodore

-I-I do care about you-

He started toward her, only to halt as she went on:

"It isn't that I don't; really it isn't. But when it's so important, don't you think that one should consider it terribly long? And look at it from all angles?"
"Yes,"—that was a term Mr. Kendall used,—"things do seem

different when you've looked at them from all angles.

"And I have tried so hard to be fair-with myself and with you. I really feel, Theodore, that we shouldn't. I-I don't know what it is—just an indefinable something that's lacking to make me really— You understand, don't you?"

Mr. Bainbridge said in a husky voice that he understood. Then, for lack of anything else to do, he moved toward the doorway,

while Margaret looked the other way. At last:

"Theodore-"Yes, Margaret."

"You're not going to be angry with me?"

"Of course not. I—I just thought I'd run along—some things to do, you know."

"Oh. And you're sure we can be friends?"

"Of course, Margaret. I-I wouldn't want it any other way. Because"-he said it with the sudden knowledge that it never had been said before-"I shall go right on hoping."

"Oh."

"You don't want me to do that?"

"Why-yes, I do." This time she talked with her nose in her handkerchief. "Of course I want you to-Theodore. I-would hope myself-that I could care enough some day-but then, it would be terrible if you'd go on and on, and then I found out that I didn't—oh!" The handkerchief assumed the mastery at last. "I'm so unhappy!"

Saying which, she whirled and ran up the stairs, there to seek her own room and the only place where a girl really can cry properly—face down on the bed. Mr. Bainbridge looked after her vacantly and wondered what he'd done, then quite as vacantly opened the screen door and moved down to the street, unaware that Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I had slid between his legs and moved along with him.

A half-block had passed before Mr. Bainbridge noticed that he had a companion, the knowledge being caused as the Lord Conqueror scooted past him, tacked on three legs, then halted, looking inquiringly about for help as a cat moved into the higher

branches of a tree. Mr. Bainbridge paused. 'Toodles," he ordered, "go home.

To which Lord Kilkenning paid no attention. Mr. Bainbridge became more firm; things were seething strangely within himsomething about being defeated at every turn of the road, and life not being worth the struggle, and why had be ever been born? Certainly it was no time to make himself ridiculous by standing on the curb talking to a dog that was trying to climb a tree. Again he spoke.

"Shrimp! Did you hear me, sir? Go back home."
Then, more to attract the Shrimp's attention than anything else, he put forth a foot and prodded His Majesty, moving him for some three feet upon a skidding journey. The pup yelped, then scampered. Mr. Bainbridge went on, once more enveloped

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in a haze of disturbances.

ALL his life Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I had wanted to be kicked. Not that he realized it, not that the prodding process which Mr. Bainbridge had just administered could even be classified as a kick; but His Majesty was no con-noisseur of kicking. He only realized that a great wave of satisfaction had suddenly swept over him, that he loved this man who now stalked ahead, and that here was his lord and master, the being to whom he owed respect and allegiance and a number of things which only a dog can know. For twenty feet he trotted on the homeward path, once the first effects of his propulsion had vanished, his tongue hanging loose, his head cocked over his shoulder. Then he sat and cogitated. Following which, forgetful of the cat, forgetful of home, a regular dog who knew what it

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meant to be kicked, he rose and trotted after the stooped and stalking form of the downcast Mr. Bainbridge.

A block went by, in which His Majesty kept his distance, and in which Mr. Bainbridge yielded more and more to the swell of emotions within him. After all, he'd made pretty much of a mess of things. Worse, there appeared to be no remedy. All his life he had done the best he could—only to have it come to this. Another block passed—a third, a fourth. Mr. Bainbridge passed the alley which led to the rear of the Bon Ton Market. So did His Majesty. Mr. Bainbridge nodded in vague fashion to the grouchy Mr. Mason, at his usual task of watering the lawn. His Majesty didn't. Instead, with a newfound sense of protection, a strange sort of dog elation which instinctively told him that the world had changed, he looked down that alley, cocked his head, and started straight for the box of forbidden rib-bones.

Only to halt, wavering! Mr. Mason had turned, "Tige!" he had yelled. "Tige—sic 'im! Sic 'im!"

The legs of the Lord Conqueror stiffened for flight. Then, as rapidly, they stiffened for something else. That kick had done its work. No longer was he a silk and satin affair; generations of the bulldog strain came flooding down to him through the cafions of canine inheritance; the hair of his back stiffened; his stubby tail became perpendicular; then, as the yellow Tige

struggled to get under the fence, the Shrimp set himself for action and gurr-owled!

On ahead, Mr. Bainbridge, still meditating, did not hear. But Mr. Mason did. He dropped the garden hose and ran to the fence. He lifted a board, so that Tige might slide under; then, his voice heightened with excitement, he again gave the command to battle:

"Sic 'im! Daggone it, sic 'im!"

Tige obeyed. A leap, and he reached the middle of the alley and a squirming thing which suddenly had turned upon its back, the every instinct of its bulldog ancestors now coming to the fore. The Shrimp's white paws worked like pistons, to fend off the bigger dog, which strowe in vain to catch the fidgeting, doubling thing beneath him, while the Shrimp, mingling his yowls with the excited barking of the dog above him, chewed gloriously at the legs of his assailant, or spread his catfish jaws in quick gulps at the stomach above him. The noise grew louder. A few boys ran across the street. The grouchy Mr. Mason leaped the fence and again yelled his wrathful command: "Sic 'im, Tige! Chaw 'im up! Daggoned little whipper-snap-

"Sic 'im, Tige! Chaw 'im up! Daggoned little whipper-snapper! Chaw 'im up!"

It was then that the downcast Mr. Bainbridge turned—to see

It was then that the downcast Mr. Bainbridge turned—to see a big yellow dog turning and twisting in his wild efforts to reach the throat of a tumbling, vicious (Continued on page 108)

Wallace Irwin's decisions are always instantaneous. The other day a steamship company sent him a folder of a tour, and after dinner he picked it up casually and started to read. Halfway through, he slapped it down and said to Mrs. Irwin: "We're going." "Where?" asked Mrs. Irwin. "Around the world," said Wallace. Two days afterward all plans were made, and Mr. and Mrs. Irwin are now "on their way."

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

Mary on Her Own

WALLACE IRWIN

The Story So Far:

M ARY rebelled almost at the last moment—refused the dreary prospect of marrying smug, dull, proper, wealthy Stannard Mapes; and her rebellion took a curious form: she fled, leaving only a note of farewell, from the home of her stepmother Mrs. Winsted Parr, and took a situation as parlor-maid in a house of Atlantic City.

at Atlantic City.

Two things had fanned Mary's discontent to the blazing point: leaving a theater with her fiance one night, she happened to see a man on the street strike his woman companion; and when Mary appealed to Mapes to interfere, he declined—though another by-stander, whom Mary dubbed in her mind her "Tough Knight Errant," promptly fell upon the brutal one and by forceful measures oxacted an apology from him. Naturally, Mapes' stock went down on Mary's ticker—and it never had reached a really matrimonial par.

Shortly thereafter Mary had a talk with her eccentric Aunt Arabella, Mrs. Apthorpe Thorpe, a spiritualist and passionate globe-trotter, and that forthright old lady urged the girl to live her own life, see the world and not put herself under the domination of any mere man. So—Mary rebelled; and the by-chance-overheard conversation of a servant seeking a new situation sent the impulsive girl to an employment agency and to the parlor-

maid's job.

But Mary's adventures on her own had only begun; and certain surprising coincidences troubled her exceedingly: for one thing, her new employer claimed to be named Mrs. Apthorpe Thorpe—and that was her Aunt Arabella's name! Moreover Mary was sent ahead of her employer and the other servants to the Atlantic City house; she arrived after dark; and after she had let herself in and was rummaging for food, she was terrified to encounter on the cellar stairs a man who seemed to be a burglar, but who was also certainly none other than her Tough Knight Errant of

the after-theater episode.

Some of these things were presently explained: the Tough Knight Errant proved to be none other than Artie, the son of Mary's employer; he had a healthy young ambition to be a professional prizefighter; his mother strenuously objected; he'd been using the Atlantic City house as training quarters, and his burglarious entry had been for the sole purpose of removing his boxing paraphernalia before his mother should arrive and discover it. But the other perplexities remained: who was this employer of hers, who masqueraded under the name of Mary's own aunt? Both ladies were deeply interested in spiritualism; had that fact any connection with the problem? Perhaps the séance, presided over by a charlatan-appearing Professor Klock, which was to be given at the Atlantic City house in a few days, would offer some inkling of explanation.

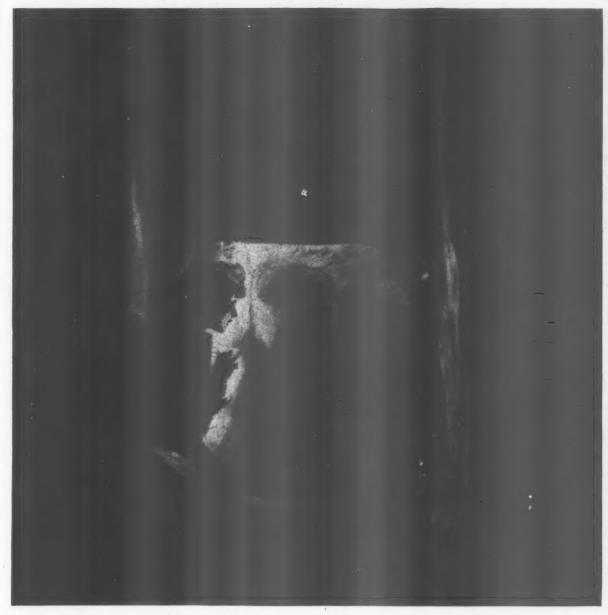
Before the séance took place, however, further perplexities beset Mary's career on her own: one Gibbons, a singularly unattractive young man, paid ardent court to her and was difficult to put off; it was through Gibbons, however, that she learned of the plot her Tough Knight Errant was up against: a crooked fight promoter named Fennelston had got hold of Artie, easily persuaded him he was the coming heavyweight champion and arranged a fight for him with one Chicken Bogardus, who would be "easy." Artie was to bet twenty-five thousand dollars of his own money on himself—and Fennelston would substitute a near-champion professional for the easy Bogardus, annex Artie's money and blast his hopes.

Gibbons, a discharged chauffeur of Fennelston's, sought to win favor with Mary by advising her to bet some money against Artie. But Mary—liked her Tough Knight Errant, and eagerly hoped for a chance to warn him. (The story continues in detail:)

PROFESSOR KLOCK'S séance was set for eight-thirty on Wednesday evening, and the entire Thorpe household was tumultuous all day in preparation for the important meeting of the Hither and the Beyond. Whatever views Mary might have held on the subject of spirit phenomena in general, one glimpse of Professor Klock had satisfied her that the man was a faker, and no very skillful one, at that. But his talents were quite sufficient to convince Mrs. Thorpe; of that there was no doubt. All afternoon he stood in the drawing-room, fussing affectedly as he ordered carpenters about in the comparatively simple work of constructing a cabinet over a corner window. There was no further mention of nailing the window up. Professor Klock made much ado about his "seal," which consisted of adhesive plaster pasted along a crack between the lower sash and the upper. This ceremony he performed in the presence of witnesses from the colony. They were convinced, if Mary wasn't. Whenever Mrs. Thorpe would make so bold as to put in a suggestion of her own, the Professor would come back with a convincing argument out of the beyond—and to such an argument, where is there an adequate reply?

But Mary's mind was less than half engaged in questions which might, or might not, have fascinated scientific researchers. All day long she mooned about the house, burdened with her knowledge of the conspiracy against her friend Artie Thorpe. Ever since she had first seen the Tough Knight Errant, and had her share in his chivalrous adventure at the carriage entrance of the Ritz, she had felt for him a curious sense of comradeship. Nothing more than that, she thought. She had gone so far as to consider the possibility of marrying him—any healthy unmarried woman considers that in the companionship of any attentive young man. But she couldn't permit herself to be in love with Artie. How could she be? Their training had been so different; their worlds were so far apart. He had courage, strength and certain rough good looks—all the primitive requirements. But at the thought of loving him, Mary shrugged her shoulders—and went on mooning over her work. Her adventure in servant-dom was—only an adventure. In a few years she would inherit her money and find independence in a sphere of her own choosing.

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Mary could distinctly see the sash going up, slowly. Already a man's head was being thrust in through the space.

Meanwhile Artie, always mysterious in his comings and goings, had again dropped from sight. His absence exaggerated the responsibility she felt for him; the thought of his danger disturbed her dreams. Every instant while the hours wore on toward Wednesday night, her apprehension grew. Artie must be warned—but how? At intervals during those two anxious days she had snatched time to telephone to points in Atlantic City where he might be found. Never very accurate in her memory, she spent her spare time trying to recall the hotel which Gibbons had mentioned as a meeting-place for the conspirators leagued against Artie.

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At last it came back to her. Ogg's! It was Wednesday afternoon before she had that saving thought—she could picture Ogg's as something dirty on a dismal side-street. That very night Artie would be there, surrounded by false friends, the butt of a cruel and criminal joke. She looked up Ogg's in the telephone book, and phoned in a vain hope of finding her man, but a rough voice at the other end denied any knowledge of Artie Thorne.

Late in the afternoon she caught a picture from her window; it seemed to hold some mysterious significance. Professor Klock had just left the Thorpe house and was walking up a Chelsea

street when Gibbons came swaggering around a corner. The two met, and strangely enough, stopped to talk. It was just an instant—their half-averted faces indicated some secret understanding. Then they took their several ways, guiltily brisk in their gaits.

A few minutes later Mary found Gibbons on the back porch, waiting for her. He had brought her a box of chocolates, and much as she detested him, she made no attempt to avoid him this time.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gibbons," she gushed with all the

hypocrisy of which she was capable.

"Why doncha call me Charley?" he suggested, his pug-dog eyes riveted upon her as she opened the box. She nibbled a chocolate and found it rather stale.

"Well, Carley-you've been away for a long time."

"Sure. Why don't you and me go for a joy-ride down the beach—say, tomorra night?"

His hesitation upon the last few words caused her to ask in a flash of intuition: "Why not tonight?"

"Gee! I wish I could, I'm busy tonight." His face had

become blank as a wall.
"Oh, I see. I suppose you'll be at Ogg's."

"Ask her to come out." From her hiding-place, Mary could see Aunt Arabella, the questioner. "Cheeta," Professor Klock "Cheeta, commanded, "come forth,

"Where'd you git that stuff-Ogg's?" His voice was growing surly, and it was plain to see that he had repented of his confidences. "Wasn't that the place," she asked innocently, "where

they're going to sign some-

thing—for a prize-fight?"
"Got any money?" G Gibbons' enthusiasm was aroused, in spite of himself. "Don't you forget my tip, kid. Put a hundred against Thorpe, if you can raise it."

"Thanks awfully, Mr.— Charley. You'll be at Ogg's, wont you, to see that every-thing's fair—for your side?"

"Aw, I can't! The Ogg party's at nine o'clock. I'll be workin' a little for myself just then." His grin was wicked. Then before she had time to pull away, he had taken her by the wrist. "Say, Mary! I'm crazy bout you-you're different. Wont you give me anythin' for them chocolates?"

"Let go!" she whispered. and overcame her impulse to strike at him. "They're looking—Mrs. Thorpe's calling me."

She twisted free and ran into the house, disgusted, frightened, yet armed with the knowledge that the conspiracy, set for Wednesday night at Ogg's, had not been postponed. In her gallant little heart, Mary had made up her mind that Artie should not be victimized. Right after dinner she would escape to the Boardwalk, hunt up Ogg's Hotel and make such a scene as only a modern young woman, who has gained the vote by dint of her powers in that direction, knows how to make.

She planned to leave the house at eight o'clock, just before the seance began. But the Fates were against her. When the early dinner was over,—Professor Klock had been the guest of

honor,-Mrs. Thorpe summoned her for orders.

"Mary, you will stay in the drawing-room and show the people to their seats. No, dear, you needn't go to the door. I've hired a man for that. Just do as I tell you to. And

please don't worry me-

In her active thoughts Mary had made her plans. She would wait until Mrs. Thorpe's séance was begun, then dart out in search of Ogg's and Artie Thorpe. Professor Klock had chosen half-past eight as the time most favorable for his demonstration. Therefore the guests began arriving early, to be shown to their seats by a distracted parlor-maid who, assuming calm, thought desperately of Ogg's Hotel and of how to get away without making a scene, and of what she would do, once faced by the sinister forces which now threatened her Tough Knight

The gilt chairs had been arranged in semicircular rows with an aisle down the middle, save for the front row, which was unbroken, as if to form a barricade between the audience and the small dais upon which Professor Klock was to demonstrate beside his black-shrouded cabinet. As the guests filed in,-they began coming at a little after eight,—Mary glanced sidewise at the spectral curtains in the corner, and wondered what, if any-thing, was going on behind them. The cabinet, she knew, had



been built over the corner window which the Professor had so ostentatiously sealed during the afternoon. Would it stay sealed? Mary shuddered. She hated the idea of burglarious entry under any pretext, either spiritual or mundane.

By a quarter past eight the seats were comfortably filled by the fashionable colonists of Chelsea. She recognized among them fully half a dozen ladies whom Mrs. Parr had entertained in her New York house. Their proximity added to her nervousness; but a housemaid's uniform is, after all, a very good disguise in fashionable gatherings where the participants are too much engaged with themselves to take much notice of a servant, however attractive to the eye. Mrs. Thorpe, successfully masquerading as Mrs. Apthorpe Thorpe-who she undoubtedly wasn't

—moved, a large, spangled mass, among her guests.

"He's in the study," she explained reverentially, referring to Professor Klock. "He's always that way before his big séances has to get himself on the higher plane, you know, and everything. Oh, Mrs. Barrington! How do you do! Wont you sit in the front row? The Professor says you're so psychic—and all the psychics sit in the front row and join hands—makes a spirit-chain, you know. -Mary, show Mrs. Barrington to the

front row.

An anemic young woman with horn spectacles took her place at the piano and began playing soft, sweet chords that reminded Mary of maple syrup dripping slowly over buckwheat cakes. A few lights were turned down-the half of the room nearest



Around the entrance door, lights still blazed, but the audience was already impressed by the new atmosphere of mys-

Mary had just shown a recent arrival to her chair at the end of the psychic front row, and had backed into an inconspicuous place among the shadows by the spirit cabinet, when the latest and, to all appearances, the most important guest arrived and stood in the full blaze of light at the big door. To Mary the appearance was more startling than any ghostly visitant could have been.

Aunt Arabella!

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Like Alice, drawn down a rabbit-hole into the nonsense of Wonderland, Mary should have been surprised at nothing, by this time. But the new situation managed to amaze and con-fuse her. The hostess came chirping out of her chair, and the affability of her greeting brought every head in the room craning toward the point of interest.

"You do know Mrs. Thorpe!" said Mrs. Thorpe, the hostess, by way of introduction. "We're not exactly related, are we,

Mrs. Thorpe. But our husbands—"
"Yes indeed!" creaked Aunt Arabella, glaring whimsically round the twilight space. "I thought you were going to have

some spooks. I came here to see spooks."

"You're psychic. I know you are!" gushed Mrs. you are!" gushed Mrs. Thorpe. "And I'll put you inside the spirit-chain, right in the front row. Mary will show you a seat. Mary! Where is that girl?"

The question was apropos, for Mary, driven to a panic by the prospect of detection and exposure before all Atlantic City, had retreated farther into the shadows and taken the only refuge she could find—the spirit cabi-net. The blackness of her gown making her inconspicuous against the somber curtains, she had parted them hastily and glided into the cavernous depths from which, according to all the rules of the astral world, only the dead emerge to walk and talk before the living.

Outside in the big room, the piano sounded dolefully, stickily, as its performer at-tacked "Hearts and Flowers" with her foot on the soft pedal. The space inside the cabinet was dark as a pocket, and in her gropings Mary struck a chair which creaked frightfully. A streak of light from the drawingroom—brilliant by contrast with the funereal space in which she stood-filtered in and gave Mary courage to peek out. From her novel hiding-place she could obtain a complete view of the scene: long rows of vaguely defined faces, all turned her. way, the lank pianist drumming at her instrument, the 'psychics" in the front row, their hands firmly interlocked, their expressions idiotically passive. . . .

A side door, opposite the cabinet's corner, opened noiselessly, and Professor

Klock entered, his long hair thrown back, his big face lowered, his frock coat flapping as he walked. The sight of him influenced Mary strangely, almost hypnotizing her into the belief that he too was a spirit; she was too much fascinated by the curious spell he cast to remember her fears or the duty she owed Artie, fallen among thieves somewhere out in the slummy byways of Atlantic City. A great hush had fallen over the audience; the piano diminished to pianissimo; slowly, with the measured tread of a high priest, Klock approached the little raised space upon which he was to

perform his miracles. What was that?

Hidden in the black cabinet, Mary jerked suddenly around, her flesh creeping with the sensation that some one else—alive or ghostly she knew not—was standing beside her. She touched her lips to stifle a scream, and turned to the window which the spiritualist had so estentatiously sealed during the afternoon. faint glare from the street-lamp illuminated it; and in that light she could distinctly see the sash going up, slowly, slowly. Already a man's head was being thrust in through the space; and her own head being less than two feet away, she had no trouble in recognizing the intruder as Gibbons, the chauffeur. All in a flash she saw the object of his burglarious entry—he had stayed away from Ogg's for the purpose of "assisting" Professor

Unreasonably enough, Mary laughed, a small, dangerous sound: then in perfect silence she seized the man's chin with her two It was over in an instant. Insecurely balanced on the sill, taken by surprise and quite outdone by the suddenness of the onslaught, he toppled backward. She heard him tearing down the vines, a ghostly sound; but her conscience was salved by the knowledge that the window was no more than ten feet from the ground. The encounter had strengthened her, turned her resolution to steel. Quick as a cat, and as still, she closed the window and fastened it with the double night-latch.

All this had been the work of twenty seconds, and so neatly accomplished that no murmur of it had reached the waiting audience in Mrs. Thorpe's drawing-room. When Mary's eye was again to the crack between the curtains, the piano was still playing its soft, maudlin tune. Professor Klock had gained his playing its sort, maddin tune. Professor Riock had gained his dais and was standing, his hands folded across his swelling waistcoat, his eyes closed. Conspicuously featured in the front row, Aunt Arabella studied him, a cynical smile on her clever old lips. The rest of the room, solemn and blank, sat, so to speak, in the hollow of the medium's hand.
"I feel many presences around me," Klock suddenly began to

chant as he lifted a fat hand with a large cameo ring on the fore-finger. "Many of the dear departed, anxious to seek the earthplane and sojourn among their loved ones! A little softer on the piano, Miss Turk-and will those in the front row join hands-a little more tightly, please, in order that the vibration may become more perfect and the—er—ectoplasm may materialize out of the ethereal substance."

He closed his eyes again and folded his fat hands. Gradually his shoulders began to heave, suggesting the contortions of an overfed lizard. Hidden in her cabinet, Mary was beginning to realize the difficulties of her situation and to regret the hasty expedient she had adopted as an escape from Aunt Arabella and discovery. She stood between the devil and the deep sea; if she took her life in her hands and tried escape through the window, she would undoubtedly find that dreadful Gibbons waiting for her; if she ignored the world and made a dash for it out through the curtains, Aunt Arabella, no doubt, would scream her name and proclaim her to Atlantic City as the runaway bride for whom the newspapers had been seeking so sedulously. Mary's back was, literally, to the wall; and in such cases one becomes an oppor-

She awoke from uncomfortable reflections to realize that Professor Klock, still writhing on his dais, was doing something very peculiar with his foot. He was weaving it slowly back and forth, and compliant to the motion, one of the black curtains began to waver as if bulged by an unseen presence within. This startled Mary, perhaps, less than it did the audience, for her closer point of vantage permitted her to see what the others could not. Pro-fessor Klock had hooked the curtains with a piece of wire which

he was working with his leg.
"I feel a Presence," he whispered, and his voice had grown so uncanny that Mary began to feel that she herself had become the ghost. "The spirit of a loved one is with us, and will materialize in the flesh. Come, spirit! Do not be afraid. We are all friends. Friends!"

Like a sleepwalker Klock shuffled toward the cabinet, his hand extended. This, no doubt, made a great impression on his audience, but to Mary it was overpowering. Was he going to throw aside the curtain and reveal her to the whole roomful?

"The spirit of General Nathan D. Judd is with us tonight," chanted the medium. "I feel his presence. General Judd, speak to us. Do not be afraid."

Klock's flabby hand had groped out and touched the curtain, and in a frenzy of fear Mary did exactly what she should not have done.

"Please don't!" she begged in a still, small voice.

Frightened out of her wits, she had still sufficient presence of mind to see the effect on Professor Klock. His big face, which had been impassive as a mask, twisted slightly, and one eye came fiercely open. In that flash it was plain to see that he had expected Gibbons to begin his speech quite differently, and in a deep bass voice. However, he recovered himself with the rapidity born of lifelong practice.

"Another spirit has entered in," he chanted. "This is not the dear one for whom I called. Speak to us, spirit! Who are you?"

To save her poor neck, Mary could not have spoken then. Her

palate clove to the roof of her mouth, and she cleared her throat in hopes of replacing it.

"Speak!" reiterated Professor Klock, and his voice had changed



"Let us out, please," she demanded. "Oh, no,

from that of the gentle seer to a harsh bark such as an impatient schoolmaster uses in commanding a bad boy to stand up before the school. Then it was that Mary, recalling the Indian "spirit"

once mentioned by Klock, leaped to an inspiration of despair. "I—I am Cheeta!" she wailed faintly. "Ah, Cheeta!" Her reply seemed to have encouraged the Professor immensely. "Cheeta, dear, tell these kind people-do not be afraid, little one!-why you are here.'

Mary began to feel better, too. She was beginning to enter

into the spirit of the game.

"I come," she babbled, "—I come to say things."

"Yes." To Klock's professional mind this offered a comedy bit, and he twinkled merrily. "You are always saying things, Cheeta. What is it now?"

"Bad man here. Bad. Bad. Bad."
"She is very sensitive to influences," explained Klock in an aside to his audience. "And now, Cheeta, what do you find about this bad man?"

"He-no-good."

"We mortals are all weak, dear," said Klock affectionately.

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sweetheart!" His voice was insultingly soft. She turned to her companion. "Artie, are you going to let him-"

"We are full of sins which will be forgiven in the astral plane." "He bad man," persisted the spirit pro tem.

"What has he done, Cheeta, that offends you so?"
"He—great—big—faker."

"I'm afraid an evil spirit has control of you tonight, Cheeta," remarked the Professor, one of his eyes opening to a terrible

"No. Good spirit."

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"But what have you against this man?"

"He-take-money-from-silly-old-lady."

Professor Klock paused an instant, quite apparently nonplused. He had no intention of having his biography published out of Spiritland. He turned solemnly to his audience, cleared his throat and remarked:

"The cabinet is undoubtedly in possession of an evil spirit. Will Miss Turk please play a little sacred music?"
"Ask her to come out." The demand rasped through the room,

and from her hiding-place Mary could see the shrewd look on the face of Aunt Arabella, the questioner.

Professor Klock paused, then turned toward the cabinet.

"Cheeta," he commanded, "if you are what you say you are, and not an evil spirit, come forth and show your face.

This was a splendid bluff on the Professor's part; but Mary had done some quick thinking in the last minute, and she had no intention of falling into a trap. "No," she moaned.

"Ah, then you are afraid?"

"Too—much—light. Spirit cannot live in bright light."
"Turn down some more lights!" Aunt Arabella issued this Several lights, pouring in from the hall, were obcommand. scured, leaving the room dimmer than before.

"And now, Cheeta, will you come out?"

Professor Klock issued the invitation softly, sweetly, much as a sarcastic hunter might, in asking a bear to crawl forth from the hole over which a bonfire has been built. Through the curtains Mary took a rapid survey of the dim room and of the chances of escape which it might offer. To go down the aisle and out by the big door was impracticable, because lights still shone in the hall, and that would spoil the illusion. Straight across the dais she saw the library door, standing half open.

"I dare her to show herself," came Aunt Arabella's tart voice from the front row.

"Cheeta," crooned Professor Klock, "we have an unbeliever in our midst.

ir midst. Will you come forth and renew her faith?"
Even in that crucial moment Mary had time to wonder just what game the Professor had chosen to play. Possibly he had guessed that Gibbons, failing him at the last instant, had substituted a female confederate. A dreadful silence had fallen, so still that she could hear a corset creaking in the back row. Mary must act quickly now or fail utterly. With one decisive gesture must act quickly now or fail utterly. With one decisive gesture she untied her apron and threw it veil-like over her head. "Cheeta, will you come out?" asked Professor Klock for the

third time.

"I-e-e-e-e!" Mary managed her tremolo wail very well. "I-

come! I-come!"

Her fingers trembling, her head swathed in her apron, she parted the curtains and glided out into the room. All she could see in the semidarkness was a symmetrical design of blank faces. Just for an instant she stood before the cabinet, then turned and glided stiffly across the dais toward the library door. Behind her she could hear somebody sigh, a deep, heartbreaking sound.

Fortunately for her, the library door was sufficiently open to permit of her passing through without touching the woodwork. It added to the ghostly effect. Out in the drawing-room she heard Aunt Arabella's voice piercing the gloom:

'Turn on the lights. I don't believe it!"

Mary had no time to consider anything but immediate escape. There was one dimmed light in the library, guiding her easily to an exit which, she knew by experience, opened into a passage in the rear of the house. Quick as a snake she glided toward this invitation to freedom; but her hand had scarcely touched the knob when a harsh whisper assailed her from a corner among the bookshelves. Turning sharply, she saw Fernie Riggs, a sour grin on her puckery face.

"I seen you!" rasped Fernie. "I seen you crawl into that

cabinet! I'll tell on you, I will."

"All right—tell!" There was no time to choose words, and the speech was no more than said before Mary had opened the door of escape and banged it behind her. As a finishing touch, she lingered long enough to turn the key, thus offering a temporary barricade against pursuit. The last expedient was undoubtedly a happy thought, for the Thorpe house was in a blaze of light, and angry voices were quite audible as she scuttled down the back stairs and out into the breezy starlight of Atlantic City.

Chapter Seven

BAREHEADED, her shoulders unprotected against the harsh sea air, Mary was beginning to sneeze when at last, after much advice from night patrolmen and harmless wayfarers, she gained the front entrance of Ogg's Hotel. In her imaginings she had pictured the place as sordid and unpleasant; but as seeing is believing in this wicked world, it took a glimpse of the establishment in its actuality to show her how sordid and unpleasant an Ogg in real life can become. Through fly-specked windows with blinds half drawn, as if ashamed, yet always a little wary, she caught sight of numerous untidy men, lolling in chairs, reading tattered newspapers and smoking cigars which, even though she stood outside in the ocean winds, Mary seemed to smell and shrink from.

After a short survey her courage failed her, and she might have shown the white feather and gone away had not a short man in a shepherd plaid suit shuffled up to her, addressing her as "Kid" and mumbling something rapidly under his breath. After that she lowered her eyes and walked boldly into the hotel. The serv-ant's uniform saved her, no doubt, for nobody paid any particular attention to her as she walked by the weather-beaten cigar-stand, past the telephone-booth and into a little recess behind the creaky elevator. There she found a rusty brown chair and sat down with no more definite program than to regain her breath and her wits. She had the feeling of danger all around her. But above it, her resolution soared; she had come through many adventures to be of service to Artie Thorpe. Somewhere in this ramshackle den he was fighting alone, against odds that he did not realize.

"Hello, kid! Lonesome?"

She looked up, and to her qualified relief, saw that she was being addressed by the elevator boy, a pimply, greasily uniformed youth with more nose than chin.

"Oh! Is this your chair?"

"Go ahead, take a rest. The girls around this dump don't get much time off; that's a fact. Been here long?

"I just came."

"Well, you wont last long. Say, a swell wren like you ought to be woikin' in the Marberry-Blenheim."

"I know," Mary temporized. In her sudden capacity as secretservice agent, she had hopes of learning something to her advantage.

"A lot of swells don't go to the Marberry-Blenheim," she drawled, dropping into the vernacular. "Some of 'em come here."

"Howja know that?"

"Well, Kit Fennelston-" She said that on a random chance.

but it had its effect.
"Oh, him!" The "Oh, him!" The elevator boy revealed sudden pride in Ogg's, for he admitted in an offhand manner: "Well, they got to go somewhere, aint they? He don't exactly stop here. He just meets, see?"

"Then he's meeting on the fifth floor-" This time she had

guessed wrong, but not to her disadvantage.

The thoid floor, y'mean, baby. I guess I ought to know by the amount of mineral water"-he winked suggestively-"that's been goin' up there since eight o'clock."

Just then the elevator bell rang, and its operator, bored but

"See y'later, wont I?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Oh, I'm going up," said Mary, having made her decision.

"What floor you wolkin' on?"
"The third," she answered as the machine crawled slowly skyward toward the unknown.

ON the third floor Mary found nothing but halls—dank, drabby, musty halls. She tiptoed up and down the labyrinth, hoping that she might at last locate Mr. Fennelston's meeting by the sounds of masculine dispute. But masculine dispute was heard behind several of the doors at which she stood and listened. Room 311 most aroused her suspicions, for the atmosphere in there seemed thick with voices; and cigar-smoke-good cigarsmoke this time-floated out through the transom.

She was hesitating here when heavy footsteps, echoing around the L, caused her to jump away and go sauntering along the hall on her own pretended business. A bald waiter, giving her not the slightest attention, swung by, one hand burdened with an enormous tray of glasses, the other carrying a bucket of cracked ice. He stopped at Room 311, set down his bucket and knacked in a businesslike way. The door opened meagerly, permitting the man to slide through.

His bucket, which he had left neglected in the hall, gave Mary a cue to action. Without hesitation she picked it up and knocked at Room 311. Again the door opened meagerly, and a weaselfaced little man in a green sweater peered out at her.

"Whatcha want?" he asked unceremoniously.

"They sent up the ice," she explained, and without giving him time to debate the question, walked straight into the midst of

Kit Fennelston's conspiracy.

There were a dozen men gathered in the room, most of them smoking; the air was thick with the incense of Havana. Glancing swiftly around for the man she sought, Mary saw him standing at a table by the window, his hands in his pockets, a stubborn, rather puzzled look on his boyish face—the face, in comparison with the hard ones around him, that looked so young and innocent that Mary could have cried out and taken him into her arms.

All these impressions she got in her walk between the door and the table where the bald waiter was setting out his glasses. She put the bucket on a chair, and quite without asking permission, began dropping cubes of ice into the glasses.

Who tol' you to do that?" asked the waiter under his breath.

GNORING him, Mary went on with her self-appointed task. She had a full view of the picture now-a thin, pockmarked man, undoubtedly Fennelston, seated at a table, ink and papers before him; two huge fat men scowling over the documents; Artie Thorpe, leaning against the wall, the leaves of a check-book fluttering between his fingers.

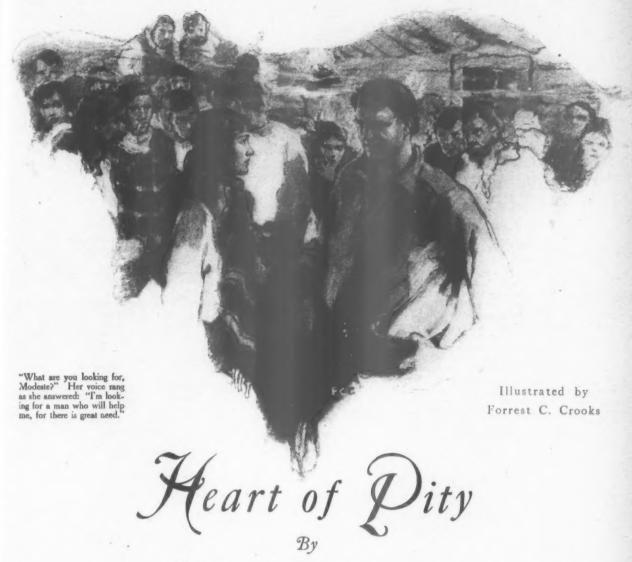
"This has got to be a gentleman's agreement," said Fennelston, resuming his argument. "We don't want to get out any license, because the newspapers would get wise—see? And they'd spill the beans all over the country. Then the laws of New Jersey don't allow a fight to a finish—"

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don't allow a fight to a finish-

"I know," admitted Artie, looking very thoughtful. "But where do I get off in case of-"Hell!" piped Fennelston in his rather (Continued on page 146)



M. L. C. PICKTHALL

THERE were two fiddles at Chaloupe's that night, for the lumber jacks had come down; there were torches along the walls where the lamps failed; there was singing, and the sound of feet that went round and round and never stopped; there was brandy from Mique on that had never paid a cent to the Government, and dark eyes that would go to a man's head quicker than the brandy. At midnight the rush and pressure, the heat and music of that fierce life, seemed as though it must burst the walls of the logbuilt hall. And at midnight Modeste Savard flung open the door and looked in upon the

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The cold, pure wind drove down the length of the reeking place like the stroke of a sword. Modeste stood on the threshold, and

sword. Modeste stood on the throng of the find the room; and behind her was the snow, and the night, and the room; and behind her was the snow, and the night, and the room; and behind her was the snow, and the night, and the room; and behind her was the snow, and the night, and the room; as a could only stare at her. But Silvain laughed.

"Sure," said he, in the way he'd learned in the camps. "You're the stare less anything. Then what are you looking broken note; and the dancing stopped too, while people stared. Because, you understand, it was as if the proud Madonna at Ste.

Before Miss Pickthall ever wrote a story, she had won her spurs as a writer in quite another fieldnamely, poetry. When she was a child, she rhymea as easily as most children repeat the alphabet, and the result of her talent, in due time, took the form of a slim volume of verse. Later she became a newspaper writer in Canada, and it was during this period that her short stories first began to appear. In all of them, however, there is expressed a distinct poetic quality.

Agathe had stepped down from behind her altar-candles and come to Pierre Chaloupe's dance-hall.

At last a man laughed, and Silvain Robitois shook himself free of the brown arms of a Malicete girl beside him and went to Modeste. He had on a fine blue shirt, and a red woollen sash, and he stepped as though he carried a buck's antlers on his head. No man so fine as Silvain! He went, laughing, to the girl on the threshold; and, "What have you lost, Modeste Savard?" he said.

There was such a silence now in the place that you could hear the torches snap. Modeste looked at him out of her great eyes. "I have lost nothing, M'sieur Silvain," she answered; and she was so beautiful there between the starlight and the torchlight,

too careful to have lost anything. Then what are you looking for, Modeste?"





and there was something in his eyes that could scarcely have been told from hate. He said: "I've heard that Moise made this trip so that he might be able to give you some things you'd set your heart upon-furs, maybe, like a lady in Montreal might wear; a gold watch, a necklace-what do I know? Is it true that he went because of you, Modeste?"

She was no less hard than he. There, with all those eyes upon her, she answered: "It's true. I would do anything—anything in the world-to help Moise, for that reason. But I did not ask him to go."

Silvain laughed again. "Dieu, why should you ask him to go? He'd do it without that, poor devil!" He went close to her and caught her wrist, and held her so that she must look at him. 'Did you give your promise to Moise before he went?"

"No.

comes?"

speak first.

He loosed her, stepped back and looked at the others. help you, Modeste," he said. "I'll help you-at a price!"

There was no sound in the room but his voice. Her great eyes on him, Modeste waited. She did not breathe. The torches

snapped like little flags in the draft.

"For a whole year, Modeste, I was like this Moise. I went here and there to please you; I did this and that; I would have given you,"—he held his breath a minute as if it hurt him,—
"I would have given you anything you wanted but a heart; I could not give you a heart."

'Did I ask you for any of this, M'sieur Silvain?"

"You would have been an honester woman if you had, "You would have been an honester woman in John Mamselle Modeste. I am tired of paying for a cold look of your eyes and a 'Thank you, Silvain.' It is time, I think, that you paid a little on all these reckonings. Why should you go free and good men like this Moise, maybe, die for you? I will go. I will go, and I will bring Moise out from the Nunsiackbut I will not go alone!"

She looked at him, very steadily. "What is this you say,

M'sieur Silvain? I have said I would do anything to help Moise. I am a strong woman, but I am not strong enough for that. I must borrow a man's strength."

"You shall have mine, and no other man's." He looked around the circle of astonished faces; and everywhere eyes fell away from his; for between Pont-du-Pays and St. Jean-de-Kilkenny, there was no such fighter as he. "You shall have mine. I will go to the Nunsiack and bring him out. But you will come too, Modeste Savard!'

There was a gasp, a crowding, a great cry. But he heeded

"If you are a woman of your word,-if you would save poor Moise,—it is the way. It is the only way, for this is my job, and no one takes on my jobs with my leave. If you are a woman of your word, you will give me your hand, here, before everyone. And presently I will take you to Anisette, to Père Antoine. We shall get there in two hours, and we shall be married; and in the morning we shall set out for the Nunsiack, you and I together,-M'sieur and M'dame Robitois,-and we shall bring Moise out. That is my word to yours, Modeste, and I will not change it.'



She looked about her, but no man moved or spoke. She thought of Moise, starving up there on the Nunsiack because of her. She saw the hard eyes of the other women. She was afraid; yet she was a strong girl, and very proud. What else she thought, who knows? She said at last: "Your word to mine, M'sieur Silvain. I will marry you, and I will go to the Nunsiack with you. Afterward—it

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will go to the Nunsiack with you. Afterward—it is almost in my heart to have pity for you!" She held herself very erect, but such was her passion that it shook her like a reed; and she was white as snow.

Silvain bowed as if he were a gentleman in a black coat. "Bien, Modeste," he said. "We will start within the hour. Sit here and rest, for there is no hurry; I am not yet ready." She sat on a bench against the wall, stiff and still as an altar-figure, while he called to the fiddles and went on dancing with the Malicete girl. And no one spoke to him or to Modeste.

When he was ready, he took her down to Anisette; they woke old Père Antoine before the gray of the morning; what they told him for the saving of their souls no man knows; but he married them. And when the sun rose, there was Modeste, with a light pack on her back, stepping out on the trail to the Nunsiack behind her husband Silvain.

She had had no time to think, no time to feel anything but the blind dread that Fate, in the matter of Moise, would make her little better than a murderess. And now she had passed beyond all feeling; she had suffered till she had no more power to suffer. Silvain took no notice of her; but all day, she was vaguely aware that not the least thing she did or endured escaped him—that he was waiting for her, watching over her, as he guarded her on the trail that led her, step by step, to Moise—yet away from Moise forever. The knowledge had stung her unendurably at first; but now she was tired—so tired that she wanted nothing save some hole wherein she might creep and weep her heart out.

In the lilac forest-dusk, jeweled with the first pure star, she lay at last on a little slope of moss and fern as if she were a dead woman, and watched Silvain as he made fire in the hollow be-

neath her and boiled some coffee, and fried bread and pork-scraps. He brought her her share, as if he were a guide, and she one of the fine ladies from Mont: al she'd sometimes seen a envied, and left it at hand without a word. e had resolved not to men his food, but she was hungry as a young wolf, and before she knew, plate and iron mug were empty. She looked furtively for him, then, and saw him beneath her in the little grassfloored hollow, raising a narrow shelter of hemlock-boughs.

As she lay down again, stiff and still, a thin voice cried in her brain: "I'm dead! I must be dead by now!" But she was not dead. She had rested and eaten, and her young life was strong in her again. By and by, sensing Silvain's nearness, she looked up at him as an animal in a trap might look at the hunter; but he had no eyes for her. He

was gazing beyond her at the large stars twinkling among the bare, high branches. "Your place is ready for you, Modeste," he said quietly.

She stared piteously, and before she could stop herself, her fear had stammered: "But you—you—"

He jerked a brown thumb, grinning. "Yonder," he said, "—a pile of hemlock and a blanket." He moved away, pausing a moment to say: "Call me if—if you are afraid." She did not answer. When his back was turned, she slipped like a shadow to her little shelter. She flung herself face-down on the blanket, and the

tears came at once, and sobs she could not stifle. She wept and wept, a low sound, running on as if it would never cease. A word came now and then unawares: "Moise, Moise, it was for you!" She did not guess that a man had crawled to the shadow of her little roof, and lay there, face-down as she lay, his brown hands gripped together, twisted among the leaves, his strong body shuddering to the sound of her sobs.

They pierced deeper and deeper into the wild. They were to strike straight across the edge of the forest, along the great mosslands, over the low hills, and so to the Upper Nunsiack. Here there was a mission, and here Silvain would obtain supplies and a canoe, and thereafter they would travel down the Nunsiack to the coast. Perhaps he would get another paddler here too—in which case, he might leave Modeste at the mission. But he said nothing to her of his plans, and she asked him not a question.

The days passed, and the miles, in silence, for they seldom spoke to each other. It was as if they walked and ate, rested and slept, with a sword between them. And sometimes the blade flashed bare—as when he asked her, one evening, gazing at her through the blue smoke of the fire she was kindling: "Of what do you think, Modeste?" And she flashed at him:

"That I am one day nearer to Moise, M'sieur Silvain!"

"Come here!"

She was afraid again, as of late she had almost forgotten to be. But she went to him and stood before him. He said gravely: "You are not paying your share, Modeste."

She was dumb. He leaned forward, set a hand on either side of her face and kissed her.

"Every evening—hearest thou, Modeste?—you will come to me and you will say: 'Bon soir, Silvain.' (Confinued on page 96)

Illustrated by E. R. Kirkbride

Gas

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

In the summer time Albert Payson Terhune lives down in New Jersey surrounded by his wonderful colliesthe heroes and heroines of many a story. "While there," he says, "I'm influenced by the dogs to confine my fiction to them. The 'Lad' stories were so written. But when I go back to New York for the winter the influences are different, and so are the stories." The present ingenious tale is, the reader will perceive, one of Bert's "winter stories."

"YES," Beasely went on, with unction, "it was sure one narrow escape. Funny you fellows hadn't heard of it. Seems there have been heaps of cases like it, too—sort of epidemic."

Beasely was dummy, just then, in the daily bridge game on the four-fiftyfive. He was not one of the regular players. In fact, he was a bore, whom his fellow-commuters generally shunned

his fellow-commuters generally shunned with much industry and skill. But even the presence of a bore, at the card table between the seats of the smoker, is better than to play three-handed. So when Gribble missed his train that afternoon, and no other available bridge timber was at hand, Roke and Denham and Teunis had asked Beasely to sit in.

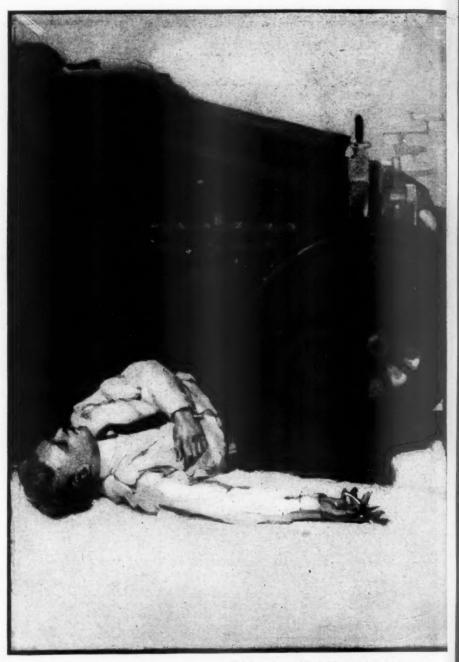
None of the others encouraged him to go on with his recital. But Beasely seldom needed urging. A momentary gap of silence was all he asked.

"Yep," he droned on, "happened last Thursday night. That's why I haven't been aboard, since then, till today."

The three players, excited, tense, slapped down their cards with the customary commuter gesture. But Beasely was not troubled by any lack of attention.

by any lack of attention.

"I went out into the garage," he prosed on. "Had nothing to do, that evening. Thought it was a good chance to go over the little car. Cold night, you remember—Thursday. So I switched on the electric light and shut the garage doors. Then I started the engine, to see if I could locate that knock I was telling you about. Well—"



Roke's work was done. He tiptoed out of the garage,

"If you'd held back that ace—" began Denham, frowning at his partner as the hand ended, "if you'd held it back that time, and played the—"

"Huh?" grunted Beasely. "Oh, I thought you were talking to me. Let's see; where had I got to? Oh, yes. Well, there I was, shut up there, with the engine purring as sweet as you please, and the lights all on and me tinkering away at the old boat. And I thought to myself: 'Now, this is real cosy!' And the next I knew I was on the parlor sofa, with Doc Merriam working over me with a pulmotor, and the wife blubbering and—"

"Two clubs," interposed Teunis, riffling his cards.

"Four diamonds," said Denham, with rashness bred of low takes.

"You see," gabbled Beasely, hurrying through his yarn in the moment which even commuter card-etiquette allowed for Roke to decide on a bid, "you see, it was the carbon monoxide from the exhaust that got me. Doc Merriam told me all about it. Said if Danny hadn't happened to come out to the garage to tell



leaving the engine still running.

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me about a phone call, and caught me just as I keeled over, I'd have been a deader. Dozens of folks have been killed that way,

To Beasely's relief, Roke had not followed the usual custom of rapping out a bid and thus cutting short the narrative and forcing the speaker to turn back to the less enthralling task of studying his own cards. Instead, Roke had suddenly begun to pay the most flattering attention to the long-drawn-out tale. To the disgust of two of his fidgeting fellow-players, he laid aside his hand, and asked:

'What's the main idea? How could the gas from a car kill anybody? I've puttered around the exhaust of my car, a hundred times and more, and it never did anything worse than make me cough.

"Ah!" exclaimed Beasely with a air of utter wisdom. "That was because you were in the open. The gas was dissipated by the outer air. I asked Doc that same thing; and he told me

so. It—"
"Does—" began Roke.

"For the Lord's sake!" stormed Teunis. "Are we playing cards or are we-

"Station after next is mine," grumbled Denham in the same breath. "Cut out the—"
"Here's the idea," boomed the insistent Beasely, thrilled

at the rarity of having one civil listener, "as near as I could understand Doc's long words: When there's imperfect combustion,-and there always is, of course,-it generates carbon monoxide gas. It fills the room, and it fills anyone who has the bad luck to be in the room. First of all, it hits the lungs and puts them out of commission. That's why I've been in bed for three days. Then it stops the heart. And by that time, the victim is ready for a white lily. Doc says dozens of—"

"Play cards!" fumed Denham.

Roke, with a mutter of apology, picked up his hand and proceeded to turn a deaf ear to Beasely's further elucida-Roke was a good player-which was lucky! For during the rest of the game, he played wholly by the aid of his subconscious mind. His conscious mentality was miles away from the stuffy smoker and was racing as never

had a suburban train the power to race.

And that night, after dinner, Roke went across to the Paignton Public Library, where for an hour, he read. And the books piled up in front of him on the shiny table were all concerned with chemistry and popular science generally. From time to time he made a note on a scratch-pad. Then

he returned home-and lay awake until dawn.

A mere mouthful of words will explain his sudden interest in science, and why Roke had gladdened the heart of dreary old Beasely by listening so civilly to the tale of Paignton's

narrow escape from the loss of its official bore.

Maxwell Clive and Roke had started life as law-partners. Clive, within a few years, had broken loose from the partnership, and had forged ahead-scoring a brilliant success, in a small way, while Roke had remained a mediocrity. Next, Clive had won and married the fluff-brained girl to whose volatile heart Roke had been laying siege for the best part of two years. Always it had been like that. Always the pair had been thrown together by Destiny. And always Clive had won.

In Roke's soul, during the slow passage of the years, a natural dislike for his rival had deepened, bit by bit, into a hatred which in time waxed coldly murderous. No longer a hatred which in time waxed coldly murderous. was there a flare of hot wrath at his heart and in his throat, at thought of Clive. Calmly, unswervingly, he yearned for the other's destruction. The yearning grew to be the strongest thing in his warped and disappointed nature.

In story-books the two men would have glowered at each other or would have passed on the street with averted eyes. But in real life such things do not happen in that fashion. Clive and Roke met—when meet they must—on courteous, even cordial terms, as befitted two former partners who had once wooed the same girl. Clive had no special aversion for Roke; nor, naturally, did he dream of the latter's all-encompassing hatred for him.

And thus, ordinarily, the two might have gone on for

the rest of their lives.

But events do not always move in an ordinary course. Events never did, in regard to these two men. As I have said, Fate was eternally throwing them together. For example:

Roke had been born and brought up in the pretty suburb of Paignton. He had seen it grow from a sleepy village to a prosperous residence-and-business borough. Because of his old-time affiliations with the place, as well as because of the lack of more promising timber, he had been made borough treasurer. This, three years earlier.

He had swung the local job, in connection with his city law-practice. He had done more. A year back, certain most attractive speculations had presented themselves to him. His experience told him that here was one of the rare times when a man with a little capital might well hope to become a million-And he had not only mortgaged his house, but had called in all his few small investments, in order to clean up.

The sum still was short of what he wanted. There were borough funds which his official position made available for temporary use. These he appropriated. He did so with many twinges of conscience, for he was not by nature either a thief or a murderer. But the temptation to exchange low-income drudgery for a life of opulent leisure was too strong. And he comforted his conscience by telling it over and over again of the perfect safety of this speculation, and of his ability to restore the borrowed securities as soon as the clean-up should have been made.

But the clean-up was never made. The same hound of ill-luck which had tracked the man through life still clung to his trail. The seemingly safe speculation crumbled. Its collapse left Roke not only penniless, but with a big deficit of borough funds which he could not make good.

For a time, thanks to his position and his legal knowledge, he kept his head above water, and his defalcations from discovery. Then, as usual, Clive came upon the scene.

Two years earlier, Clive had moved to Paignton with his young wife. once the couple had become more than well liked. They were among the most popular people in town, and were in the center of all local activities.

Partly because of this popularity, partly because of a suit he had helped the council to win, Maxwell Clive was nominated for borough treasurer. And at the election he beat Roke by a healthy majority.

On the first of January the new borough treasurer would take office. His first discovery would be of Roke's defi-cit. And that inevitably must mean prison, or flight, for Roke.

'If only the lucky candidate would die, before he could step into his predecessor's shoes! That would afford time for Roke to turn around-time for possible new speculations to recoup old losses-before a special election could be held. chances were that with Clive out of the way, the easy-going borough would even reëlect Roke. In that case many months of security might lie ahead-months wherein anything or everything might develop to save him.

But Clive showed no signs of dying. He was practically certain to live to take office, unless-unless!

ROKE took to straying past the Clive house, in the evening, with no definite aim in view, but scourged on by his hate and by his stark need of the other's elimination. And twice, during these strolls, he had seen a light in the garage and knew that Clive was pottering about his beloved car.

That was why Beasely's tedious recital had brought Roke to such attention. That was why he studied, the same evening, the properties and effects of carbon monoxide gas. That was why he lay awake all that night and for three suc-cessive nights, until his campaign was complete-and flawless.

The basis of his plan, naturally, was to cause Maxwell Clive's death, by car-bon monoxide gas, and to make that death seem accidental. It was a form of murder unknown to the long and smudgy annals of crime-a form of murder which could not be proven against the perpetrator, unless some egregious blunder should be made.

From one angle after another Roke approached the subject. One detailed scheme after another he mapped out and tested. If there were a chance in a hundred that the scheme contained the very tiniest flaw, Roke dismissed it at once and fell to work devising another. At last he hit upon the one flawless idea he sought-an idea which he told himself was proof against blunder or chance.

Not content with going over its every move in his resourceful brain, he sat down and wrote it out, in brief.

This is what he wrote:

"C. goes to the city in his car every Friday afternoon, to see his mother and to take dinner with her. He returns to Paignton, always, between eleven-thirty and twelve. He leaves the city not later than ten. I have verified this by watching him four successive weeks. He crosses the river by way of the Forty-second Street ferry.

"Next Friday night I shall wait at the ferry slip until his car arrives. I shall keep out of sight until it boards the boat. Then I shall stroll up to him and say I am on my way home by train, and ask if he minds my riding out to Paignton with him instead, as I have some minor matters connected with the treasurership to talk over with him. If anyone else is with him or joins him on the boat, I shall postpone doing this, until the following week, or if necessary, the week following that.

"He will probably offer to drive me to my own door, a mile beyond his house. This I shall refuse to let him do. I shall say I have something of special import to tell him, and shall ask his leave to drive to his home, and to talk with him there for a few minutes. Being hospitable and easy-tempered, he cannot very well refuse.

"If he offers to leave me at the steps of his house while he puts away the car, I shall insist on driving on to the garage with him. His servants will be in bed at such an hour-the lights in their wing of the house are always out before tenthirty. His wife, too, in her present condition, always goes to bed early. She never sits up for him. So we are not likely to be interrupted.

"As he stops the car in the garage, and bends forward to turn off the lights, I shall hit him over the back of the head with the slung-shot I have bought. That will stun and leave no abrasion. Then, if necessary, I shall hit him a second and a third time, to make certain he is wholly senseless.

After that I shall lift him from the car, take off his coat and vest, haul out the machine's kit of tools and lay them at his side with a wrench or an oil-can in his hand. I shall then start the engine and go out, shutting the garage door tightly behind me. In the morning, when I hear of his death, I shall tell how he and I drove out from the city together, and that I left him tinkering with his car in an effort to discover the cause of a knock in it, and that I walked on to my own house. The slung-shot I shall drop in the creek on my way home from the garage."

Having written all this, Roke let the ink dry without the use of a telltale blotter. Next he read it over, phrase by phrase, until he had committed to memory its every word. Then he applied a match to the long sheet of paper and watched it burn to ashes. He rubbed the ashes into the palms of his hands, then washed his hands in the basin of his bathroom.

His plan was thus graven on his retentive memory. Several other and minor details which occurred to him, during the next day or so, he memorized without help of the written word.

ON the following Friday evening Roke was waiting in the shadow of the Forty-second Street ferry-slip, a full hour before Clive was due to appear. He wished to take no chances at missing his man, in case the latter should decide to leave his mother's apartment earlier than

The night was murky and chill. slither of snow-flecked rain was falling. Nobody was likely to be hanging around the ferry-slip, for pleasure or for lazi-ness, on such an evening. The few people who boarded the boats at that hour made their way as fast as possible from trolley or taxicab to the warm shel-ter of the ferry-house. Yet to make sure no hastening acquaintance from Paignton should recognize him, Roke wormed his way into a black angle of gate and wall, beyond the farthest radius of electric light. There he was safe from recognition, and reasonably sheltered from the snowy rain.

Roke was as calm as though he were waiting for a casual lift, home. Al-ways analytical, he decided that he was calm because his was a normal and wellequipped personality and not that of a criminal with its odd twist of mind and of nerve. He was about to follow out a carefully planned and simple program a program which could not fail. There was no need for excitement. And that was why he felt in no way excited.

Yet his wire nerves were beginning to

fray, ever so little, when—
"Boss," whined a voice at his elbow, 'couldn't you give a dime to a poor feller that hasn't had anything to eat all day?"

Roke was guilty of something like a start, as the beggar's whine broke in on his vigil. He wheeled about. There, crouching, like himself, in the narrow angle, was a thin and undersized man, badly in need of a shave, and more in need of a wash.

The outcast's misery and his air of chronic terror touched a queer chord in Roke's nature. Also it roused in him a dormant feeling of superstition. He recalled a scapegrace chum of college days who had made it a rule, before entering upon a gambling session, to hunt out some beggar and give him a coin. The gambler always insisted that such an act of kindliness, before a game, had the effect of softening Dame Fortune's heart.

Back in Roke's memory flashed this superstition now. He himself was about to embark on a life-and-death gamble. Into a trouser pocket went one of his chilled hands. Out he drew a thin roll of bills, with a five as its wrapper.

Detaching the five from the rest, he handed it to the rapturously grateful beggar, growling roughly as he did so:
"Now heat it!"

Now beat it! The mendicant fairly writhed with gratitude. Mouthing toothless benedictions, he wiggled out of the angle and from the waiting man's sight.





Why people make it their meal

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a luncheon that satisfies without being "heavy."

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The deed of foolish generosity had a strange effect on Roke. Instantly his growing nervousness vanished. In its place he was pervaded by a sweet calm, He knew, somehow, that he could not fail in his enterprise. Something told him he had cleared away the last possible danger of failure. He glowed with quiet triumph.

Into his thoughts flashed the old line: "A poor man, served by you, shall

make you rich!"

And as if to prove a new phase of the gambling superstition, Maxwell Clive's car drew up in front of the closed ferry gate less than sixty seconds later.

"'A poor man, served by you, shall make you rich!" whispered Roke exult-

No boat was in, nor would be for another few minutes. Nor was there any other car, on this wintry night, waiting for it. Roke, in view of this, ventured on a variation of his original plan. He slipped out of the dark angle, made a slight detour, and approached the waiting car as though from the street.

Why, hello, Clive!" he hailed, peering uncertainty in at the half-visible figure in the driving seat. "That you? Filthy night, isn't it?"

"Rotten," agreed Clive, leaning forward with no great enthusiasm to accept the gloved hand proffered him over the top of the car-door. "Been in town to the theater?

"Yes. But I left early. I've got some of the treasury accounts to go over before I get to bed. By the way, there are a bunch of things-some of them petty and some of them not-about that job that I'd like to talk over with you sometime soon."

"Any time. "Sure," assented Clive. Drop in tomorrow evening, if you like.'

"Thanks. But I've got to come to the city, tomorrow night. I-I wonder if you'd mind very much if I ride out with you tonight, instead of taking the train? If you'd rather not, say so. But I could tell you about them on the way home, and-

"Why, certainly," said Clive, still with no vast enthusiasm. "Climb on in. Would you rather take the back seat? The curtains are up, there, and you wont

get so wet."

"No, thanks," answered Roke, climbing aboard. "I'll sit in with you, if I Sure it wont be any bother to you? Here comes the boat.

THEY chatted perfunctorily of indif-ferent matters until the car was on its way up the hill on the Paignton side of the ferry. Then Clive reminded his companion of the latter's desire to speak of matters connected with the borough treasury.

Roke was ready for this. For a week he had been rehearsing his line of conversation. And he launched forth into a lengthy discourse on fiscal conditions in Paignton, descanting on divers minor legal complications and on the list of borough notes and their dates and renewals, and on the possible uncertainty of one or two hitherto sure sources of revenue.

He talked glibly and with much amplification. He had every feature of his job at his tongue's end, and had marshaled quite an array of problems connected with it, problems whose discussion struck the listener as wholly reasonable.

The harangue lasted until the few misty lights of Paignton came into view. The car neared Clive's house. The driver made as though to keep on, toward Roke's mile-distant home. But Roke would not have it so.

"No, no!" he begged. "I always take a mile walk, before I turn in. I can't sleep if I don't. And the walk home is what I need. But if you don't mind, I'll stop here for a very few minutes longer. I wont keep you up. There's a rather big point in connection with the job that I want to touch on, before we finish this talk. I can do it in three minutes. Drive on, to your garage. I can tell you about it, while you're putting up the car. And I can finish it as we walk back to your porch. Then I'll say goodnight and chase home.

"Here's the idea," he continued: "I've reason to believe-mind you, this is in strict confidence, old man!-I have reason to think a man connected with the borough administration is a thief. mean it. I have been watching him for a long time. And I believe he is juggling some of the borough funds. I'll tell you his name, too. It's only right you should know, so you can be on your guard when you step into my job. He-

Roke paused. The car was rolling into the small garage. It came to a stop. Clive, mechanically, bent over to switch off the lamps. Roke, from the street, had repeatedly seen him do this, the moment the machine was halted.

As Clive leaned forward, Roke struck. He did not strike clumsily or with a hand that shook or moved with any un-The blackjack blow was decertainty. livered with scientific force and unerring aim. With it went all Roke's muscular

Clive slumped forward in a ludicrous. spineless heap, over the steering wheel, and then slid limply down across the

On the instant, Roke had descended from the car. Pausing only to start again the just-stopped engine, he went to work with swiftly businesslike precision. Closing the garage doors,-first making sure there was no light or sign of waking life in the house beyond,-he lifted the sprawling man to the concrete floor and stripped from him his ulster and coat and waistcoat. These garments he folded with meticulous care and laid across a tire-rack. Then, from under the front seat, he exhumed a tool-kit, spread it open on the floor, selected therefrom a pair of pliers and thrust them into Clive's limp hand. Opening the hood of the car, he stood for a moment looking down on his senseless victim.

His single blow had sufficed to knock all consciousness from the man's head. Clive was due to remain senseless for many minutes to come, as a result of the black-jack smash. And in that little. tight, one-car garage, ten minutes would be long enough for the gas to do its work. There was no need to risk bruises by a second or a third blow. The single bruise, if investigation were made, would be attributed to the fall on the hard

Roke's work was done. And it was done well. He tiptoed out of the garage, leaving the engine still running and the lamps on, and closed the door tightly behind him.

Homeward he made his way. from a tingle of exultation, he had no unusual feelings, after his well-rehearsed deed. The work was done-the unpleasant but needful work. He was safe from the dire peril which had menaced him. His enemy was dead. He had gotten rid of the man who had been his hoodoo, his Nemesis, since boyhood.

In time, perhaps, Mrs. Clive might so far recover from her grief as to smile again on the suitor who had wooed and so nearly won her, before his rival had swept her off her feet. But on this golden phase of the future, Roke would not let himself dwell. It seemed scarce

decorous, just yet.

Half-indulgently he found himself wondering as to the gambler psychology which had made his plans move on greased wheels from the very moment he gave five dollars to the cringing beggar. There must assuredly be something in such a superstition. He admitted that, even to his coldly skeptical self. Else, how account for the perfect assurance of victory which had been his from that moment on? How else account for the superperfect success of every step of his scheme, since then?

ROKE slept like a child. Drowsily awakening, at sunrise, he lay still for a little while; trying to realize why he felt so unaccountably happy. Then, gradually, he remembered; and he stretched himself out in bed with a sensation of utter bliss. How different was this from the awakenings when the danger of his position had flown at his throat like a mad cat, the very moment his mind was clear enough to function!

"'A poor man, served by you, shall make you rich!" he exulted.

He was turning over, for another

happy snooze, when his one servant-an old woman who had worked for his parents-tapped at his door.

"Mr. Roke," she quavered, "there's two men-two gentlemen-downstairs to see you. I told 'em you wasn't up yet. But they said it was very important. They-

"Oh, all right!" Roke cut her short.

"Say I'll be right down."

He was climbing out of bed, as he Gone was the delicious drowsispoke. ness of a minute before. He was alert, wide-awake, ready.

Clive's death, no doubt, had been discovered. Some neighbor, knowing Roke's close acquaintanceship with the dead man, had called to tell him of the tragic accident. That, or else some Paignton commuter had caught a glimpse of the two as they rode into the borough together, the night before, and Roke's perfunctory testimony was wanted by the coroner, as "the last person who had seen the deceased alive.'

In either event, Roke was readyready and eager. There was not the remotest flaw in his case.

Swiftly he tossed on his clothes, wait-



Twenty is gone before you know it—and then you are twenty-five! And next, with hardly a breathing-space, a woman is in her thirties.

Once, the number of her birthdays used definitely to fix a woman's status. Today, physicians say that the number of years has little to do with age—it is almost entirely a matter of physical condition.

Keep your skin young by keeping it in good condition. The world will not say of you that you are beginning to look old, so long as you can keep a fresh, clear, beautiful skin.

Perhaps the only trouble with your complexion is just-lack of will-power

ALMOST anyone can make a great effort of will—once.

But it takes an unusual person to repeat even a small effort of will day after day, week in, week out.

That is why so many women fail to keep a lovely skin after they have passed their twenties.

A beautiful skin means—daily care!

Not hurried, perfunctory attention—but the whole of one's thought and will, for a few minutes out of every

busy day, centered on keeping one's skin in the best possible condition.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. Begin, now, to give this new skin the special care it needs—and see how soft and smooth you can make it—how quickly the faults that have worried you will disappear.

Perhaps, almost imperceptibly, the pores of your nose have become enlarged, so that they are a noticeable fault in your complexion. You can overcome this defect. Use, every night, the following special treatment:

WRING a cloth from hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

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ing not to bathe or to shave or so much as to wash his face. A haggard aspect would well become him on hearing of his

old associate's demise.

In less than five minutes he was clad, and was thrusting his feet into a pair of slippers. He looked up from this brief task, at sound of steps on the stairs and in the passageway outside his bed-There were two sets of steps. Evidently his visitors were unwilling to wait for his descent to the living-room and had come upstairs in search of him.

Roke's brow creased at this undue liberty of theirs as he rose and started across the room to meet them.

As he was midway in his advance, there sounded a peremptory knock at the door-panel. Without waiting for a response, the man who had knocked turned the knob and flung wide the door.

Roke halted, with ludicrous haste, in his careless stroll across the room. jaw hung loose. His eyes bulged like a

Every morning you will come and you

will say: 'Bon jour, Silvain.' And I will

kiss you. It will be well to remind you

that there are two men to whom you are

She wept herself to sleep again that

night. As for Silvain, he went away

among the trees, in the frosty silence

that enveloped the world; he took two

sick frog's.

in debt.

On the threshold-a neat little bandage encircling his head-stood Maxwell Clive.

He looked pallid, and as though he had done no sleeping. The bandage was held in place by a wad of gauze dressing above a bump on his head. Just behind him, in the doorway, loomed the portly figure of the borough chief of police. In one of the chief's hamlike hands was clutched an official-looking paper. From the other dangled a pair of handcuffs.

"Very prettily done, Roke," com-mented Clive, breaking the moment of stark silence with a slow drawl which was threaded by saturnine grimness.
"Very prettily! And if I hadn't forgotten to stop at the service station on the way from town last night, it would have worked. But you see, it happened there was only about a pint of gas left in the tank. The engine stopped, automatically, before it could pump enough carbon monoxide into the garage you so thoughtfully closed. Probably the engine stopped before you were halfway home.

Roke did not speak. Through his dizzy brain raced the thought:

"A pint of gas. . . . A pint of gas! A flawless plan wrecked, a sentence in jail-the end of all the world for me! Three cents' worth of gasoline to smash a man's life! Three cents!"

"I was suffering a good bit, from that tap over the head, when I came to," on Clive to unhearing ears. "But I had sense enough to see the gas-switch was turned on. And I can swear I had turned it off. I saw the garage door was shut. And it had been open. It got me to thinking why you should have tried such a thing. And I went over to the borough hall, and through the books there. It took me most of the night. But I got what I went for. I got enough for the warrant Chief McCabe is waiting so courteously to read to you."

He paused. The chief stepped for-Roke lifted his heavy head; and his cracked lips parted in the words: "Three cents!"

HEART OF PITT (Continued from page 89)

ure under the heavy pack opening the trail ahead of her, and her own feet trod out the hopeless requiem of her heart-"Moise, Moise, Moise."

She had quite lost, by now, a certain wild hope that at first had lain in her heart like a spark in the bush, ready to burn. The great silence, the pressing monotony, the unending toil, were dulling her a little; she was almost forgetting that life had ever held anything but this weary following at the heels of Silvain along the way he chose for her-that life ever would hold anything else. So she was astonished and stared at him, when he came to her one evening and looking into her eyes, said: "There is a man behind us on the trail."

"What then, M'sieur Silvain?" she an-

"He travels fast. I think he is trying to overtake us.

A flush ran over her brown face; her eyes gleamed, and like a fierce spirit of the woods, she sprang to her feet. She was remembering now-remembering to

"I think it is my half-brother, Telephore Savard, from the Maurice," she

"What then, M'dame Modeste?" His voice stung her like a lash. he had not been so far away, I should not be here with you now, Silvain.

Maybe so, maybe not And then?" "He was not there, but I left a message for him. It is possible that I shall not be here with you much longer, Silvain."

"Then you will be a widow, Modeste." She laughed at that. Next morning he was very slow in striking camp; he dawdled here and there, singing to him-self. When, with angry haste, she had done her share of the work, he was still under the trees mending his larrigans. She went to him, finally, saying: "Why do you wait?"

This poor Telephore! He must have run after us all the way. It is a pity if he strains himself. You who give so much pity, must know that. Bien!

We will wait here for the good Telephore."

They waited, unendurably. A terror for which she had no name was added to the store within her. At last she rose and went to Silvain again. She took his gun and laid it across his knees. He looked up at her with a curious, still inquiry; in that strange gaze, she seemed to see him. in reality, for the first time. She heard her own voice, a long way off, saying: "You had better take this. My halfbrother, he is a fierce man, a strong He shoots quick. He fires man. . . . from the hip."

He took the gun without a word and leaned it against the tree behind him. They waited again.

At last, and abruptly, a twig cracked in the woods. She heard a footstep on the trail. There was a mist before her eyes; she was very still and cold. Silvain stayed as he was; he did not even lift his eyes from the waxed thread.

Her half-brother drove out of the woods suddenly like a charging moose. A strong man and an angry, Telephore Savard! And he was trail-worn, hard as leather, and with a fierce, sanguine face. He gave one glance at her, then drove on to the very feet of the man who sat at the foot of the tree, bringing up there with a grunt. His gun was at his shoulder. He choked for breath.

"You! You robber of women, you priest-cheater, you, Silvain Robitois!"
"C'est moi, Telephore Savard."
"You!" the red man raved thickly.

"You! You are a wolf of the woods. You are no Canadien; you are Metis, Malicete, Abenaki—what do I know? But the girl there, my sister, goes back with me."

"She is my wife, Telephore."

"She shall not be wife to any Indian of the woods, dog-eater!"

With one movement Silvain rose lithely to his feet. He was smiling. He said softly: "Put down your gun, Telephore. Mine is behind me." Telephore swore and tossed his gun upon the moss.

pieces of spruce-bark and nailed them to the trunk in the shape of a cross; for long he knelt before this cross. IT had grown colder, and the days were much shorter now. The woods had become very thin and poor. They were journeying along the great rim of the

caribou-moss; it ran like a sea to the horizon, lovely in the last of the autumn colors-milk-white, emerald, heather-purple, with the leaves of the Labrador tea and the blueberry rising here and there among it like flame; and Silvain must think of those leaves in Modeste's black hair, and dream of placing them there—he who had never so much as touched her save for that cold, grave kiss twice daily, when her eyes froze him and her cheek was cool as a flower.

As for her, she thought only of Moise. If they failed to save him, shame would kill her too-shame that a good man had gone to his death for the sake of money that was to have been spent for gifts to soften her heart. Well, it was soft enough now. She thought it was breaking as she watched that strong fig-

George Marsh

Again it is desired to call your attention to the name of a new novelist whose latest work will begin in the next issue, with magnificent illustra-tions by Frank Schoonover. It is a tale that will take you into the white waters of the North; and reading it will be almost equal to a summer vacation in the great North Woods.

What one of Society's twelve most beautiful women says about the care of the skin

"The woman who achieves loveliness must be exquisite at all times. Her skin should be so perfectly cared for that every situation finds it the samemooth and transparently clear—unlined by fatigue, showing no trace of exposure. And this I believe any woman can accomplish with the careful use of Pond's Two Creams. The skin responds instantly to their delicious texture and fragrance."

Palia Budle Jule_

OF COURSE if one did nothing but recline pon a chaise longue in a foam of Venise lace and chiffon, such terms as fatigue and exposure would be unknown.

But the woman who is active in society leads a life that is as active and vigorous and often more wearing than that of the housewife or professional woman. Moreover she is invariably an enthusiastic sportswoman and a strenuous day of skating, riding, or golf is often followed by a night of dancing.

But sports and late hours combine in an insidious attack upon woman's dearest possession—her complexion.

For wind and sun are bound to dry and coarsen the skin and post-midnight dancing will show next morning in faint lines of fatigue.

But—"exquisite at all times" is the society woman's code, as Mrs. Biddle Duke says. And exquisite at all times she is. For long ago she discovered a sure and simple method of skin care that keeps her skin as clear and fresh and delicate as society has always demanded.

Exquisite women use this Method

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing—is a deliciously soft pure cream that not only cleanses the skin thoroughly, but restores its natural satin suppleness. Dip your fingers into its fragrant softness and rub an ample amount on your face and neck. The fine oil in it sinks deep into the pores to dislodge all of the dirt, excess natural oil, and powder that invisibly clog those tiny cells. Now wipe it off with a soft cloth and don't be ashamed if the

cloth is black. Do this twice. How clean your skin is, how soft and velvety and above all how fine! That is because the tiny pores now have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is now smoothed on. This light delicate cream is used after every skin cleansing, leaving a new fresh loveliness that prepares your skin perfectly for the necessary finish of powder. Smooth on only a little.



From a portrait by Neysa McMein

MRS. BIDDLE DUKE

As Miss Cordelia Biddle of Philadelphia, young Mrs. Duke began her social life against the brilliant background of one of America's most exclusive families. She is one of the most prominent and most admired of the younger women of society. Her captivating personality is coupled with a beauty that made Neysa McMein choose her as one of the twelve most beautiful women in America.

There's a *pearly* glow to your whole face—and how extraordinarily young you're looking! The powder will go on more smoothly than ever and will last almost indefinitely.

Remember, that transparent clearness for which the fashionable woman is distinguished is the result of daily care. Begin this method at once, the method that the younger women in society depend on, and you will

see the same loveliness reflected in your own mirror. Pond's Two Creams may be had at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Company.

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Modeste, leaning against a birch-tree, raised her hands to her throat. There were no more words. Each man stood silent, facing the other. A little flicker, like that of a flame in the wind, ran through them; like flames, they seemed to draw nearer and nearer; like meeting,

leaping flames, they closed. They remained so, rigid and locked, while Modeste might have counted a dozen of the heavy heartbeats that were choking her; their feet shifted as one strove for a hold-thought hardly translated to briefest action before the other met and checked it. With an effect of infinite leisure, she could study Silvain's face, clear-cut against the dark spruce. The smile was on it still, but the eyes were hard as gems. Then the face vanished, the group split into a furious struggle of limb against limb. Telephore broke free. Silvain, flashing in upon him, was met by a blow that flung him back, reeling. Modeste shut her eyes; for the fist had struck and left its red token just where her lips had touched, each night and morning, in that exacted kiss. She caught at her sense of reality, for in that instant she felt that it was she who had set the wound there.

When she opened her eyes, both men were rolling on the moss. She had seen fighting, this girl of the forest-people, but never such fighting as this. She sank slowly to her knees under the naked birch. She prayed, but did not know for whom or for what she prayed. The words came in broken breaths: "Notre Dame de Misericorde, aid me! Sacred Heart of Pity, help us." She felt no more than a straw caught in the whirl of unleashed passion, she who had had no more than a pitying regret for the men who had

loved her.

She did not know how long it lasted, any more than she knew that the end had never been for a moment in doubt. A strong man and a fierce fighter, Telephore Savard. But he was not Silvain-Silvain, of whose feats on the log-jam, in the run, on the dancing-floor, the half-breed girls sing in all the coast villages as they weave the babiches for the snowshoes or work the deerskin soft. She only knew a flash of steel, an angry laugh from Silvain, the thud of merciless blows that turned her sick. Then there was Telephore flat on the moss, and Silvain kneeling over him, wresting a knife from his clutch.

A great silence seemed to fall-on the men who had fought, on Modeste, on all the world. Silvain rose slowly, balancing the knife on his palm. He looked down at Telephore. Telephore, sobbing for breath, rolled over slowly and hid his face

in the moss.

Presently Silvain spoke. "You are a beaten man, Telephore Savard." And Telephore answered him in a voice as hollow as an echo: "I am a beaten man."

Arthur Somers Roche

is one of the most popular short-story writers in America. And he knows the motion pictures from test shots to the cutting-room. His talent and knowledge are happily combined in a story scheduled for an early issue.

"You are a shamed man, Telephore Savard.'

"I am-a man ashamed, that I drew a knife on you, Silvain Robitois."

"Therefore you will not hinder me any more, Telephore. You will leave me to go on my way to the Nunsiack, as I see fit, with this woman who is my wife. And you will go your way, and there will no more be any of this trouble between us. Is it agreed?"

"It is agreed, Silvain Robitois." "Then take back your knife, Telephore

Savard."

Then Modeste would have cried out, for Silvain raised the knife and poised it as though to send it through the torn and heaving back beneath him. But it flashed and buried itself in the earth.

Silvain turned and came to her and pulled her to her feet. "Come," he said, and she stood trembling. He helped her to adjust her pack, shouldered his own, and they went away through the sprucewood, leaving Telephore where he lay.

Life was a dream thereafter: she had no longer any hope; and always between her heart and the thought of Moise, swam the memory of a face, laughing, with a red stain where she had set her lips.

T was perhaps an hour before she found herself overtaking him.

She slackened speed; but again it happened, and again. Then, soft-footed on the moss, she drew up with him. heard him, in that still dream, speak her name. She said: "What hast thou, Silvain?"

He turned his face slowly; it was pale; there was a gray shade round the lips that had laughed at her. He was rocking under the pack. It seemed only the last strength of the soul that held him erect. He said abruptly: "Turn back!"

"I do not understand."

"Turn back. Follow Telephore. He will—take you home—"

"But-me, I was to go with you to the Nunsiack."

"We do not go to the Nunsiack. Ihave shame, for I have promised a thing I cannot do. That has never happened before."

"Where do-you-go?"

She did not know her own whisper, strange, shaken. His eyes never left her face as he said: "I go-much farther." Then, piteously, like a child: "This pack, Modeste-it is so heavy-" And she saw, beneath the pack, a wet, dark stain that spread and spread.

She set her strength to the pack, tore the straps free-would have held him, but that he slipped from her hands like water and crumpled at her feet. She heard herself cry out, wildly: "For the pity of God, do not leave me alone here!" She bent over him. He fought her off, thrust her back, crying to her to go-to go quickly-to follow Telephore. And that thought of her safety was his last. seemed no more than a dead face that she looked down upon.

She was free now. She had only to go. She had only to leave him, to go back along the trail to Telephore, whose work this was. Only to go!

She lifted her head, and her cry rang shrill and wild over the great barren, as if it would pierce to the mouth of the

Nunsiack where another man was in peril for her sake: "Moise, Moise, Moise!" In it were renunciation, despair, and some passion of strife that touched it with a splendor like the splendor of the empty wilderness. She looked down at Silvain where he lay like a log, staining the moss. She said, the faintest whisper of wonder following that cry: "I cannot go! He—holds me—fast." Then she stooped, moaning, and drew the dark head to her knees.

Telephore's knife had gone deep, and Silvain had lost much blood, but the wound was not a mortal one. She brought water from a pool in the moss, washed it, bound it up with moss and strips torn from her own garments. All the while Silvain lay senseless, his strength, his cunning, his infinite power of patience no longer at his command. In the thought was such desolation as, for all her griefs, she had never known. Dashing the tears from her eyes, she went and opened the packs, and gathered dry sticks to light a are where he lay. Returning, she found his eyes open, gazing at her with wonder, and from an infinite distance.

"You-did not-go?"

She had to stoop to catch the whisper She knelt beside him, and they looked into each others' eyes. Very low she into each others' eyes. said: "I-could not."

"And me! I am a man who—cannot keep his word, seest thou? I cannot hold to my part of the—bargain. It is I who am—beaten. You are here alone in the barrens—and I cannot take care of you. . . . Go, run after Telephore, Modeste! He will—take you to Moise, to the mission at Nunsiack. Will you let Moise die?"

She raised her stained fingers in his sight. "Shall I have the blood of two men on my hands?" she asked.

AFTER a long silence he turned a little where he lay, and touched with his lips the rough homespun of her skirt. There were tears in his eyes. He whispered again: "Why did you stay?"

"It was—in my heart—to have—pity for you, Silvain. We—suffer for each

other."

She spoke the great truth as one in a dream, gazing with unseeing eyes at the wilderness outspread beyond the thin stems of spruce and aspen. The panting voice at her feet went on:

"Oh, my Modeste! Oh, my Modeste! It may be that we shall die here together.

"Together? Bien, M'sieur Silvain!"
"Modeste—"

She stood above him, gazing at the miracle. For the wilderness, before her eyes, was blossoming. The vast sky was but a kind rooftree above her head; the blank bare hills were walls that protectingly inclosed her and her beloved: the lonely fire beside her was a fire upon their hearth. She sat beside him, and drew him to her so that he rested his weakness upon her strength. He said faintly, brokenly, from that refuge: "O heart of pity! I hear it beating."

She raised her eyes to the sky. seemed to her that they were housed in some vast Heart, some infinite Compassion wherein they were protected, shel-

tered, happy.



Consider Fels-Naptha! Carefully packed in a convenient ten-bar carton. Its neat and trim wrapper covers a clean-cut bar, uniform in its beautiful golden color. You just feel by its looks that Fels-Naptha is more than soap, and able to do more. And it is!

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It is easy to get clothes clean with Fels-Naptha. Wet the clothes, soap them, roll up, soak half an hour or longer, rub the extra-soiled parts, then rinse. Whether you boil clothes or not is a matter of your own choice. Fels-Naptha makes clothes thoroughly clean in water of any temperature.

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Write to the American Distributors for the Special Set-enclose 25c R. E. McCAFFERTY & SONS 11th Suite, 31 Union Square, New York





"Heart of love, Silvain," she answered, and closed his eyes with her lips.

So they came home. And of how Modeste nursed Silvain in their camp upon the barrens, and shot and trapped and cooked for him; and of how some miners prospecting along the Nunsiack found them at the beginning of the Great Cold, and brought them out in safety; and of how the man at the mouth of the Nunsiack was rescued, and it was not Moise after all; and of how Moise came home safe, he and his schooner from Miquelon. in time to dance very viole-heartedly at the delayed wedding fe. wities of M'sieur and M'dame Robitois-all these things you may hear in any of the villages be-tween Pont-du-Pays and St. Jean-de-Kilkenny. And men, in time to come, may hear of the beauty of Modeste and the strength of Silvain; but only you have heard how they came to win each other.

RICH WHITE TRASH

(Continued from page 40)

"So you don't like rich women?"
"Some rich women," he countered. "Some rich women," he countered. There are rich women who are the best buyers in the world. Know what they want—get a good article and pay a proper They know what the price ought to be, just as all the good shoppers dorich or poor. I suppose it's because they have a conscience about spending money properly. And that's what stores such as this like to see-money spent properly.

"You must write the advertisements for Mardel's," said Georgia, laughing a little. She didn't like the subject so much, now. She thought of the endless hours when she and her mother had hunted around in shops, comparing, discussing prices, not from motives of economy, but with an instinct for playing, and the desire to use up the hours that somehow had to be used up. She knew of dresses hanging in her closet which she had paid extravagant prices for and never worn, because when she got them home she didn't like them.

She meditated these things, stirring her iced tea with its long spoon, and knew subconsciously how pretty she looked. She was in black and white today, and her tan gold hair and smooth skin were exquisitely in order. Bob Gardner, who had remembered her as "the pretty girl in gray," and wondered more or less about her and tried in vain to find out something about her since he had sold her the suitcase, watched her admiringly. She had been far along with her luncheon when he had joined her, and there was no real excuse for her lingering. She looked

at her platinum wrist-watch.
"I'll have to hurry," she said.
"Bridge or matinée?" he asked.

She knew it was impudence, but he was none the less the kind of young man who "got away with" impudence. And many a man in second conversation had said more personal things to her. Nevertheless she took it as necessary to snub him, and for some undefined reason, possibly because of that analysis of shopping women, she also found it necessary to lie forthright-with a lie which she never had dreamed of as coming from her lips. "Oh, neither," she said loftily. "I

work."

"You do?" He was plainly surprised. "What's your line?"

Earn my living," she answered briefly. "I do beg your pardon," he said. have an awful nerve. But honestly, I was surprised. You look so—so decorative-that it never occurred to me."

She laughed.

"Think less of me because I work?" He became immensely serious. "I should say I don't. I'm-why, I'm actually relieved. If there's one lot of

girls and women that I can't stand, it's the rich white trash."

"The what?"

"It's a name a friend of mine gave to them. He was from the South. You know what poor white trash means-idle whites whom even the colored people look down on-no ambition to them. This friend of mine-vou must meet him when he's here sometime-used to say that laziness was the most noticeable thing about them, and he says that there's only one more deadly group—the rich white trash who haven't even poverty to excuse their laziness. You know the kind of peoplerich people who have only money, not any real social obligations or anythingjust parasites-overfed till they're as dull as if they had hookworm as the poor white trash have. Don't you think it characterizes a lot of people—apart-ment dwellers, especially?"

I live in an apartment," said Georgia. "Oh, well, you know you're different. You work. I like the idea of girls working, no matter how much money they have." He'd noticed the wrist-watch. Besides, it occurred to him that she wasn't a poor working girl, or she wouldn't just casually buy a sixty-three-dollar suitcase. A girl with spirit-that's what she was.

Georgia's mouth felt a little queer and stiff, and it was hard to answer his question as she got up to go, and he rose, leaning toward her.

Will you think me impossibly fresh if I ask permission to come to see you?' Several men had asked Georgia fresher things-even assumed that they might

kiss her on equally slight acquaintance. She had suddenly a vision of the apartment at the Antoinette.

You wouldn't like my mother's apartment," she said; "it's what you've been talking about. No."

"Then let me call for you and take you out to dinner-some place where we can talk. How about Thursday at seven?"

OUTSIDE the store, she walked rapidly away as if fearing that he might be watching. She walked aimlessly in directions she had never before taken, out of the shopping district, past rows of warehouses, into a street of tawdry shops, into another of bleak houses. wanted to think. She felt suddenly and outrageously brought face to face with her own situation, and it offered nothing at all. All the money that her father had settled on her and her mother couldn't help her. Rich white trash! That was what they were, she and her mother. Nobody respected them, not the people of the Rosemary Robins kind of life, nor the people who worked, nor even

The Simple Art of Getting Well and Keeping Well

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are

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"I Am office manager for a large mercantile corporation. Two years ago I began to develop 'nerves,' stomach trouble, insomnia, and worst of all to me, an Irritable disposition towards those under me. Chatting with a friend I apoke of always feeling so rotten that life was hardly worth living. My friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast, attributing his own excellent health to its daily use. At the end of a week I was eating it with a relish, and feeling a great deal improved. Now a day never passes that I don't eat at least three cakes—using them as a between-meal snack—with the result that I am in the best of health with an eager zest for my work."

(Extract from letter of Mr. G. A. Dempsey of Winnipeg, Canada)

"I WATCHED her crumble the crisp cake into the milk. We drifted into conversation. She sang of the magic of Fleischmann's Yeast. Many months before, her doctor had recommended it and she confessed she owed the clearness of her complexion to its use.

"I was persuaded to try the yeast in milk, and prepared to swallow an obnoxious dose. I was pleasantly surprised. It proved a delightfully palatable drink.

"Fleischmann's Yeast waged a successful battle against the canker sores, dried up the existing ones and cured the stomach condition which was causing them. I faced my winter's work with enthusiasm, and came through triumphant."

(Extract fron: 2 letter of Miss Grace S. Baumann of Philadelphia)



"Five years ago I had a serious breakdown due to strengular food, loss of sleep, etc. I was a physical and nervous wreck. Then I saw Fleischmann's Yeast cakes advertised for loss of strength and energy and decided to try them. I started with four a day taken regularly with my meals. I liked the taste. In a short time my headaches disappeared, I sleep better, my bowels functioned regularly, my flesh took on a healthy appearance. In a few months I felt like a new woman."

(A letter from Mrs. Edith Beamer of





I knew my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopey. 'I like what yeast does for me', said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I acted on this suggestion and began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."

(A letter from Mrs. Mabelle Conomikes of Marathon, N. Y.)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain. Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All gro-

cers have it. Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in your ice box as well as in the grocer's. Write for further information or let us send you free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for

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HOTEL ROCHESTER, Rochester, N. Y.
THE ROBERT TREAT, Newark, N. J.
THE STACY-TRENT, Trenton, N. J.
THE STACY-TRENT, Trenton, N. J.
THE PENN-HARRIS, Harrisburg, Pa.
THE LAWRENCE, Erie, Pa.
THE PORTAGE, Akron, O.
THE DURANT, Flint, Mich.
THE MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL,
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the tradespeople they were always handing out money to. Poor white trash—that the negroes looked down on because of their laziness, their incompetence. Rich white trash—most of the Antoinette dwellers were that—content with themselves and their indolence. That awful contentment was the worst of it!

She did not realize that she had definitely emerged from the group in shaking off the contentment herself, that her dissatisfaction was her guarantee of safety from the hookworm of the aimless rich. She wandered into a park and sat down on a bench to work out her problems. She had to go to work. But at what, and what excuse would she give? Or if she didn't give any excuse at all, and just went looking for a job, what could she find? She wasn't trained for anything except to spend money, and she didn't do that well. Spend money and plan her clothes! She wasn't talented, and it would take years to become even a competent stenographer. She couldn't go to work in a store—there'd be an awful row. But if that man was coming for her on Thursday to take her to dinner, then by Thursday she meant to be working. She'd be as good as her lie. Her face grew

AFTER an hour Georgia found a taxi at the side of the park and gave an address. The cab stopped before a shop which bore the simple lettering "Madame Irene" on its windows. Madame Irene herself, who was an efficient American business-woman, met Georgia within and said effusively that she had some things she wanted to show her—that she had been hoping Miss Collingwood would come in.

come in.

"Yes," said Georgia, "I'd like to see them sometime. Not now. Madame Irene, you've said hundreds of times that I could design clothes and hats better than anyone in your shop. Was that talk, or will you give me a job?"

Madame Irene looked at her sharply.
"It is tedious," she said, "and offers little money for one who needs so much."

"I'm not thinking about the money," said Georgia—at which Madame Irene heaved a sigh of relief. In these days so many a supposedly rich customer became unable to pay her account promptly. But this girl had only a whim. There was even a chance that she might be useful and one need pay her very little. She smiled agreeably.

So it was that Georgia became installed before Thursday at Madame Irene's, and to the surprise of the girls in the work-room and of Madame Irene, she was useful. She was also disconcerting to Madame Irene, because she found out what the rest of the workers earned and insisted on as much for herself. Thus began the era of work and of Bob Gardner—three happy, closely woven weeks of work and play. Georgia discovered what fun a girl can have with a man who has no desire continually to "neck." a rather overearnest young man at times, who talked largely about one's duty to the world, but who leavened that by his gay self. He stressed his belief in work, in simple being. He and Georgia met no one else. They were sufficient to themselves in their walks and talks together.

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A wonderful tire to ride; a wonderful tire to drive. Its comfort is a luxury. Greater air space—with the air under lower pressure—smooths out all types of roads. The life of a car is greatly prolonged because of the reduced shocks and jars to the chassis. Safety is multiplied and skidding is practically eliminated.

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VERY PLACE AND PURSE

·Mrs. Collingwood didn't like it, exactly. She knew what Georgia was doing, and while she realized that it was only what lots of girls did in motion pictures, that thing that was called "living your own life," still, she was anxious that Georgia should remember that the young man was only a floorwalker in Mardel's, and that she shouldn't "demean" herself. Georgia listened and was noncommittal, and Mrs. Collingwood returned to her bridge and her diet luncheons and her contentment. She and her friends talked increasingly of the wedding of Rosemary Robins.

was so interesting. Georgia found much of Rosemary Robins' trousseau in the workroom of Madame Irene. Oddly, it was Georgia who arranged the panel on the back of the wedding-dress, when it was sent back for redraping, assisting the forewoman and Madame Irene herself. They knew already that she had a magic touch and let her use it. The sight of all those lovely garments made Georgia sometimes a little rueful. But she did not sink into depression because of them. It was too much fun to finish a busy day's work and meet Bob Gardner for dinner somewhere. One couldn't stop to mope over the fact that Rosemary Robins had everything. Because, after all, Georgia didn't think that she had.

Still, on the day before the wedding, she decided she would like to go out of town for the next evening. She was sick of hearing talk of it, and Bob hadn't been around much all that week. He hadn't sought her out, and while she supposed they were busy at the store,-it was inventory time,-still, she wondered. she called him up for the first time. Bob had done the telephoning until now.

It was easy enough when she heard his voice, to say gayly:

"I thought you were dead. How about tonight?

"I'm awfully sorry, Georgia. I've an engagement that I just can't break.'

She laughed, in a mood to be generous. "Oh, well, some other time. Maybe tomorrow, if you're not busy, come up-"But Georgia, I'm tied up tomorrow night too. If I could break the dates— but I can't. I'll tell you what it is—"

"Heavens, don't bother," broke in Georgia. "You don't have to give me an account of vourself-

The night after?"

"Sorry," answered Georgia, "I'm tied up myself. Some other time. Good-by." She was hot and flushed as she left the telephone. He must think a lot of her not to be able to break an engagement for her! Why had she called him up and made a fool of herself?

HE day passed stupidly. She sat at home in the Antoinette that evening, and somehow her mind fled to the Robins bridal dinner. She wished she could keep her mind off it; it was so cheap to think of it. But she thought none the less of Rosemary Robins in that pink georgette that Madame Irene had constructed as if it were a slim cloud.

For the first time, next morning, Georgia went to work with only one string to her bow—the work itself. She wasn't going to see Bob all day, and she

knew it. Maybe she'd never see him again. Maybe he was dropping her. Well-she could work, anyway.

The girls in the workroom chatted of the Robins-Bowman wedding. There were fifty thousand dollars' worth of wedding presents-there were seventy dozen Venetian glass tumblers. Only Georgia did not exclaim or gossip. She held her tongue, but not with the intolerance that she had once felt when her mother's friends gossiped. This wedding was like the wedding of the fairy princess, to most of these girls. Strangely enough, too, they had all heard something of Rosemary Robins' self-that she was personally attractive, that people loved her. Many of them intended to walk past the church and the house that night, and catch glimpses of the festivity. Georgia recalled that she had also heard Mrs. Wilson say to her mother: "We'll drive up and down in front of the house and see what we can see." She longed terribly to be off in the country with Bob, as she had planned, eating at some little country inn and coming back in the late evening.

The day ended, and the evening passed somehow. Georgia went to bed before her mother came in. In the morning she was up early, a little hollow-eyed, and eating breakfast at the new hour she had set for herself-seven-thirty. She turned the newspaper pages until she came to the society columns. She wanted to see what they said about the wedding-dress and the panel she had draped. It was described in detail. Georgia's eye, alight with pride of profession, read on—and stopped. The ushers were "—and Robert Gardner of this city." Robert Gardner of this city! It couldn't be Bob, and yet it did explain such a lot! His preoccupation this week-the engagements which were unbreakable—last night and the night before—it was, of course. How beastly of him not to tell her that he ran around with that crowd! How stupid -how nervy to imagine that he could pick her up when he wasn't playing with his own friends! He knew all those people and never mentioned it. Well, she'd show him. She hoped he'd give her just one chance to snub him. Fiercely she thought of what stinging remarks she could make, and on that high tide she went to work

It was midmorning when Madame Irene sent for her.

"Miss Collingwood," said that suave modiste, "you are a rich young lady. But you are also a very clever young You have only been here a month, and already I can see what you can do. You need to learn a great deal, it is true. But you have much ability and you will learn quickly. Now I-times are hard: I need extra capital to extend my business. I wish to use one more floor and arrange for new decorations. If you could find that money for me, and you would also care to enter my business as a stockholder as well as assistant, together we could go far."

Georgia looked her up and down. She liked Madame Irene, but she knew she was an extremely good business-woman.

"I'll need advice," she said frankly.
"Of course, I have some money; but many things would have to be worked







The story of two men

who started side by side

THEY CAME UP thru the public schools together and started work in the same office at a few dollars a week. Those were joyous, care-free days. They lunched at cheap restaurants; they saved enough for a ball game Saturday afternoon or the theatre Saturday night. The years stretched out far ahead. Without thinking very definitely about the future, they knew that sometime "things would break" if only they did their work and kept their health.

So for three years they moved along evenly, receiving petty salary increases and enjoying the thrill of the new game. They met two young women and became engaged.

Then, along in their fourth business year, there came a change. One said: "After all, this business game is pretty tough. It's a fight. I wonder what I can do about it."

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was conscious immediately that a new, fresh force was at work for his business and financial progress.

He talked to his friend about it, and the friend was interested. "Probably a good thing," he said, in his easy-going way. But the matter never went further, and gradually the two found that their interests were diverging. Both were working harder than ever. But one was thinking; and in the office the executives watched them both and saw that one of them did think.

So one man began to forge ahead

Ten years passed, and somewhat to their surprise they found themselves at the threshold of middle age. One of them has arrived. He has experienced the big satisfaction of succeeding while he is still young. The other still works and wonders, and does not quite understand.

Ten years look long, but they pass with almost unbelievable rapidity. Will you, in justice to yourself, spend fifteen minutes with the question: "Where will I be in business ten years from now?" May we send you a little book called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"—an interesting book of facts and letters?

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Made exclusively by the Warner Brothers Company, originators of WRAP-AROUND (trademark) and Conselettif (trademark). 347 Madison Ave., New York: 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco; 356 St. Antoine St., Montreal "Bentley and Davis are my lawyers." Irene mentioned the name of the most substantial firm in the city. "Let us talk further and then see Mr. Bentley. This business has made money for me," she added, which was a tremendous concession of confidence from Madame Irene.

GEORGIA was glad that her father had seen that she had her own money before he closed things up some fourteen years ago. If she wanted, she could do this. No more idle days-money working for her, and the chance to be of real For when she got into Madame Irene's firm, there would be changes in the workroom. Some of that money could make the workroom pleasanter. Perhaps the girls could get a little larger share in designing as well as working out designs, if they showed talent. In a month Georgia had learned a great deal. This was the biggest lesson yet—that her money was something that could be used for other purposes than personal spending.

She turned to Madame Irene.
"I think we can make a bargain," she said. "Come up to the Antoinette tonight."

So it chanced that when Bob called up that night, she could transmit a bona fide excuse that she was busy and could not answer the telephone.

"Merchandising, as he calls it," she thought sharply. "I'll show him that I can do a little of that myself. Wait until I'm in a firm!"

She was obdurate. He telephoned again and again, and she was always busy. She knew that the social calendar was light since the Robins wedding. He had time now to play with her again. Well. he couldn't. Probably going around in that set, making jokes about the girl he knew who was "rich white trash." But as she mentally stormed at him, she ached, and knew that she ached. After a month even Mrs. Collingwood protested. Georgia was doing too much. She was working too hard. Madame Irene saw it too, and suggested a trip to New York for them both. They could see what people were wearing.

One day a fortnight later, a cross-looking young man, on his way to New York on business, stumbled over a brown alligator suitcase, a very fine one indeed, in the Pullman vestibule. The porter had set it by itself with some reverence. The young man looked down at it, and it seemed to awaken a train of thought in him. He passed and then came back, turning the case surreptitiously over to find initials. There in neat unostentatious gold letters they were—G. C. The young man smiled and retreated. The first stop of the train would be in Chicago, ten hours later. He went to the smoking-room.

THE train slipped out of the station. Mrs. Collingwood, with a little sigh, sank back in the new electric car she had seen fit to buy. Georgia was getting really wonderful, but it was nice to ease off, not to be forced even to witness so much ambition. Madame Irene would take care of Georgia, and the bridge club would meet tonight in the Collingwood apartment.

Georgia was all in brown, as she had

planned when she bought the case. Her tiny hat of brown coque feathers swirled away from her face. Brown suede slippers were crossed beneath her cape bordered with kolinsky. Many a man passing the compartment door looked in with interest at the girl who paid no attention to any of them, but talked so competently and interestedly to the good-looking woman in black with her.

Bob Gardner did more than look with interest. He tapped on the door of the compartment, and the two women looked up. Georgia's color left her and came again as she introduced him, and he sat down with his accustomed easy manner. He talked to Madame Irene. She told him, for Madame Irene was an easily opened social register, that she had known his mother well. "All her hats," she sighed, "came from me."

She must be dead, thought Georgia, but Bob answered:

"Maybe some day, soon, she can afford to come back to you, Madame Irene. We've been pretty poor since Father died, and I've been working in Mardel's—working hard and up. But some day soon I'll bring Mother in and buy her a bonnet or something."

His eyes sought Georgia, and she looked out of the window. Madame Irene sighed again.

"I saw a friend in a rear car," she said simply, and left them, reflecting that after all, everything was safe. Georgia had bought into the firm and she could in any event be relied upon to act in some advisory way, to stimulate business. There would be a wedding-dress too—a trous-

"Money and talent," thought Madame Irene. "I can use them both."

BOB GARDNER thought of neither of these attributes.

"Why have you been so rotten to me?" he began.

Georgia, looking out of the window, wondered vaguely why she had! "Oh, you run around in a different set,"

"Oh, you run around in a different set," she said. "I didn't know it. You belong to that crowd—"

"But I don't. I haven't even seen them since my father died. I'd cut out all that. I was sick of it, and I couldn't have afforded it, even if I'd wanted to—"

"The Robins wedding—biggest thing in

"Oh, Rosemary's my cousin. I couldn't help that. She'd made me promise I'd be one of her ushers. Long ago! I didn't go to a thing until that last week, and then I hated everything because you weren't there. I've talked about you to Rosemary till I've nearly busted her eardrums. Told her how you worked when you didn't have to—or anything. I rubbed you in to a lot of those girls that never do anything. Rosemary's crazy to meet you when she comes back."

"I thought—" said Georgia, and decided not to finish. "Don't you really think I'm just rich white trash? Because I'm not any more. I've an interest in Irene's, and—"

"What are you talking about?" marveled Bob. "Well, it doesn't matter. When I saw that brown suitcase, I wanted to hug it Everything's all right. isn't it?"

Georgia Collingwood nodded.





The young bride waved ber bandkerchief as the car drew away from the host of well-wishing friends.

"Stop waving, dar-ig," said the happiest ling," man in the world. "I want to look at you— you never seemed so beautiful as you do right now!"

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By MME. JEANNETTE

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HIS MAJESTY THE SHRIMP

(Continued from page 79)

little ball beneath him, which bit when the biting was good, and shricked his excitement in the meanwhile. Mr. Bain-bridge blinked. Then the whole world turned red. It was Margaret's dog, Margaret Lannington's Lord Conqueror! Mr. Bainbridge moved as if he were propelled by a catapult. Before he realized it, he was shaking a fist in the face of the redfeatured Mason.

"Take that big dog off!" he shouted. "Go t'ell!" bellowed the other man. "Aint got no right in this alley. Sic 'im,

Chaw him up!" Tige!

But just then Mr. Bainbridge did a most surprising thing. He launched a kick, a real, muscle-propelled kick that sent the vellow Tige half under the fence, the Shrimp hanging on to one leg. At almost the same instant he received a wallop in the stomach from the pugnacious Mr. Mason.

"Don't you kick my dog!"

"Then don't you set your dog on my Mr. Bainbridge was talking too fast to realize that it wasn't his canine. "Don't you-

Whereupon, while the world swam round about him, he clipped the grouchy gardener on the chin, and the fight was

The dogs ceased their struggle-in a way dogs have. But not the men! Now the suddenly energetic Mr. Bainbridge, just having received a wonderful left jab in his right eye, unfolded himself to his real ability, and glanced in somewhat spasmodic fashion to where the carmine was beginning to flow from his adversary's nose. More people ran across the street. Some even came from as far away as the post-office corner. Neither contestant noticed it. The battling Mr. Mason moved again for the stomach, only to be halted by a haymaker which swung him about, reeled him to the fence, then took him off balance, while the outraged Mr. Bainbridge swooped upward, adopted a hugging posture, came down again and ended astride of Mr. Mason, with both fists working in unison. Some one in the crowd yelled encouragement. Mr. Bainbridge appeared to be deaf. All in an instant he was making up for everything that had circumscribed his lifethe drab disappointments, the unfulfilled hopes, the years of waiting and deference, the while others shoved him aside and took what they wanted. His arms churned; his fists fairly bounced again and again from that sunset nose. A squawking noise arose from its vicinity.

"Take 'im off-take 'im off! "Hit him again!" came from the crowd. There were others, evidently, who had suffered from the grouchy Mr. Mason. Mr. Bainbridge obliged.

A flail-like arm, waving from the figure

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

has achieved a magnificent success with her stories. Those who recall the ones by her recently published in this magazine will rejoice to know there's another forthcoming-a most original story of Southern California.

beneath him, swung clear and once more found that eye-swelling it suddenly and beautifully. Mr. Bainbridge didn't even notice the pain. The blows struck him, ear and cheek and eye-but they only made him punch the harder. Then gradually they ceased, to give way to mere pushings, while again there came that pleading voice:

'Lemme up. For Gossakes, lemme up!

Don't beat a man to death!

"Got enough?" Mr. Bainbridge growled it through clenched teeth.

'Yes-lemme up-

"Here-boys, boys!" A new voice had intervened, as a man with a heavy stick and a brown derby broke through the ring of spectators. "Here, here—can't have this!

MR. BAINBRIDGE felt himself raised by a yank at his coat-collar. A moment later, both belligerents faced the town constable, the once pugnacious Mr. Mason wiping cautiously at a blooming red cabbage, Mr. Bainbridge touching his fingers gingerly to what felt strangely like a newly inflated balloon. In the background a Boston bull cocked his head and ceased the excited barking which he had kept up from the beginning of the fray. Then with a sudden inspiration he turned and hurried down the alley to where the butcher-boy was just emerging from the back door of the Bon Ton Market. A vellow dog started from the Mason veranda in threatening fashion. Mr. Bainbridge swung an arm.

r. Bainbridge swung an ""
"Get that dog back there!"
"G'wan back, Tige!" ordered a humed lawn-sprinkler. "G'wan back." bled lawn-sprinkler. Then, to the constable: "Aint a man got no rights in this town no more? Gettin' jumped on like this-

"Don't you say I jumped on you!" A fist moved upward. The constable pushed his way between them.

"Now, boys, boys! None of this, now! Who started this fight?"

"He did-he kicked my dog!"

"Say that again, and I'll kick you!" "He started the fight, officer!" congress of boys, only too willing to serve, in this time of need—especially since they'd met Tige themselves—came forward with accusing fingers. "We saw it-that little dog was going along and started down the alley here, and Mr. Mason, he sicked ol' Tige on him. Then he punched Mr. Bainbridge in the stom-

"Humph! In the stomach?"

"Yes!" Mr. Bainbridge even pointed to the spot. "Right in the stomach." "Humph!" The constable got out his

notebook and recorded the fact. "He hit

you in the stomach?'

"But he wont do it again!" A strange belligerence, a newfound power had risen in the usually pacific Mr. Bainbridge. "And I'm telling you something more: he doesn't own this alley, and he's got to stop sicking that yellow dog on anything that comes this way. There's a law in this land! There's some right and some justice-

"This aint the first complaint, Mr. Mason."

The recipient of the remark only felt of his nose. The Word of the Law went

"Awful sorry about this. Awful sorry you boys had to quarrel this way. But I've got to do my duty. No fear an' no favor, as the sayin' is. It's eleven dollars in this town for starting a fight, Mr. Mason. And I'll have to ask you to come over to the justice court in the morning. Awful sorry-but law's law. Now, if you folks'll all just move on-

The balloon-eyed Mr. Bainbridge hesi-

"And I want something done about that yellow dog!"

"Of course-of course-no right at all. Now, if you'll all just move on-

The crowd shuffled. Mr. Theodore Bainbridge turned majestically and looked toward the alley to where a seal-and-white prize-winning Boston bull was wrestling with the biggest bone in the Bon Ton

"Come on here, Shrimp!" he commanded, and there was no uncertain quality in his tone. The dog raised the bone high and came forward on prancing feet. Again a glance at the bulbous-nosed Mason. "And just understand nosed Mason. "And just understand—from now on, this dog goes down this alley when he pleases, and any other dog that wants to go does the same thing. Do you get that? If I catch you sicking that yellow cur again I'll-

"Now, boys-boys-

Again Mr. Bainbridge whirled, with that new majesty in his shoulders. "Shrimp!" he once more commanded. "Come here!"

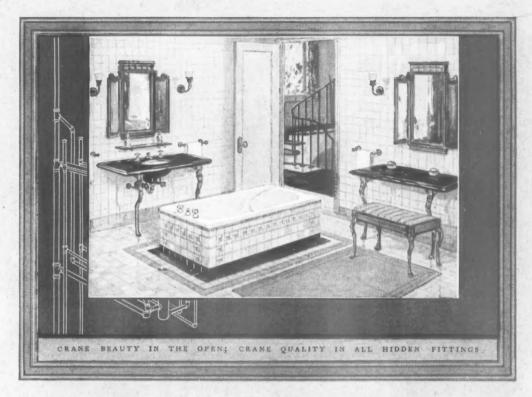
THEN, man and dog and bone, they moved up the street, the Shrimp with his head in the air, his forefeet dancing, the man with that majesty still lingering in his shoulders. Something had happened he didn't know what. But with its dawning strange vistas opened before him. revealing things he never before had seen. So Mason had punched him, thinking that he wouldn't fight back? Well, he'd found

The flush of victory was on him-the exaltation that only a man who has won a fight can know. A revelation wabbled about through his head, found his brain and splashed there. Then came another, and another and another. Suddenly forgetful that the dust of the alley was on his clothing, and the bloom of the rose upon his right eye, he turned and strode up the steps of the Lannington house. He called the Shrimp once more-a good, gruff, commanding tone. The dog obeyed and came beside him as he punched the bell. Then they waited, a man with a discolored eye and a dog with a bone. The door opened. Margaret Lannington peered white-faced through the screen.

"Why, Theodore—"
"There's your dog!" said Mr. Bainbridge.

"But Theodore,"—she was on the veranda now,—"what has happened? Toodles with that terrible bone!"

"Let him have it!" That same tone of command remained in his voice. "He's worked hard enough for it. If that dog



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"But, Theodore-you're not telling me anything. Why, look at your eye!

"You ought to see the other fellow!" came somewhat ungraciously. "I don't have to look at my eye. I can feel it. I knew you'd hear about it—so I thought I might as well tell you. I've been in a fight-with old Mason, down there. licked him. Licked the eternal stuffing out of him, and I'll do it again if he ever tries to get funny with me-"

"But what was it all about? Oh, I-" "A dog-fight, if you've got to know. You'll hear about it. And I've found I like fighting-if you've got to know! I Bainbridge's shoulders had straightened might as well be fair with you-I'm going to do a lot of it from now on. Kendall there at the office, for instance, who's been holding me down for the last five years. Nothing doing any more. Tomorrow I start walking over him! What's more, I'll get my plans and my ideas up to the heads of the business if I have to go roughshod over everybody in the office. The guy that holds me down—well, it wont be any jealous old dodo that thinks I'm after his job. As if I wanted Kendall's job-heh! Anyway, he's got a fight on his hands, and you've got a fight on yours and—"
"I? Why—why—"

Why-why-The sentence wasn't finished. Mr.

a bit more, and a look of surprise had come into what was left of his features.
"Why?" he asked scornfully. "Why

not? Do you think that I'm going to take no for an answer? Now?"

Then nothing was said for a moment. Nothing was said for a moment morealthough there were some confusing noises. And still nothing was said until she looked up and murmured in a mothering tone:

"Oh, Theodore! Your poor, dear eye!" Then they went within-while out on the front porch, momentarily forgotten, His Lordship Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I contentedly continued to chew on a rich rib-bone.

THE MORALITY PAGEANT

(Continued from page 70)

might be a good plan to-to have a little

"Oh, yes. We must have music. suppose there's an orchestra in town there's an orchestra in town?" "A splendid one! They play the most wonderful ja— I mean, they have a wonderful sense of rhythm. And I

mean, I think they'd do it quite reason-

"I'll consult the committee," said Talbot. He held out his hand to her. "Thanks for helping me, Miss Maxwell."

"Not at all," said Felicia.

When she had got upstairs to her own room, she went directly to the mirror and looked at her face in the glass. The Uplift-hound had called her beautiful. She wanted to verify the report.

After looking at herself for some time, she decided that she wasn't exactly ugly. She undressed; and then, switching off the light, went to the window to open it. As she leaned out to breathe the sweet night air, she detected an aroma of cigarette-smoke. She looked down and saw, directly below her, a vague hand holding a lighted cigarette. "Now, that," said Felicia to herself,

"now, that's what I call discretion." She went to bed feeling rather sorry

for the Uplift-hound.

THE cast, as selected by Felicia, was not only approved by the committee; it was approved with enthusiasm. Mr. Welliver, in a happy little speech, said it touched him to feel that the Younger Element had awakened to the need for "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the first victory in our fight for a Better and Saner Amity. Let us welcome these young people. Let us accept their services in the spirit in which they are offered."

Everyone was delighted except the stout and jovial Mr. Connell. He rose to protest the selection of himself as the Spirit of Vice.

"It aint that I want to renege," he said. "But—uh—fact is, I'm too busy."

Welliver attempted to woo Connell from his obvious indisposition by saying that of course everyone would understand that the character was merely symbolical. The very choice of a man of Mr. Connell's caliber was enough to guarantee that. In fact, it was a compliment, and so forth.

Mr. Connell did not consider it a compliment. On the way home from the meeting, he expressed himself to his wife.
"It's all your fault," he wailed. "You

got me into this, and now look! I gotta be the Spirit of Vice."

"But John, it's all for the good of

Amity.

"It aint for my good! I wont be able to go to a meeting of the Rotary Club for the next twenty years. Gosh! They'll kid the life out of me. You wait till I get a chance to get even with old Welliver!"

The pageant was to be staged on the lawn, but the first rehearsal took place in the Welliver drawing-room. It was conscientiously attended, especially by the Younger Element. Mr. Welliver was delighted.

"My dear," he said to Fee, "you are ideal for the part!" And taking her arm, he pressed it gently as he led her to the improvised dais where Virtue was to sit enthroned. At that moment Felicia happened to catch Talbot's eye, and somehow she knew that he had seen Mr. Welliver press her arm. She felt her cheeks go hot; and to cover her embarrassment, she smiled sweetly at the director, who immediately plunged into the work of the rehearsal.

"All right, people. First episode! Where's the Spirit of Vice?"

"Here!" answered the reluctant Mr. Connell

"You enter from the right, Mr. Connell, followed by the various Evils. That's it! Now! When you get in front of the dais, you begin your speech of temptation: 'Fair daughter of Virtue,' and so forth-

Mr. Connell nervously fumbled his manuscript.

"'Fair daughter of Virtue," he read in a faint voice, "'I come bringing temptation in my train-"

"Louder!" interrupted Mr. Welliver. "'I come bringing temptation in my train!" roared Mr. Connell; then, train!" roared Mr. Connell; then, glancing up at Felicia, he grinned foolishly. But Felicia was serenity itself.

The rehearsal proceeded. Introduced by the Spirit of Vice, the several Evils with speech and gesture attempted to lure Virtue from her throne. Needless to say, Virtue was adamant. there was a dance of the combined Evils.

"Now, Mr. Connell! The dance is over. You look at Virtue. . . . That's it! Virtue shakes her head. And I think you'd better make a gesture there, Miss Maxwell.

"Like this?" asked Felicia, waving her

Splendid! All right, Mr. Connell. Now you play your trump card. The Spirit of Jazz! And the Bootlegger! Where's the Bootlegger? Oh, there you are. Come on!"

Entered Miss Zillie Tutworth as the Spirit of Jazz. She was followed by a tall, thin youth named Jones, whose father was a Baptist minister.

These two did a brief and rather listless one-step before the throne. Then the Jones boy produced from his pocket a bottle—it was a ginger-ale bottle sup-plied from the Welliver kitchen—which he held up temptingly before the eyes of Virtue. At the same time Mr. Connell launched into his satanic peroration.

"'Fair one, descend and join our merry levels'"-

"'Revels!'" corrected Mr. Welliver, from the back of the room.

"It says 'levels' in the script," retorted Mr. Connell.

"A typographical error," stated Mr. Welliver with dignity. "The word is revels."

"All right, then. 'Revels! Descend and join our rerry mevels--'" There "All right, then. 'Revels! was a burst of laughter from the cast. The unhappy Mr. Connell dashed the perspiration from his brow and bellowed: "'Merry revels! Descend and join-" Where the hell am I? I mean. . . . Oh, yes! 'I offer you the Spirit of Jazz,

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which never fails to lure Youth and Beauty to insidious destruction. I offer you this bottle, which contains the wellspring of madness, the poison of false delight! Ah, Rum! The devil's magic, the open sesame to hell! Come down, fair child of Virtue! Dance! Drink!
And thou wilt be mine. Mine!"

"That's the cue for Civic Righteous-ness," prompted Talbot. "Are you ready, Mr. Welliver?"
"Yes, yes," replied the latter.

MR. WELLIVER now strode forward. He was accompanied by two pages, one carrying a large cut-glass punch-bowl,

the other an American flag. Reaching the dais, he began to read his lines.

"Daughter of Democracy, fair offspring of the sacred Puritan Tradition, you have been tempted by one who is no other than Satan himself. But behold! I bring you the greatest gift of the ages, the true spirit of American morality. I bring you the safeguard morality. I bring you the safeguard of youth, the guardian of chastity and virtue, the bulwark of the home! I bring you TEMPERANCE!'

Mr. Welliver paused. There was a dramatic silence. Then Felicia, carried away by this burst of eloquence, began to applaud. The other members of the cast joined in, and Ted Newman cheered.
Mr. Welliver bowed and continued:

"'In this crystal bowl, dear child, sparkles the Wine of Innocence, the unfermented juice of the grape. It is lawful; it is harmless; it is refreshing to body and soul! Behold, I drink!'" Here Mr. Welliver drained an imaginary cupful of the innocuous beverage. drink, and to you I offer the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate. Descend, bid Satan begone, and come with me into the bower of Peace and Safety."

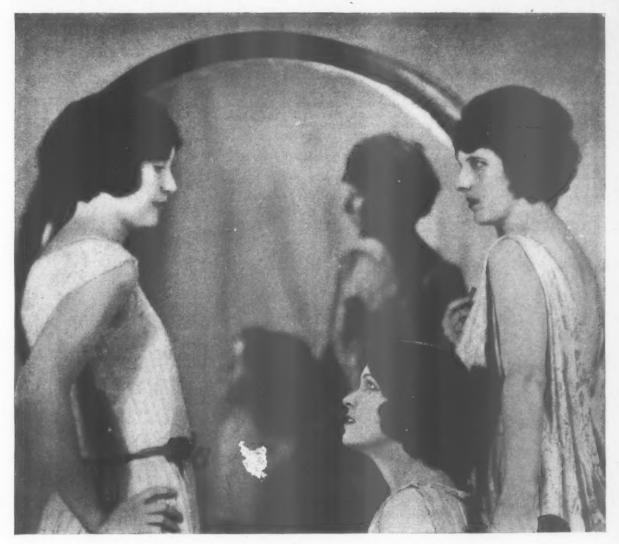
At this exhortation Felicia arose. happily smiling, and placed her hand in Mr. Welliver's. To the discouraged-looking Mr. Connell she said: "'Satan, I know you now. Begone, and trouble me no more!""

Whereupon the Spirit of Vice fled cowering, followed by all his diabolical crew. Mr. Welliver, victorious, his arm embracing Felicia's slim waist, led her out of the room and into the hall, which pre-sumably represented the bower of Peace and Safety.

In the exaltation of the moment, it was perhaps only natural that Mr. Welliver should forget to remove his arm at once from around Felicia's waist. But it was rather unfortunate that he should drop it so quickly just as the director appeared in the doorway. For the second time that evening Felicia felt ridiculously em-barrassed—and angry. Why should she feel angry? Old Welliver was an ancient; he might have been her father. . . Silly old goat! As for the Uplift-hound-

As she was getting into bed that night, she decided she wasn't at all sorry for the Uplift-hound. She hated him. It gave her a strangely peaceful, precious feeling. She wondered sleepily why she had never hated anyone before.

BUT the next night, when Talbot asked Felicia to go with him to see about engaging the orchestra, she consented. This lay within the scope of her duties as a



"Don't you know-really?"

THE thing was troubling her—something she had overheard several men say about her when they thought she was the last person in the world within hearing distance.

So she had asked two of her friends. They were amazed that she had never thought of this sort of thing before. But they were frank enough to explain it to her in a delicate way. And she never ceased being grateful to them.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on a safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.



A"Vintage Smoke"

The Major tells Joe Rivers what "tasty-smellfulness" really is

Some time ago Mr. Joe Rivers, a confirmed smoker of Edgeworth, defined the friend-making, friend-holding quality Edgeworth as "tasty-smellfulness."

In the following letter Major Edmund simplifies this description into one word, "bouquet"—which Webster defines as "an aroma as of wine."

As a matter of fact, most of us taste tobacco with our noses to a large extent.

Your letter about Edgeworth in the "Saturday Evening Post" for 24th November demands an answer, but I am afraid this effort of mine will not reach you in time to be of much use. Some quick-firing Yankee from Bangor, Maine, will be sure to barge in between us. You have but on something very tween us. You have hit on something very appealing to the Englishman.

What you are talk-ing about in your let-ter is "bouquet," and Edgeworth is the DGEWORTH

only tobacco pos sessing it, so far as I know. I tried them all, I tried them all, In I till William Forbes of Boston met me in Lucerne one day two years ago and heard me cursing the limpid S wiss air blue because I me about Edgesessing it, so far

had a sore tongue. He told me about Edge-worth, and I went to the Post Office and wired London to send me out a sample. Since then—but you know the rest!

Since then—but you know the rest!

Edgeworth doesn't need any fine writing to explain it. The "bouquet" you mention varies, for it depends on what you have been eating, what you have been drinking, what the temperature of your room is, whether your pipe has been preceded by a cigar, whether you have sold out your oil shares at a profit, and how you feel generally.

If you write to Larus again make him pay you a royalty for your discovery (unless be saw it first), and tell him what this elusive beauty really is that has made him famous in two worlds.

Your faithfully, Joe, JAMES EDMUND.

We try to put into the blue tin a tobacco that has the quality of friendliness.

This quality may mean "comfort" to one man, "flavor" to another, "tasty-smellfulness" to Mr. Rivers and "bouquet" to Major Edmund. There may indeed, be some doubt as to just what it is, but there can be no doubt whatever that a great many men recognize its presence.

You may not find Edgeworth to your taste, and then again you may. It may prove to be just the right smoke for you as it has for so many others.

At any rate we'll be glad to have you try it at our expense. Just write your name and address on a postcard and mail it to Larus & Brother Company, 42 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and you will receive, postpaid, generous samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you care to write the name and address of your regular tobacco merchant the courtesy will be much appreciated.

Retail Tobacco Merchants: jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one-or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

committee of one. Moreover she found it pleasanter to hate him near at hand than at a distance.

They drove downtown in Mr. Connell's runabout. The hotel grill, where the Amity Sextet held forth, was practically deserted. The orchestra-leader, a sadlooking young man with long, sleek legs and glistening hair, was almost pathetically willing to be hired. The Welliver morality campaign had broken his spirit. He was ready to play even for his oppressors.

"Aren't you going to stay and dance, Miss Maxwell?

Felicia looked at her companion. "Are

Talbot smiled. "Let's sit down and talk it over."

"All right." They seated themselves at a table. "Will you have something to eat?

club sandwich?" "All right,"

He ordered the sandwiches and some ginger-ale. There was a silence, during which Felicia remembered that she hated him. Why was it that he made her feel so gawky, and young, and rather provincial?

"Perhaps you don't dance?" she suggested coldly.

"I do." "Oh!"

The orchestra struck up an irresistible trot. Felicia glanced at the Uplift-hound, then away.

"Maybe you hadn't better," she mur-mured. "Mr. Welliver might hear of it. He wouldn't approve."

"My dear Miss Maxwell," said the director of morality pageants, "the Wellivers of this world may own my soul, but they don't completely control my body. Will you dance with me?"

Felicia rose, and he gathered her into his arms.

He danced beautifully. Of course he would!

She reflected that the men one really liked, the men one might possibly care for, never danced well. It was strange, but true. One never married-for instance-a beautiful dancer. Oh, no! The thought made her rather Never. sad.

What a blissful thing it was to be sad to music!

An hour later, driving home in the car, she said: "What did you mean when you said that the Wellivers of this world might own your soul?"

"I meant simply that I'm not my own boss. No one is, who has to earn the money he lives on."

"Oh! But I should think-"

"What?"

"Nothing; only-if I were a man, and had to make money, I'd-um-" Felicia paused, then said rapidly: "Seems to me I'd go into some business where I had a chance to become my own boss.

"There speaks the true American," said "But you see, Talbot with faint irony. Miss Maxwell, I can't stand being cooped up in an office. Ever since the war, the thought of any sort of discipline simply appalls me. It might be different if-

"If-" prompted Felicia. "Well, I mean-if I wanted to marry

and settle down. But I don't."

Felicia replied almost breathlessly: "Neither do I!"

"You will, though. You can't escape. You're altogether too charming."

Her face shone toward him for an instant, as sweet, as hauntingly lovely as an April moon.

"You hadn't better say things like that too often," she said, "or—first thing you know, some girl'll grab you! And I hope she does!

"Good Lord!" laughed Talbot. A moment later he said musingly: "I suppose that's the supreme experience-to be grabbed. Maybe that's what I'm waiting

"Really!" said Felicia, and whirled the runabout into the Connell driveway.

SEVERAL nights later Ted Newman dropped in to see Felicia. excited, secretive, mysteriously elated about something. He grinned as he beck-oned her out onto the porch.

'Say, listen, Fee! It's all fixed about the pageant.'

"What do you mean-'it's all fixed?' " "Well, say! I can't tell you, because we-I promised I wouldn't. I swore I wouldn't breathe a word of it to anybody; but the plot's thickening, I'll say!"

"I think it's awfully mean of you,

"Aw! I'm sorry, Fee. Only, I promised, and—you know, a gentleman's gotta keep his word. But just you wait." Here Mr. Newman laughed uncontrol-lably. "You wait. And say, listen! Don't let that director bird suspect anything's gonna happen-or anything.'

"I guess not!"

Mr. Newman put his hand on her arm. "Say, listen. There's a Chaplin film down at the Bijou. Let's take a run down and-

"I can't, Ted. I'd love to, but I promised Mr. Talbot I'd go over the costumes with him tonight."

The young man sighed, and fumbled despondently for a cigarette.

"Seems to me you're spending a lot of time with that bird!" he muttered. "Well, it was your idea."

"I know, but-

"I was appointed a committee of one." "Yes, I know. But-well, you can't ever tell about a woman!" exclaimed the

disappointed youth bitterly. "Why, Ted Newman!"

"I didn't mean that, Fee. I mean-" His voice suddenly grew tender. listen. I don't suppose you-I don't suppose you've thought any more aboutwhat I mean-marrying anybody?"

"I should say not!" answered Felicia emphatically; then, more gently: "I told you I'd let you know, Ted, as soon as I—decided."

"All right, Fee." A pause. "Well, I guess I'll be going. I guess I'll go down and see that Chaplin film. A fella needs a little laughter in his life, these days. What I mean-life's kinda sad, andwell, good night."

"Good night, Ted."

Felicia went back into the house. she entered the living-room, she saw Talbot crawling about the floor on his hands and knees, growling ferociously at Lucy's two children, who shrieked with delight. "It's a bear, Nanty Lisha!"

A New 4-Passenger Coupe

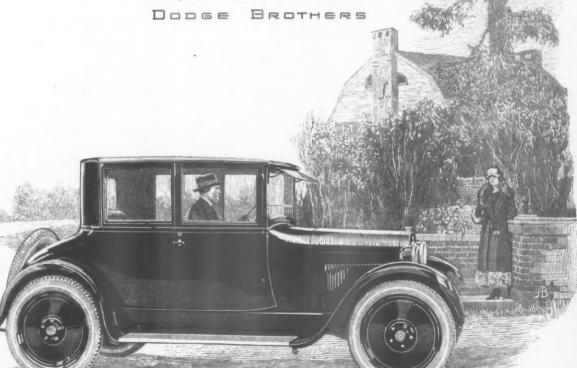
This car is Dodge Brothers response to a definite demand—

A high grade coupe of moderate weight and size that will seat four adult passengers in genuine comfort.

The body is an admirable example of fine coach building. Low, graceful, smartly upholstered and attractively finished in Dodge Brothers blue, it reflects dignity and distinction in every line.

Above all, the 4-passenger coupe is characteristically a Dodge Brothers product. It possesses all the attributes of construction and low-cost service for which more than a million Dodge Brothers Motor Cars are favorably known throughout the world.

The price is \$1375 f. o. b. Detroit





Dainty FOODS are the natural choice of dainty women. And yet, these soft, delicious creations you are so fond of - has it ever occurred to you that, to your teeth and gums, they are a real and constant menace?

Don't let your toothbrush "show pink"

For these soft, creamy foods of civilization cheat our teeth and gums of that exercise and stimulation which, through the use of simple, coarse food, nature once provided.

And today, as never before, the profession is aroused to the need for fighting that class of tooth troubles due to softened, bleeding and receding gums.

Ipana Tooth Paste is one weapon that is used and prescribed by thousands of the foremost consultants. Many have written us that, in stubborn cases, they direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing with Ipana. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, a recognized hemostatic, has a specific virtue in healing bleeding gums and in keeping them sound and healthy.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana cleanses safely and thoroughly, too. And its clean flavor and delicious taste will pleasantly surprise you.

-made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



Betsy, as she danced ecstatically up and down on the sofa.

"I see it is," replied Felicia shortly. The banality of the scene, its crass domestic implications, chilled her. She made up her mind to remain single, to become an old maid, and travel widely.

THE afternoon of the pageant was propitiously bright and fair. In the Connell household the Spirit of Virtue had just finished robing herself when Lucy burst into the room.

John!" she exclaimed wildly. "I can't

find John. He's lost."
"Piff!" said Felicia, smoothing her chaste chiffons. "He was home for

"Yes, and then he got dressed. He did look funny in those red tights!" Lucy "Then he went laughed hysterically. downstairs and disappeared."

"Have you looked in the cellar?"

"No!

The two sisters stared at each other. Then, with one accord, they started downstairs.

In the lower hall they met Talbot. He asked them what the matter was,

John's lost," wailed Lucy.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about him," said the Uplift-hound calmly. "He'll turn up, all right."

"We're going to look down cellar,"

stated Felicia.

"Ah!" said Talbot, and joined them. They found the Spirit of Vice sitting on an upturned packing-case, with a cocktail glass in his hand. With him, ex-

traordinarily enough, was Ted Newman, dressed as the Evil of Smoking. Mr. Newman also held in his hand a cocktail

"John!" said Lucy. "Ted!" said Felicia.

Mr. Connell rose and faced them sternly. In his red tights and horned cap, his rotund body wrapped in a lugubrious black cape, he looked at once silly and impressive.

"It aint time to go yet. I'm keeping

track of the time.

"But-the idea of coming down here, and drinking-

"One! Only one, my dear. Jus' a lil' nip with my friend and neighbor Mr.

Theodore Newman."
"John!" said Lucy. "You come upstairs this minute!'

The Spirit of Vice stubbornly reseated himself.

"Go 'way, Lucy," he said, "or I'll refuse to be Satan. I'll posh'tively refuse."

Mr. Talbot intervened.

"He's all right, Mrs. Connell. and Miss Maxwell go along. I'll answer for Mr. Connell."

At the same time, Ted Newman solemnly winked at Felicia. The latter perceived that something was afoot.

"Come on, Loo!" she said, and taking her sister by the arm, fairly dragged her back up the cellar stairs.

The three men looked at each other. "Lil' snifter, Talbot, old man?" suggested Satan.

The Uplift-hound sighed.

"Don't mind if I do."

As Mr. Connell poured the drink, he observed to Ted Newman:

"Good fella, this fella Talbot. Reg'lar

human being. Full of ideas, too. Wonderful! Here's how."

Five minutes later Mr. Talbot emerged from the cellar. He then drove with Lucy and Felicia to the Welliver residence, where he was instantly overwhelmed with those innumerable details, mishaps, temperamentalisms and agonies which attend all amateur performances.

Mr. Connell and the Evil of Smoking

arrived shortly afterward. Lucy pounced on her husband.

"John! What's that bundle you're car-

"Props," said Mr. Connell innocently. "Props for the show."

Lucy was too busy to investigate.

The Welliver mansion had been turned over to the actors in the pageant, and to the various properties required for the performance. For instance, on the sideboard in the dining-room reposed the cutglass punch-bowl which was to inspire Mr. Welliver's speech on temperance. It had been filled with sparkling white grape-juice by Mr. Welliver himself.

The pageant was scheduled to begin at three o'clock. At ten minutes to three, when the confusion was at its height, Mr. Ted Newman and Mr. John Connell slipped into the dining-room with the bundle of props.
"Quick!" said Mr. Newman.

Mr. Connell unwrapped the parcel and disclosed numerous bottles of the best French champagne.

"Gosh!" groaned Satan as he pulled the corks, which had been previously loosened by himself and Mr. Newman. "What a washte! But I'd do anything to get even with old Welliver, dam'f I wouldn't."

They emptied the punch-bowl into the pantry sink and refilled it with champagne. Then they returned the receptacle to the dining-room.

They were standing there, drinking a toast to each other, when Mr. Welliver, resplendent in frock coat and high silk hat, bustled into the room.

"Ah, boys! Having a little refresh-ment before the show, eh?"
"Yes, kinda thirsty," said Ted New-

"Well, I'll join you."

Mr. Connell poured him a cup of the sparkling punch.

Mr. Welliver drank.

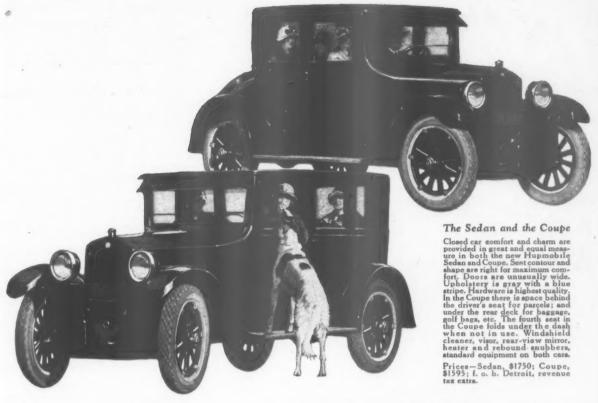
"Ah!" said the Spirit of Civic Righteousness. "Delicious! A wonderful bev-

"Wonderful!" agreed Mr. Newman and Mr. Connell.

Mr. Welliver drank two glasses and then hurried away. Presently he could be heard calling loudly in the hall: "Come on, boys and girls. Time to be-

A large crowd had assembled on the lawn before the house; in fact, half the town was there, for the pageant had been well advertised, chiefly through the editorial columns of the Sentinel.

LET us acknowledge at once that the affair was a success. Miss Felicia Maxwell, lovely Spirit of Virtue, was enthusiastically applauded as, tempted first by one Vice and then another, she demurely refused them all.



Thousands Buying Closed Cars Now, For Greatest Year-Round Comfort

Hundreds and thousands of men and women who are buying Hupmobiles this spring, are choosing the Sedan and the Coupe and will drive them all the year round.

This feature of the Hupmobile business shows how strongly American motorists have come to prefer the closed car for all seasons.

Last year, for instance, we built more closed cars than the entire Hupmobile output seven years ago; and in 1924, more than half of our production will be closed types.

People want comfort in their

motor cars today, and none so meets their desire as the closed type. In spring it affords protection from the sharp winds and chilling rains. In summer there is clean, cool shelter from the blazing sun; and ventilating breezes that are subject to your own wishes. In fall and winter there is snug enclosure from cold and snow.

Buyers of the Sedan and Coupe seek these obvious advantages in the Hupmobile for reasons equally apparent.

They are after its higher value and longer life; its greater sturdiness and lower upkeep; its finer, smoother performance and greater day-to-day economy. And Hupmobile reputation assures them that they will surely get what they want.

We have said nothing of the beauty of the Hupmobile closed cars, their seating and riding comfort, or the fineness of their upholstery, fittings and finish, leaving you to judge of these things when you go to see the cars themselves.





Latest Fox Trots

These Great New Fox Trots

Arcady Arcady
An Orange Grove in
California
Roses of Picardy
Sittin' in a Corner
Linger Awhile Linger Awhile
When It's Night Time
in Italy, It's Wednesday Over Here
Mamma Loves Papa,
Papa Loves Mamma

These Great New Song Successes Seng Successes
Se I Took the Fifty
Thousand Dollars
I'm Going South
Going South
Sureas You're Born
I'm Sitting Pretty in
a Pretty Little City
If the Rest of the World
Don't Want You
When Lights Are Low
Stay Home. Little Girl,
Stay Home

Sleep Cielito Lindo (Beautiful Heaven)

on Eight 10 Inch Double Face Records

Here is a complete library of the newest and biggest hits in the music world. 16 wonderful songs, fox trots and waltzes that are sweeping the country; the most popular songs of TODAY; played by wonderful orchestras, sung by accomplished artists. The most wonderful phonograph record bargain you have ever seen. Made possible by quantity production and direct selling. Every record 10-inch size. Every record guaranteed manufactured of highest quality material and to be satisfactory in every way.

SEND NO MONEY-10 Days' Trial

Try these wonderful secords in your own home for 10 days. Note the beauty of recording, the cleaness of days. Note the beauty of recording, the cleaness of music. See how smooth and durable these records are. You will wonder how we can give such a tremendous bargain. Quantity production, and selling direct-from-factory-to-you; that is the whole servet. This is the greatest selection of hits ever put out at one time, and this low price makes it the biggest record bargain ever offered. Send no money now. Just mail coupon or letter (Give the postman \$2.98 plus the few cents delivery charges. Then play all the records on your own martefund your money, plus postage both ways. This offer may never be repeated, so mail coupon at once.

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New York City, N. Y.
Please send me for 10 days' trial your collection of 16 very latest songs, fox trots and waitzes, on eight double-face, ten-inch records, guaranteed equal to any records made. I will pay the postman only \$2.98, plus delivery charges, on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will return my money. (Outside U. S., \$3.76, Cash with order.)

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may also care to have four of the most popular airs ever written—La Donna e Mobile from Rigoletto; Medley of Pinafore Songs; Habanera from Carmen, and Soldiers' Chorus from Faust. All beautifully sung by great artists, with full orchestra. If you care to have these great Grand Opera Songs in ADDITION to the set listed above, place an X in the square at the left. The price is only 80c, for all four selections. SOLD ONLY with the set advertised above—not sold secarately.

The Amity Sextet, concealed behind the vines of the front porch, played appropriate selections throughout the performance.

It was Mr. Welliver, however, who created the greatest impression. Never had Amity seen its leading citizen in such a profound mood. Yet he was also deb-onair—curiously, delightfully debonair! He fairly floated to the foot of Virtue's throne, and with a single, magnificent gesture-so vigorous as almost to unbalance him-abolished Satan and his works forever.

"I bring you TEMPERANCE!" he shouted, and the crowd clapped vigorously. Whatever they may be individually, collectively the American people are ardent prohibitionists.

Mr. Welliver thundered on: "In this Wine of Innocence, the unfermented juice of the grape. It is lawful; it is harmless; it is refreshing to body and soul! Behold, I drink!"

He drank.

Certain members of the cast, standing near by, noticed that Mr. Welliver gazed rather inquiringly into the empty glasshis third. For a moment he seemed puzzled, slightly dazed. But at once he recovered himself, and taking Felicia by the hand, led her triumphantly across the lawn, up the steps of the house, and through an archway of roses largely labeled "PEACE AND SAFETY."

The audience burst into loud applause. The pageant was over.

In the comparative privacy of his own hall, Mr. Welliver, still clinging to Felicia's hand, leaned down and lightly kissed her hair.

"My dear," he said, with unusual cbullience, "my dear, you are beautiful—so beautiful! I wish to thank you. My heart is too full for words!"

Felicia stared at him. Then, hearing a sound behind her, she turned. Talbot had come in at the front door.

"Excuse me, Mr. Welliver," he said. "But do you want any more music?"

"Music!" repeated Mr. Welliver. "Music! Ah, yes! Let us have music. You'll dance with me, wont you, Felicia?"

That young lady had an inspiration. She smiled dazzlingly at the Spirit of Civic Righteousness.

"I think it would be nice if everyone stayed and danced on the lawn, don't you, Mr. Welliver?"

"Splendid, my dear. I'll go make the announcement."

The good people of Amity were surprised, a moment later, to see Mr. Roscoe Welliver standing on the steps of his house, under the arch of roses, waving his silk hat wildly about his head. By

degrees silence was obtained.
"Ladies and gentlemen," cried Mr.
Welliver, "I invite you all to stay and dance on the lawn." Then, turning to dance on the lawn." Then, turning to the musicians: "All right, boys! Let 'er

go! Hooray!" The orchestra, freed of inhibitions, burst joyfully into the most unmitigated jazz. But Mr. Welliver did not know that it was jazz. He thought that it was the echo of some celestial strain, the very music of the spheres.

When he went back to look for Felicia, she had vanished.

She and Philip Talbot were dancing on the lawn, safely concealed by the crowd.
"That old windbag kissed you,"
growled Talbot. "I saw him."

"Only my hair!" retorted Felicia. "Besides, you must have noticed that he

"Yes."

They looked at each other, and Felicia giggled.

"It's too wonderful. I don't know how Ted thought of it."
"Ted?" queried

"Ted?" queried Talbot.
"Yes. It must have been Ted Newman who put my brother-in-law up to it. "No, it was the other way around."

"How do you know?"
"Because," said the said the Uplift-hound, grimly, "because I put your brother-in-law up to it in the first place."
"You!" In her astonishment Felicia almost lost step. "You put— But why

on earth should you-

Talbot was looking straight into her

"Do you remember the night of that first rehearsal?"

"Ye-es.

"Well, that night I saw old Welliver squeeze your arm. And I hated him! From that moment I hated him as I've never hated a human being before. I wanted to *murder* him."
"Why?" breathed Felicia.

"You know perfectly well why. Don't

pretend you don't."

She did not answer. But her hand tightened in his; her slender body drew closer to him.

"Felicia," he said, "I haven't a cent in the world. Will you marry me?"

"I guess so. Yes! If you hadn't asked me pretty soon, I-I was going to grab

They danced on: they were gloriously alone among several hundred people.
"If I kissed you now," he said, "oyou think anyone would see?"
"Of course! No—you mustn't."

"Then let's go some place where I

can."

"All right," murmured Felicia. "Only, I'll have to find Ted Newman first. I promised him, that when I was ready to marry, I'd let him know."

THE morality pageant is still a subject of conversation in Amity. The dance that followed it was an event of civic importance. It lasted all afternoon and well into the evening. Before it was over, practically the whole town was dancing on Roscoe Welliver's front lawn.

Finally the police reserves were called out, but even then the festivities continued. Stray parties wandered off, and hauling out phonographs, danced on other lawns, in other streets, till morning.

But Mr. Welliver knew nothing of this. He had retired, about five P. M., in a comatose condition.

Mr. Philip Talbot is now a member of the firm of Connell & Co., twine manufacturers. He expects to marry, in the fall, Miss Felicia Maxwell, who is already planning her wedding.

She intends to have dancing after the ceremony, and Mr. John Connell has promised to furnish the punch.

Mr. Welliver will be invited, of course; but it is to be doubted whether he will



Surpassingly Smooth and Quiet Performance

The Nash Four Sedan

The full significance of all that Nash engineering has accomplished is revealed most emphatically in every phase of performance.

You find that this Sedan duplicates easily and exactly the standards of behavior set by high-priced cars with more than four cylinders.

This applies not only to the finer, more vigorous flexibility of the Sedan but equally aptly and truthfully to its surpassing smoothness and quietness.

At the same time your attention is directed to the body, since it portrays no less splendidly the extremity to which Nash craftsmen have carried the fine art of body building.

Features and Appointments of Four Sedan: Low-set, attractive body roomily arranged for five passengers. Finished in lustrous Nash Blue. Fine mohair velvet upholstery. Compact arrangement of spark and gas control. Kick plates. Windshield wiper. Sun visor. Heater. Increased brake efficiency. Unusually quiet power-flow. Heightened flexibility. Added rigidity of frame due to additional cross-member of tubular type. Robe rail. Foot rest. Arm rests. Platinum finish hardware. Silk curtains. Dome light illumining the interior with soft radiance. Greater economy in operation.

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis.

ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing

It's so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contact or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person's teeth when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclean, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And all the while this same analysis is being made of you.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel — a difficult problem-finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today? LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube-25 cents

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET

(Continued from page 51)

on one conversation while listening intently to another. So Natalie Bain's questions about Joan Freeman, and Mr. Edwards' replies, had excited a curiosity and interest that she decided to gratify at once. When the bridge table was set and Miss Bain left the piano, which she had played very prettily, joining the group of women by the fire, Georgia Curtis took a fresh cigarette, and lighted it thought-

fully.
"Tell me, Miss Bain—may I call you Natalie?

"Of course, Mrs. Curtis."
"I couldn't help hearing. You were asking Mr. Edwards about a Mrs. Freeman-Joan Freeman. It is the name of a girl I used to know so well in New York. I was wondering if it could be the same. Do you know who she is? "Oh, yes, I do. Poor Joan!"

"Why do you say that?"
"Oh, I'm so sorry for her. I used to know her so well. But of course that's impossible now."

'Wont you explain?"

Natalie's glance flitted uncertainly from the face of her hostess to those of the other women near by, whose conversation had suddenly ebbed, leaving a silence in which Miss Bain's thin voice seemed distressingly conspicuous.

"What I mean is that she-she discourages visits. People say such terrible

things about her."

Mrs. Curtis straightened. "Terrible!

You mean-her reputa-

Natalie Bain only nodded, but Mrs. Newett took up the question.

"There's a child, isn't there?" "Yes-

"It must be Joan, then," said Mrs. Curtis. "She had a sister, Polly-

"Yes. And Polly was so distressed about it all, they say."

Georgia Curtis inhaled her cigarette luxuriously.

"What a small world it is!" she sighed. "I've wondered what had become of Joan after what happened in Europe. so curious to have her turn up here in Washington again almost under my nose."

"You know her history?" gasped Mrs. Newett. "How interesting! Do tell us, Georgia. The history of a déclassée is always so piquant."

And so while Miss Bain, the unfortunate inspiration of these disclosures, shrank timidly back into her cushions, Georgia Curtis told again the story of Joan Freeman.

"But the man, my dear!" said Mrs. Newett as she paused. "You haven't told us about the man."

Georgia Curtis smiled with the grace of one who has performed a part ca-

"The man!" she said with a shrug.
"What does a mere man matter? If I could tell you who he was, I would rob the story of half its interest. I might say that he was a young French nobleman, that he was a romantic young painter of marines at the little Breton village, or I might say that he was just a plain American, a New Yorker whom Joan loved, alas, not wisely but too well! But I can't. And the story is much more amusing as it stands. Isn't it the mystery of Joan Freeman's affair that

makes her so picturesque?"

The backs of the women had been turned toward the door of the diningroom. It was for that reason that they had not seen the two men, Edwards and Curtis, as they entered. At the sound of Joan's name Edwards had stopped and turned. But Mrs. Curtis went on blithely:

"And you say people talk so terribly of her? It's a way people have. I sometimes think it's a sort of natural justice designed to keep society in order."

At a sound behind her, Mrs. Curtis looked around. Edwards had taken a pace forward and stood immovable. She could not know whether he was trying to speak or to keep himself from speaking. But he only inclined his head and turned to his host.

"Good night, Mr. Curtis," he said.
"Thank you for the dinner. I'm sorry

that I must go.

Georgia Curtis rose. But Edwards merely bowed to her, said good night and went out of the room.

Chapter Fourteen

N the weeks that followed, Edwards and Mrs. Freeman rode out frequently. The first time they rode, she had been curious to hear what had happened at the Curtis dinner, and he had told her of his conversation with Mr. Curtis and of the sudden termination of the interview. She had been curious, too, about Georgia Curtis, and had asked him many questions, but he had not told her of the incident that had hastened his departure from the house, though in a subsequent ride he had intimated that for political reasons he did not expect to be invited there again.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm glad I went to that dinner. He knew how I stood on that question, but he thought that when he whistled, I'd come to heel. These New Yorkers have a funny kind of mental machinery. They think the whole country is kneeling down with its ears to the ground just wondering what they're going to do next. It used to be that way. The West used to be the tail of the dog, and it wagged with pleasure every time the East was nice to it. But the West has grown rich and powerful, and it knows just what it wants and how to get it. James K. Curtis and his boy Sam are mighty clever-for New Yorkers; but they're not wise enough to see that the tail is ready to wag the dog.

"Has he done anything recently to show his strength?" she asked.

"Oh, yes-an attack on Ransom in all the Curtis newspapers, using the failure of the seniority system as a motivemarked copies on the desk of every member of Congress. An attack on my political record back in Colorado inspired by Albright."

"Your record? But they can't harm

"No, they can't. But I get a bunch of



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night letters every morning. My people are mad, because they don't know what it's all about. A friend of mine wanted to go and shoot up Albright's office in the Western Trust, but I sent him a hectic prayer to keep his shirt on.

She smiled.

"I wish something of that sort could

be done to Sam Curtis."

He grinned joyously. "I've sometimes thought a little miscellaneous shooting wouldn't do any harm around here. Sam Curtis is a little too sure of himself. You'd think that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. In my country, when you insult a man, you do it with your hand on a gun. Here in the East you invite him to dinner and give him old brandy and good cigars. I'm playing his game tooall smiles and civility, as if we were long-lost brothers. But I came near losing my temper at his house."

Joan was silent for a moment.
"Yes, I heard that you were very an-

" she said slowly.

gry," she said slowiy. The slight jerk on the curb set his mare dancing.

"You heard I was angry?"
"My dear friend," she said gently, "you mustn't try to be my champion."

"Who told you this?" he asked.
"Bee de Selignac, who got it from Natalie Bain. It seems that it was Natalie who mentioned my name-not knowing of my old acquaintance with her hostess. She noticed how upset you were, and worried about it."

"If she'd done her worrying at first," he growled, "she might have saved herself

some trouble."

"Poor Natalie! She has always suffered from an ingrowing conscience. But it doesn't matter, of course. It was fine of you to feel the way you did. But you mustn't do it any more.

"I'm not going to listen to anybody making a good story out of—out of the troubles of a friend of mine," he said

firmly.

It was their first approach to a discussion of her affairs, and it gave her a sense of pleasant light threads of interest broken in the weaving of a new and stronger tissue of communion.

"Please, Mr. Edwards," she said earnestly, "I can't have you fighting my bat-tles. The whole thing is impossible."
"Why?" he asked simply. "I wouldn't

be worthy of your friendship if I didn't give you the kind of loyalty you're entitled to."

She was very much disturbed, and bent forward in her saddle away from him.

"My troubles are of a kind that wont bear discussion. The kindest thing that my friends can do is to ignore them.

He rode in silence for a while, but when he spoke, it was with an air of assurance.

"It's what people are that matters most to me. I don't know a lot about women. I guess no man knows that. I've been in the habit of trusting pretty much to my instincts. And I'm ready to keep on trusting to them. I'd like to tell you this—that if you're not the fine type of clean, splendid womanhood that I think you are, I'm ready to say that I don't know anything about human nature."

She turned away from him again, not trusting her voice.

"Fine-clean-noble-" he repeated. "I'm not asking you to give me your confidences; I don't need them, ma'am. Your friendship is enough for me. And I reckon maybe you'll have to let me be your champion whether you want me to be or not.

"Oh, Mr. Edwards-please don't say anything more. I understand. But I can't tell you anything. I—I have no So no one can defend me. defense.

Please don't try.

She laid her hand over his impulsively. "But I do appreciate your friendship.

You believe that, don't you?"
"Thanks," he said in a vibrant voice.
"I'm glad. And that's one reason why I ought to want to make it worth while."

She withdrew her fingers immediately, but she gave him a fine bright glance, the brighter, coming from the shadow of an emotion.

"You shall," she said gayly. "Prove it by letting me beat you to the top of

the hill."

THAT night Joan dismissed Mademoiselle and herself put Jack to bed. Perhaps she felt the need of his love as an antidote to the poisons that had been again distilled for the ears of her friends. Perhaps the touch of Jack's arms around her neck made their partnership more secure. But she yielded without stint to the luxury of tenderness, holding him in her arms and crooning to him the old French cradle-songs that he had heard from infancy, tucking him snugly into bed and kissing him passionately so that at last he gasped.

"Maman, Maman! You're smoverin'

"Jack-you love me?"

"Of course, Maman." "And nothing on earth can ever come between us?

"No, nobody-not even Mr. Edwards." She straightened, staring at him.

"Jack, dear! Whatever put that in your mind?"

He gurgled gently under the covers as though in appreciation of a fine bit of

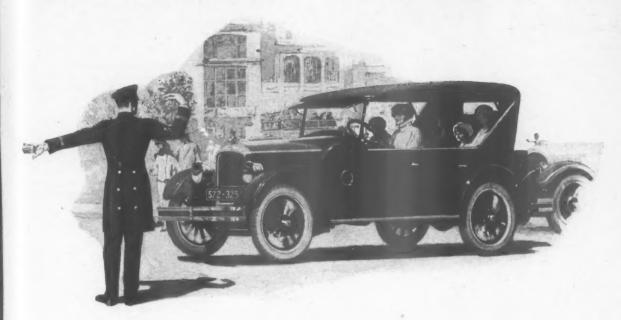
"Didn't I say he couldn't?" chuckled again. "Bonsoir, Maman."

She was dismissed. So she bent over him, kissed him again, turned out the light and went silently into her own room. She got into a kimono and sank into a chair by the fire.

For the first time since her promise to Polly, she had been tempted to tell Edwards the truth. His praise had been sweet, because she knew that it had come from his charity for a misfortune. But this had not seemed to be enough. She craved his good opinion, but she wanted it without the stain of reproach. She thought tonight that it would give her a greater happiness than she had ever known, if she could tell him of her sacrifice and so justify him for his faith in her.

She got up and slowly made ready for bed, spending a longer time than usual at her mirror as she brushed and rubbed her hair. It was rather remarkable hair, crisp with vitality, brown in color, shot with a filigree of gold. She was, she thought, not bad-looking; and after all, she had not aged a great deal. She was

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in her twenty-ninth year, to be sure, but then, hadn't some one said that it was the woman of thirty who was the most adorable?

Chapter Fifteen

In the morning there came a letter, and its contents drove from her mind all immediate thought of Stephen Edwards, and of the confession that she had thought of making to him. It was from Polly—a message from beyond the world, to fill her with uneasiness, with shame, but with pity too. It was a wild scrawl, wilder even than that for which Polly had always been distinguished, and showed the marks of haste and impulse. It was dated from Los Angeles and was written on the cheap paper of an obscure hotel.

"Dear Joan," she read.

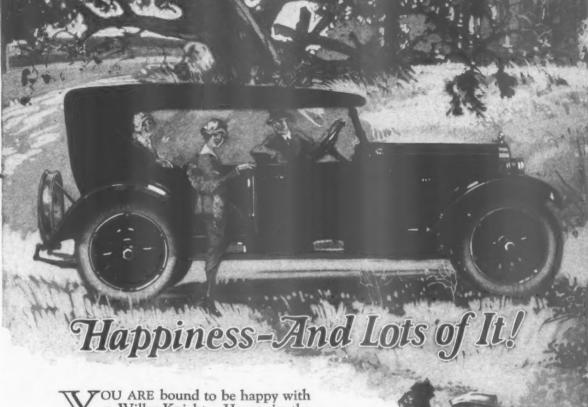
"You'll be surprised to hear from me after all these years.

"I know I've behaved badly to you, and that you've every right to ignore me if you choose. But I know you wont—not when you read this letter and find out how things are with me. I guess I'm just one of those people that everything goes wrong with. First the baby, and then marrying Joe! He wasn't so bad at first, but if you only knew—the things he's done and how he's turned out!

"Tve made an awful mess of things—though God knows, it wasn't all my fault. Joe's money went, after a year or so. He didn't have as much as I thought he had. When we moved down here to Los Angeles three years ago, he told me he was on the inside in a big motion-picture invention that was going to get back all the money he'd lost and make millions. I let him have my money. Wasn't I a fool?

"I didn't know anything about business. But I thought he was just unlucky. Worse than that, there was a girl-several of them-in Hollywood. I wouldn't have minded that, even, if he'd been straight in money matters. But he wasn't. He was just a plain ordinary crook. A friend of wine cut have crook. A friend of mine out here tried to get my affairs straightened out last year, but when he looked into things he found there wasn't much left to straighten. Joe was drinking and on the down grade, and he knew it. We had a scene, and I left him. I don't know where he is—back East, for all I care. I'm getting a divorce soon. I hope to God I never see him again. I managed for a while with what was left. It was mighty little, and I had to borrow money. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for friends. But I can't go on like this any longer. I'm down and out. And I'm a wreck, Joan. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I'm just half alive most of the time, forced to rely on medicines that I know are bad for me. And I'm so thin you wouldn't know me.

"I didn't think I'd ever have to call on you for help. You've already done so much for me. But I don't know what else to do. I owe for my room and board at this hotel. Do for God's sake forgive me what I did to you and take pity on me now. I've got to have a thousand dollars at once. Wire it to me on receipt



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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 12nd Street New York City of this. If you don't, I don't know what awful thing will happen to me.

Your broken-hearted, POLLY."

Joan read the eight pages through twice, greatly disturbed. She knew that Polly had withdrawn her share of the estate from the trust company in New York for investment in the West, but she had had no information that would have given her even a suspicion of Polly's misfortunes. Polly had ceased long since to write, and Joan had at last relinquished a memory that had always been painful.

Joan had of course known Joe Drake, a careless, well-mannered young fellow, always handsomely dressed, who has followed Polly persistently from the moment of her "coming-out" party, to tea and dance during her short and sprightly social career. A harmless young man, fairly well off--one of Polly's satellites. And it was difficult even now for Joan to conceive of him as the terrible failure Polly painted him. They had fallen—to-gether, because neither of them had been strong enough to support the other. It was a discressing letter to Joan, not because of any love that remained in her heart, but because it showed the essentials of Polly's nature.

AND it was a sordid picture that Joan saw, not in what Polly said, but rather in what she did not say. And the things she did not say aroused Joan's pity. Of course she would be obliged to send the money that Polly asked for, though it was easy to see that this request would not be her last. So she went down to Riggs' Bank, where she kept her account, and arranged to have the money wired at once to the address that Polly had given her. The business transacted, she walked uptown through Lafayette Square an I Connecticut Avenue, softened a little in her thoughts of Polly, casting her mind back through the years that had inter-vened, to the days of their girlhood, when Polly had been young and unspoiled. And Joan had spoiled her, as everyone else had done, not dreaming that in that pretty child could lie the potentialities for so much unhappiness for herself and others. Poor Polly! That was how Joan thought of her again, in the terms of her misfortunes rather than her faults.

Joan was even a little relieved that Polly had not mentioned the boy. And as long as Polly, by silence, acknowledged Joan's claim to Jack, there seemed little danger of her coming between them. For this, Joan had long ago decided, could never be. There seemed little probability of it now, for Polly had too many troubles of her own to attempt at this late hour the obligations of motherhood. The money that Joan had paid, and any money that she might be willing to pay in the future, was well spent, if only Polly would keep away from Washington and from Jack. Perhaps with Joan's fi-nancial help, she might find a chance to begin life again in the West. But it would not do for her to come to Washington. That must be prevented. Poor Polly!

The ensuing chapters of this remarkable story of a courageous woman's strange sacrifice are of exceptional interest. Watch for exceptional interest. Watch for them in the next, the May, issue.



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But Losing Jones' persistent jinx was still trailing him. When the entries closed for the Hot-dog Special, to the amaze-

THE HOT-DOG SPECIAL

(Continued from page 59)

urchins of the race-track who follow the trail of the thoroughbreds wherever it leads.

Artfully the Kid pictured the plight of Mrs. McGregor, reminding them that she had been like a mother to them all. "Never refused anybody a hand-out; never done anybody any dirt! The only one on the whoie track that gives us our money's worth. Suppose your own mother was going to be closed out by the sheriff just because she was trying to be a good sport? Feel like hell, wouldn't you? Well, that's just the way it is with the Hot-dog Lady. She's lost all her savings trying to provide a job for every no-account bum on the track. You kids have been pushing her around."

There was a chorus of protestations.

"Frenchy said the lady was a millionaire," said Silver Dream Charley.

"Frenchy was the guy that told us to get aboard—"

"You're a liar!" denied Frenchy.
"You told her to buy the Duc d'Orleans.
You got ten bucks commission on the sale. You split with the Rat—"

"He did not split with me!" shouted Henry. "If he got them ten bucks, he only gave me two, the dirty gyp—"

only gave me two, the dirty gyp—"

It looked as though the conference would develop into a free-for-all, but the Information Kid squelched the belligerents, and reminded them that practical suggestions were in order. One after another various solutions were proffered and rejected. Finally the Kid outlined his own idea:

"What's the matter with a Hot-dog Special? We'll get 'em to put a race in the books for horses that haven't won all season—horses that are owned by non-winning owners and trained by non-winning trainers. We'll make the distance a mile and a half, which ought to suit Tarcutta, and we'll name other conditions that will freeze out everybody but Ma McGregor. We'll get the best jock' on the track, and if any other kid tries to steal it, we'll beat him up. Of course, there wont be no betting, but the purse will put Ma on her feet."

"Sounds good, if the secretary will stand for it," said Frenchy, "but I think we ought to frame up something that we all could bet on. Now, I got an idea—"

"Save it," admonished the Kid, who knew Frenchy's methods from long experience. "Save it until we see how the Frankfurter Derby comes out."

THE young lord of the hustlers, hailed as the smartest youth on the American turf, exercised all his influence and ingenuity in behalf of the race that Secretary Darrow was finally persuaded to "put in the book." Then "Come-on" Kelly was engaged to ride; Presiding Judge Nelson himself advanced the necessary fee; and Losing Jones spent hours in preparing the awkward, rawboned Tarcutta for a supreme effort.

"Looks like he ought to win on three legs," said the sad-eyed trainer. "Darned if I don't think I got a winner at last."

ment of the Information Kid there were thirteen contenders, one more than the track rules allowed. "F'r Gawd's sake!" gasped the Kid.

"Who opened the cemetery?"

Investigation showed that every "frying-pan trainer" who pitched his tent on the bluffs overlooking the track, and included in his wealth a halter and a lantern, had managed to dig up a forgotten equine hero. The rules permitted only twelve horses to face the barrier at a time, and so there was nothing to do but put, the names in a hat and draw out one.

The Information Kid was present when the drawing came off. The entry clerk dipped into the hat, glanced briefly at the slip of crumpled paper, and handed it to Losing Jones with the laconic comment: "Tarcutta withdrawn."

There was a howl from Jones, a squeak from Henry the Rat, and a roar from the promoter of the race. "No, you don't!" shouted the king of the hustlers. "I wont stand for it! Suspend the rules! Suspend the rules!"

I N the grand row that followed, the Kid won out. The rules were set aside, and thirteen horses paraded to the post. It was a rheumatic scramble, and the hammerheaded Tarcutta, under punishment all the way, finished absolutely last!

Mrs. McGregor tried to behave like an experienced sport; but few women are good gamblers, and the Hot-dog Lady was no exception. Brown sausages that afternoon were speared with trembling fingers, and Ma complained that the smoke got in her eyes a good deal.

Henry the Rat, trailing his lord and master, offered the next suggestion. "There's a glue-works in Chicago right next to a sausage factory. We can ship the bunch at carload rates—"

The Kid demurred. "Next season we'd be eating 'em at Hawthorne Park. Let's see what Frenchy Bonville's got up his sleeve."

"Thought you'd have to come to me," said Frenchy. "I got a scheme that'll make us a million dollars. When a bird can sing, and wont sing, he ought to be made to sing. Tarcutta can run if he wants to; he's just naturally sulky. Ever hear of Thomas A. Edison?"

"Thomas Alva—" quoted the Kid.
"Born in 1847. I know more about him
than he does himself; what's more, I
know a lot of fellows who've been ruled
off the track for life. Better save your
battery for the front doorbell. Try
any copper stitching in the saddle, and
you'll go out the back gate so fast your
pants will catch fire."

"Is that so?" snarled Frenchy. "Well, I don't need any copper stitching, nor any wires in my boots. Think I went through the war without learnin' anything? This stunt is brand new. I been experimenting with wireless."

experimenting with wireless."
"Wireless?" The Information Kid was alert on the instant.

Frenchy nodded impressively. "Wireless is right! I braid the coil right in the horse's tail, where nobody would ever think of looking. All you got to do is tune up the old box, stand up on the hill,



Now within the reach of every smoker Famous Pall Malls—new size 20 for 30¢



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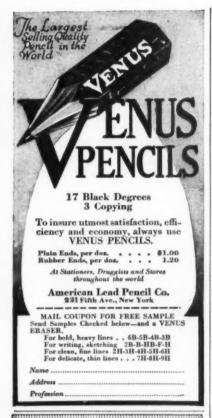
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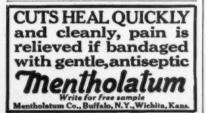
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20 for 30¢
WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 35¢







and put the bee on him when the field turns into the stretch.

"Sounds like a hophead's Christmas," commented the Kid. "If it works at all, I'll lay even money that Tarcutta sits down quick, or jumps the rail."

The Rat volunteered a helpful suggestion. "Goat-eye's got a pet pig up at the stables. It ate up Johnny Dunnigan's geraniums, that he's been watering all season. Let's try it out on the pig."

EARLY the next morning they tried it out on Arabella, sleek and fat, and the mother of seven hungry little ones. It took all hands and the cook to make the proper connection with Arabella's terminal appendage. Then Frenchy Bonville. first making sure that all the gates to the stable-yard were closed, elevated his "dynamo" and turned on the juice.

Whether it actually worked or whether Goat-eye's pet was already terrorized beyond ordinary porcine speed, is some-thing that only Arabella herself knows. Twice around the circuit she went, and then the north gate gave under the force of her charge. Down the hill toward the paddock raced Arabella, followed by her entire family. Frenchy was panic-stricken.

"Head her off!" shouted the inventor.
"Head her off! That's the only coil I

They were in mad pursuit of the fugitive when the pig bolted through the paddock entrance and emerged on the track, where Presiding Judge Nelson happened to be in conversation with the head of the track police.

"Hello!" exclaimed the dignified Judge. "Well, bless my soul, is this a race-track or a circus? First we have a Hot-dog Special, and now a Pork Derby. The winner appears to have something on its tail. Pete, I think you'd better question some of these young gentlemen.

But the "young gentlemen" had promptly taken the back trail at the first glimpse of the two officials, and for the balance of the day they remained discreetly under cover.

"Me?" protested Frenchy Bonville, when finally run down by Chief Patterson. "Why, I don't know nothin' about wireless. Honest, I don't!"

"I think you're right," grinned the of-ficer. "All the same, after this you'd better pursue your studies along other lines."

OR the first time in his life the Information Kid was inclined to follow the example of his confederates and quit cold. But when he saw Mrs. McGregor that afternoon and observed the deep lines of worry on her hitherto placid countenance, he changed his mind.

"Don't lose hope, Ma," he comforted. "You're entitled to a break on this track; leave it to little Johnny to put it over.

"I can't imagine what possessed me!" ghed the Hot-dog Lady. "But—gracious sighed the Hot-dog Lady. "But-gracious sakes, somebody had to buy those poor horses, didn't they? Kid, what on earth am I going to do?"

"Tell you tomorrow," said the hustler, and climbing the hill toward the Mc-Gregor barn, he leaned over the halfdoor of a stall and spent a long time in thoughtful contemplation of the occupant.

Tarcutta was certainly never designed for speed or beauty. Huge and raw and dun-colored-

> With the mouth of a bell And the heart of hell, And the head of a gallows-tree-

Kipling's verse fitted him perfectly. He lacked only the hump to have qualified as a camel. If he had one redeeming feature, it lay in the intelligent 'light that lurked in large, appealing eyes. Desire, that precious gift of Nature to the thoroughbred, still blazed in the orbs of Tarcutta, despite all the years of inglorious defeat.

"Somewhere, sometime," muttered the Information Kid, "I saw an animal that was shaped like that, but darned if I recall whether it was on a race-track or in the zoo."

He strolled back to the track café and there encountered the "Little Professor," who was a bug on equine genealogy. The two returned to the McGregor barns, and the young hustler pointed out Tarcutta.

"Ever see a horse built like that?" The Professor inspected the animal. "Seen 'em in Australia. They're bred in the bush country. One raced in California not so long ago. Name was Toowoomba.'

The seeker after information clapped a hand to his forehead. "Nice work, Professor!" he applauded. "Toowoomba is the very bird! Won the Thornton Stakes in Emeryville in 1902. Won the-wow!"

"'S matter?" asked the Professor.
"Aint you feelin' well?"
"Never better," grinned the hustler.
"Much obliged, Professor; I'll remember you in my will."

SHORTLY before dawn the next morning Bubbles Jackson, a ninety-five-pound product of the Louisiana levees, was pried from his blankets and persuaded to breeze Tarcutta twice around the track.

"See if you can keep his tail down and his head up the whole way," urged the

"Does Ah do that," grumbled the colored boy, "Ah gets me a job as strong man in the circus! Ah holds his haid up one mile, an' after that, yo' better get yo'se'f nine mo' jocks an' a donkeyengine!"

Nevertheless, Tarcutta managed to flounder around the track twice, and to the amazement of his diminutive rider, the second mile was negotiated with considerable less difficulty than the first. In fact, the Kid's open-face "ticker" showed a full two seconds' improvement in the last circuit.

Breathing heavily, Bubbles slid from the saddle and confided his impressions. "Seems like ol' mule jes' gettin' in-terested," he panted. "First mile an' half, Ah was sayin', 'C'mon, hawss;' last

half-mile, he was sayin', 'C'mon, jock!'"
"Wanted to run some more, did he?"
queried the Kid. "Well, we'll send him three miles tomorrow."

But the next morning Jockey Jackson completed the mile circuit four times before he returned to the stable entrance.
"Wha's the matter?" demanded the

king of hustlers. "Don't you know how to count?"

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Often in a few days,

blackheads, blemishes, and even infections that appear to be more or less serious, will yield to this gentle treatment. Cleansing, soothing, mildly stimulating, Resinol sinks deep into the pores and starts the skin again acting normally.

Start today this simple treatment

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your druggist. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the

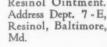
fingers. In the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

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serious skin affections

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Bubbles was indignant. "Yo' aint got no hawss," he sputtered. "Jes' a ol' rollin' stone goin' downhill. End of third mile, Ah says: 'Whoa, hawss!' But, nawsuh; does Ah stop Mist' Tarcutta then, Ah needs fo'-wheel brakes. Round we goes some mo', and this time—boy, we runs!"

"Hot dogs always go better when they're steamed up," commented the hustler. "Keep your mouth shut for a few weeks, and I may buy you a yellow overcoat."

"If yo' adds a pair o' shoes," said Bubbles, "Ah kin keep ma' eyes shut too! Aint heard o' no race in this part of the country, mo'n two miles."

The Information Kid nodded calmly, and blew a thin spray of cigarette-smoke in the direction of the McGregor barn. His manner was nonchalant, but his gray eyes shone like steel under the sun. "I didn't tell you to close your ears, Bubbles," he reminded. "Keep 'em

open, and you may learn something."
The Kid had breakfast with And You McIvor, and before they arose from the table, the famous Kentucky bookmaker had laughingly succumbed to the hunch

of his youthful guest.

McIvor was an influential figure in the affairs of the Jockey Club, but it is doubtful if his suggestion for a revival of the Thornton Stakes would have borne fruit had not Caldwell Mason been among those present when it was offered. Young Mason was the son of a millionaire stove-manufacturer, and he was doing his best to reduce the amount of his father's income tax. The Mason string included a number of thoroughbreds by imported sires. One in particular—Sir Weller, a handsome English-bred four-year-old—had set the track record at a mile and three-quarters, but had not been entered in time for the Tia Juana Cup at two miles. In fact, young Mason had been frozen out of most of the important stakes through failure to observe nomination rules. A revival of the classic Thornton Stakes, worth five thousand to the winner, offered just the sort of opportunity for which he was looking, and he was not slow in taunting the owners of other distance horses into supporting his plea. The Jockey Club, yielding to pressure, reëstablished an event that the Western turf had not seen in over a decade.

WHEN the overnight entry-list, published on the eve of the running of the Thornton Stakes at four miles, showed Tarcutta as one of the five starters, the regular customers laughed and drew a pencil-mark across the name.

For several weeks, now, Tarcutta had been entered in a race almost every day, but always at the last moment he had been withdrawn. Bookmakers accepted it as a foregone conclusion that the McGregor entry would be scratched again. Some men said that the Hotdog Lady's performer wasn't even at the track, and that Ma merely entered him so that she could see her own name on the program. Part of this was true, for Tarcutta and Losing Jones had been boarding at a stock-farm three miles away, where there was a long level road masked by two lines of tall gum trees.

No one will ever know the extremes to which Ma McGregor and her retinue of hungry conspirators were put in order to send the hope of the Hot-dog stables to the post. The starting fee was a hundred dollars, and there were other expenses just as necessary. Judgment had been entered that morning against Mrs. McGregor, and a writ of attachment issued. It was a case of putting the padlock on either the sausage concession or the stables.

"Let 'em have the hot dogs, Ma," advised the Kid. "Take the old apron off and sit up in the grandstand. I'll tell the cock-eyed world somebody's going to eat mustard this afternoon. Yea, bo!"

THE race attracted a large crowd, but there was little money wagered. On form, Sir Weller was the "class" of the small field, and it was generally believed that the Sheridan and Applegate entries were only after the second or third money. The bookmakers chalked up prohibitive odds against the favorite, offered four to one against two other horses, twelve to one against another, and wrote "thirty to one" opposite Tarcutta.

Most people figured that the McGregor horse had been sent to the post merely to add size to the field. The few who bought Tarcutta tickets at the parimutuel windows were confirmed long-shot players, men who laid a few dollars always on the longest-priced horse in a race, on the theory that the improbable sometimes happens.

The Information Kid, having madehis own arrangements in advance with McIvor, kept away from the bettingring. He sat in the grandstand with Ma McGregor, who gripped tearfully a handful of pawn-tickets and kept whispering over and over: "They'll put me in jail tomorrow! I know I'll be in jail! Kid, this is terrible!"

In the paddock yard a small-change bookmaker who handled the bets of exercise boys and "swipes" found himself besieged by some of Mrs. McGregor's most disreputable patrons. They made their wants known in graphic language.

"Two bits on the Hot Dog!" "Here y'are, Mister—here's four bits on the sausage; I'm plungin'." "Me too, boss—gimme a half, same way." "Frankfurter, Mister—twenty-five cents on his nose." "Six bits on the red-hot to win! Hey, Mister, will ya take fifteen cents on Ma's special?" . . . "Come on, boy, put up a dime, an' we go in together!" "Aw, be a sport, and maybe you'll get it back."

IN the jockey-room an English valet was arraying Jockey Claude Warrington in the colors of the Mason stables. Warrington had been riding on Canadian tracks and in New York, and was somewhat spoiled by the social attentions he had received. He looked with extreme disfavor upon Bubbles Jackson, who was repairing a rent in his tattered blouse with a safety pin. The little negro noticed the look.

"'At's right, white boy!" he grinned, "take a good look. Ah aint neveh been in Can'da or Noo Yawk, an' nobody

eveh done dressed me up 'cept my mammy—jes' plain nigga' kid! Mist' Wa'ington, yo' is ce'tainly goin' to lead the parade." Then he added under his breath: "—Till Ah gets goin'!"

There was little delay at the post. The big dun-colored gelding, rough and rawboned, looked as out of place in that field as a grimy blacksmith at a débutante's ball. He stood quietly in his place, while the sleek and well-groomed Sir Weller was maneuvered into position between Kingston and Smoky River. Suddenly the starter gave the word, up flashed the barrier, and the long race began.

As was generally expected, Jockey Warrington sent his mount to the front in the first sixteenth, and set a pace that was to Sir Weller's liking. The English horse settled down to a long, graceful stride, skimming the rail as closely as possible, and saving every foot of ground. The others followed at intervals of a few lengths, with Tarcutta in the rear half hidden by the dust.

WHEN the field passed the grandstand at the end of the first mile, Mrs. McGregor's colors were last by a sixteenth of a mile. The big hammerhead was plugging solemnly along, so far out of it that the crowd laughed.

"He's waiting for the next race," explained a red-faced individual sitting next to Ma McGregor. "Do they give booby prizes on this track?"

The Information Kid leaned over. "Sure, they give booby prizes!" he snapped. "Lil brown tickets with Sir Weller's number on 'em. You got one, aint you? Well, take it home and give it to the baby to play with."

The red-faced man was disposed to argue, but the hustler only shook his head, and stared through his field-glasses at the row of colored dots moving down the back-stretch in the second mile.

The English horse had increased its lead by ten more lengths. Kingston was sticking stubbornly to the pace, but Norfolk and Smoky River were falling back a little. Behind them all, Tarcutta was still pounding heavily onward, with Bubbles making no attempt to urge him.

Into the third mile they went, and for the first quarter there was no change in the relative positions. Then, almost imperceptibly, Tarcutta's awkward stride lengthened. The heavy head bobbed a little more willingly; the powerful shoulders loosened up. The long gap began slowly to shrink. At the halfmile, Smoky River gave it up and limped to the outside of the track. Norfolk surrendered at the three-quarter pole. Sir Weller was still far out in front; but just behind Kingston a little colored boy on a hammerheaded dun, was coming up fast.

The crowd, always hungry for thrills, had noticed the stubborn persistence of "the Hot-dog Special," and now there were murmurs of encouragement. The murmurs grew in volume.

"C'mon with him, kid!" "Shake him up, li'l boy!" "Go after him, Bubbles!" "Oh, you Hot Dog!"

The Information Kid held himself in restraint until, just in front of the grand-stand at the end of the third mile, Tar-

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By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

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W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Absorbine, Jr. with cutta passed Kingston, took the rail and set out after Sir Weller, with half a city block between them. Then the king of the hustlers fulfilled his pact with Snowball's boy, a pact founded on the simple promise: "You ride, and I'll root!"

All Tia Juana that afternoon marveled at the vocal powers of the Information Kid. Great as these were, Bubbles Jackson lived up to his part of the agree-ment equally well. No sooner had they entered on the last circuit, than Snowball's son went to work with heel and "bat." In language that was all his own, he called upon Tarcutta to extend him-

"Bust yo'se'f open, baby! Frankfur-collect vo' dime! Sausage, see ter, collect yo' dime! Sausage, see kin yo' sizzle. . . . Hot Dawg, get 'at customer! Hammehhead, go nail him! Pickle on the nose an' musta'd on the

tail! Bam—zip! Comin' up, boss!"
Tarcutta was indeed "coming up." Born in the Australian bush country, and tracing his origin to a line of distance horses, the huge hammerhead was displaying now the powers with which Nature had endowed him.

Jockey Warrington had not the slightest suspicion that anything was wrong until he made the far turn and straightened out Sir Weller for the final run down the stretch. Then he glanced back, expecting to see the nearest pursuer so far behind that he could ease his own mount into a canter. Instead he drew whip and sat down to ride for his life. Not eight lengths behind him, Tarcutta loomed up through the dust with Bubbles aboard, whooping like a convert at a camp-meeting.

Caldwell Mason's jockey did his best, but Sir Weller was wabbling in his stride, and clearer and clearer came the exhortations of the little negro:

"Rollin' stone, sta't yo' stuff!...

Pebble, sta't yo' avalanche!... Down hill wif the brakes off!... Fa'ther we goes, the better we gets!... Bam—zip! Outa the way, white boy—us needs room!"

Halfway down the stretch the two horses measured strides for a heartbreaking instant. Then Tarcutta drew clear, and the "Hot-dog Special" came stealing home by himself.

Ten minutes later, down by the judges' stand, the sport of kings paid its final and historic tribute to the Hot-dog Lady. The battery of camera-men were compelled to wait a little, because Ma McGregor was indulging in hysterics. Likewise, Losing Jones had run true to form by first losing his ticket and then what was left of his reason. Until the missing pasteboard was recovered, it took five men to restrain the unfortunate trainer from cutting his throat. But the Information Kid finally straightened out everything, and the picture was taken with the flustered Hot-dog Lady holding in one hand the classic Thornton Cup, the other grasping the bridle of Tarcutta, weighted down by the grinning Bubbles and a floral horseshoe.

IF you ever go to Tia Juana, look not for Ma McGregor's name on the daily racing program, nor even for that of her trainer. Both have retired from the turf with honors. Losing Jones has shaved off his whiskers for sanitary rea-sons, and he is now co-proprietor of the best sandwich counter on the track. The Hot-dog Lady has changed her name and is very happy. The full particulars may be obtained from a young man with curly hair and laughing gray eyes who, on days when it is pretty hard to pick 'em, sits on a counter stool and disconsolately announces to the world:

"C'mon, boys; this is the only way to beat the races! Best stable on the track. Play Ma's frankfurter special, and you can't lose.

A loaf of bread, a pound of meat, All the mustard you can eat— Hot Dawg!

"Saddle some more winners, Ma-here comes the gang!"

THE FIRST PLUG HAT

(Continued from page 45)

be difficult to speak through. And he became conscious of double vision-that is, he saw an electric lamp and a half when he looked out of the hack window.
"Does he live in town?" he wanted to

know.

"I came for the wedding and found m there. What time is it?" him there.

The Cub struck a match and offered the dial of his watch for her to inspect. "Nine-ten," she said. "My train leaves at nine-thirty."

"Why don't you appeal to the police?"

he asked. "And have those meddling newspapers spread the story? No, thank you!"bitterly.

Meddling newspapers, he thought, all society folks held that opinion. In parenthesis, they still hold that opinion, and sometimes you wonder if you can blame them. It's a tough world when you can't pick out a new one without the press publishing your letters to the old one.

The driver brought his nags down to a brisk trot which was maintained until the Cub saw the Morning Times office in the distance.

"I'll get out here," he said.
"Here's your hat." And as the Cub started to open the door, she leaned over and kissed him. She very well knew what she was doing—binding him to

He suddenly found himself on the curb, his hat in his hand, tingling from the pegs in his shoes to the cowlick his mother used to think so cunning when he was little. He gazed ecstatically at the heavens, and put his arm around a star.

Presently he realized that he couldn't return to the office in this shape; there would be too many questions; so he went into Johnny's Place by the family entrance, and proceeded to the lavatory, where he washed up. There were a few spots of blood on his shirt-front, but he could cover that up neatly by buttoning up his topcoat-one of those bobby whipcord things your dad will remember.

His lips were badly puffed, and his eye

was beginning to show a slaty color. He could say that he fell down the stairs and hit the newel post. He wished now that he had taken a drink from the famous Pembroke punch-bowl; his story would sound more logical. Of course he could not mention the lady. He had his copy, and no more could be expected of him. He waited in the saloon until five minutes of ten.

Darn the hat! It seemed to have shrunk considerably since he last wore it. Now it stood on the top of his head. In a burst of rage he put the hat under his arm and marched forth into the street, thence to the office.

He peeked through the crack in the door before he entered. The city-room was empty as it generally was, this early in the evening. The city editor sat in his swivel chair, smoking a corncob pipe and reading the editorials in the New York Sun. (In those days Charles A. Dana was the newspaper man's fetich; they swore by him, high and low.) There was no sound except the clatter of the telegraph instrument in the telegraph-room.

The Cub stole quietly to his desk, turned on the electric light, banged the plug hat resentfully under the desk beyond the reach of his feet, sat down and began his story. His pencil moved slowly, due to the swollen knuckles of his formidable right hand. Perhaps his interest was not on the job; for from time to time he stared at the wall littered with clippings, cartoons and comics.

SUDDENLY there came a rush of feet on the stairs. The police reporter burst into the room. "Big stuff!" he cried to Matson.

"Big stuff!" he cried to Matson.

"What's doing?" Matson asked, without catching any of the enthusiasm.

"The Pembroke pearls are gone.

"The Pembroke pearls are gone. Smooth work. A woman known as Easy Kate, one of the cleverest going, landed in town this morning from New York. Railroad detective piped her. Local police lost her until about an hour ago. Mallory saw her in the room with the wedding presents. Room full of folks. She slipped out before he could get to her. So he went outside to watch. The woman had an accomplice. She got information in New York as to the size of the pearls and substituted fakes. The accomplice poked old Mallory in the jaw and laid him out. By the time he came to, the birds were gone. But they'll never get out of town tonight."

"Column and a half," said Matson, reaching for the composing-room tube, up which he shouted orders. "Go to it, Dell. Hey, Cub, did you hear about it?"

It was a mechanical "No;" it did not seem to come from the Cub's throat. It left a hole in his stomach; and a singular notion popped into his head—that his tummy was a doughnut with a hole in it.

"Of course not!" roared Matson.
"Right under your nose and you saw nothing. What the devil's the matter with your mouth and eye?"

"I fell down the stairs and hit the newel post. But I got a list of the presents. The pearls were there when I looked."





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"The fakes," said the police reporter, taking off his coat. "You're a hell of

"I told you not to touch the punch, didn't I?" cried the disgusted Matson.

de te ar C th of th

"I-I didn't touch it." The poor Cub saw all his dreams of becoming a great journalist go aglim-mering. He was going to be fired. Besides, here was the first disillusion, and it hurt. On the other hand, the woman had kissed him; and fired or not, they would never get that out of him. Thief or not, she was a woman. She might have been forced into this life by grim circumstance-by some man. She had had the right to escape by what means lay to hand. He wasn't sorrowful over her deception; it was the world that made him sorry. Nothing vuigar about her looks; she had the air of an aristocrat. But twenty thousand dollars' worth of pearls! What a chance he had missed! To have taken the pearls from her gently but firmly, and to have awakened the dormant conscience—what a scoop that would have been!

"Give me that copy," barked Matson. "and clear out."

"Am I fired?"

Matson grew thoughtful all at once. The boy ran errands cheerfully, and for some months he had saved the office ten dollars a week. If he fired this one. there would be a new cub to break in; and the boy wasn't a total fool. It would have relieved his feelings mightily to boot the boy down the stairs, but office

economy had to be thought of.
"No, I wont fire you this trip. I'll give you one more chance. Here's the biggest story in months, and you let it get The desk-phone rang, and Matson picked up the instrument with a garroter's loving clutch. "What's that? . . . Oh, it's you, Mallory. . . . What? For the love of Mike! What? All right, come over. Yes, I'll keep him here."

THE empty feeling left the Cub's tummy and his jaw tightened. Mallory would expose him. Well, let him! How was he to know that the woman had lied? She had got by Mallory; small wonder that she had fooled a younger man. Not one man in a thousand would have done otherwise than he had.

He reached down and under for his hat, and plopped it truculently upon his desk. Calmly he finished his story and laid it on the city-desk.

"Will there be anything else?" he

"There will not," said Matson. "But you stick around here until Mallory of the detective force turns up. So you fell downstairs, did you? Turn it loose —I want to know just what happened, so I can check up Mallory. He'll probably say you hit him with a pickax.

So the Cub told the truth, minus the That was his; it did not belong to the Morning Times.

"So she held your plug hat while you poked Mallory in the jaw?"

"Yes sir."

Matson played jokes upon members of the staff, but he had what is unusual in a practical joker, a real sense of humor. The whole thing hit him in the eye, sud-

denly. He began to laugh, and the laughter grew until it threatened to become apoplectic. The woman holding the apopiectic. The woman holding the Cub's new plug hat while he punched the detective in the jaw! The sad part of it was, he couldn't use the yarn. If the evening papers got hold of it, the town would yell itself sick, and the whole Times staff would have to pay for the music. He saw that he would have to throw a scare into Mallory, and into the Cub too, to keep their mouths shut. He strolled over to the police reporter's desk.

"Tell the story just as you got it—that Mallory was knocked down by the woman's accomplice. I'll see that Mallory subscribes to it. How he came to recognize the Cub I don't know. Maybe

"Sure, Chief. The woman is a pippin," said the police reporter. "The dope is, she works alone; and if she finds obstructions, she gets cold feet. Down in New York they've watched her for four years without getting anything on her. Her chief game is the fashionable wed-The quickness with which the faked pearls were discovered trips her up this time. In the Grand Central there's always a bunch of detectives, and most of 'em know the beautiful Kate. When she bought a ticket for this burg, the locals got a wire. —Cheer up, Cub," said the reporter, amiably. "I'll bet the Senator himself would have fallen for her stuff." Clickety—clickety—click.
Said Matson to the Cub: "I'm going

to cover this up. If you ever blab, I will fire you."

"Yes sir," replied the Cub, with a smile like that of a man who has taken an overdose of strychnine. "It was "It was growing dark in the garden. I didn't recognize Mallory.

"Well, he found out who you were," growled Matson. It was growl or laugh.

He returned to his desk.

The police reporter leaned back. "Great stuff, Cub. Mallory has always been a bully. What did you hit him Why didn't you hoof it?"

"I didn't know enough to run," hissed the Cub; for his words went on spurts of air in order to find passage through his lips.

The police reporter assaulted his typewriter again; and the Cub's thoughts reverted to his plug hat.

Y OUNG as he was, the Cub had a sound appreciation of drama. He revolted against the set form of newspaper voiced against the set form of newspaper stories, though he knew that this style was due to the law of circumstance. News began this way: John Jones mur-dered John Smith last night in Hogan's then came the things that led up to it: the absolute reverse of fiction, which began with the finding of the pistol and the accusing of several innocent persons. The Cub had already begun to note that the public taste was queer. News they wanted with a bang; but if you failed to fool them in fiction, they pooh-hooed you.

There came the thud of heavy feet upon the stairs, and shortly Mallory entered, with a blue cheek-bone, and a pair of lips slightly puffed under his scrubby mustache.

"That's him!" he boomed, pointing to

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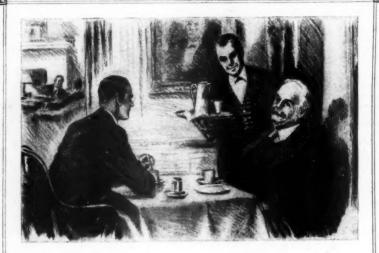


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the Cub, now as nonchalant as could be, because he knew that there wouldn't be

any rough stuff in the city-room.

"Take it easy, Mallory," warned the city editor. "The boy was fimflammed by the woman, and he didn't recognize

"Well, you keep him out of the City Hall until I begin to draw a pension, snarled the detective.

"I'm going to smooth it all out," said Matson conciliatingly. "We are going to print that you were set upon by the woman's accomplice, who, rumor has it, is an ex-pugilist. That'll let us both out."

"But she got away with the pearls, and I'd 'a' got 'em but for this dam-fool

"You were in the room where the presents were," said Matson. "You saw

"Sure, I saw her."

"Then why didn't you nab her?"
"The room was filled. When she passed out, the pearls seemed to be in place. But I'd 'a' got her—"
"Yes, yes!" interrupted Matson. "You

can still get her. Dell, here, says the railroads are guarded."

railroads are guarded."
"Ye-ah," cried Mallory derisively.
"And this skirt, being a wise one, wont
go there. She don't get cold feet for
nothing. She'll lay low and scoot when
nobody's looking. Or she may be going
north or south with that rig. It aint shown up at the livery yet."
"Well, it looks like your muff. When

you saw her come into the room where the necklace was, you should have gone right over and escorted her to the station, or arrested her on suspicion.'

"That's what I was going to do, when this wall-eye butted in." Mallory was still in a furious rage.

"Dell will smooth it all over on both

sides. Any reward?"
"Old Pembroke offers a thousand bucks. But there's a fat chance of anybody getting it now."

THE Cub trembled and licked his tortured lips. All he had learned from Doyle, Gaboriau, Du Boisgobey & Co. surged back into his recollection, and every convolution of his fresh young brain began to seethe-with dénouement after dénouement, each as brilliant as the pop-lights of a Roman candle, and each as quickly petering out, and presently the Cub found himself with no more pop-lights whatsoever. He might invent a wonderful story, but Matson had an uncanny way of harpooning the faker. You might cast a fake into a true story and get by with it, but never pure fake. So the Cub came out of his fictional cloud, ruefully but sensibly.

"Say, Mallory, let's forget it. Look

"You keep away from the station.
That's all I got to say to you."
"You wont divide, then, and shake

hands?"

Mallory turned upon Matson. "What the hell's he talking about?"

"What do you mean, divide?" demanded Matson irritably.

With a lead pencil in lieu of the magician's wand, the Cub made a few passes over the hat, and decanted its contents, so to speak.

"That's what I mean," he said, his sense of the dramatic completely satisfied by the stupefaction overlaying the faces of the spectators.

"The pearls! Holy smoke!" yelled the detective, lunging forward.

BUT the Cub resolutely barred the way.
"Will you divide and shake hands?"
Mallory recognized the sportsmanship
of this offer. He was Irish, quick to lose his temper; but he carried around no private vendettas. He grinned and held out his hand-and that handshake

has lasted these thirty odd years. "But come across, kid; I got to know how and where you found them.'

"A few minutes ago, in that darned plug hat. When we had that scrap, she was holding the hat; and realizing that the jig was up, she stuffed the pearls un-der the inside band. When I tried to wear the hat, it wouldn't fit at all. I came in with it under my arm. That's all there is to tell."

"Jumping bullfrogs!" cried Dell, pushing aside the stuff he had written.
"Wait a minute, Dell," said Matson quickly. "Cub, the Times always wants the truth, you're beginning to the truth; you're beginning to learn to tell it. Beginning Monday, you're on the pay-roll at ten a week.

Matson's heart, however, was metaphorically torn into ribbons. Here was the kind of yarn old city editors lusted for-romantical thievery, with a semi-happy ending. And he couldn't use it because it would humiliate the police force and bring ridicule down upon it. He fell to pacing the room, plotting the feature so as to bring glory to the *Times* and the Police Department. The smoke from his pipe whirled behind him and half-circled at the turns. Finally he paused beside the police reporter's chair.

"Run the story as you started it, using the accomplice stuff. And wind it up with the fact that the necklace was recovered by the energetic efforts of Detective Mallory and the youngest reporter on the Times. And remember, Mallory, half the thousand goes to the kid here. God knows he'll certainly need it in this business.'

"Sure," said Mallory heartily. if I was you, I'd buy him a new lid."
"Done!" cried Matson, grinning.

There was a lot of haggling in the business office, conversations up and down the editorial speaking-tube; but in the end the Cub was given five dollars. What dens of penuriousness the business offices of the old newspapers were! Today they spend more a week for a comic strip than they allowed a reporter on a mysterious three-months murder case.

As for the kiss, it is herein for the first time revealed.

Two days later the Cub's father went to New York on business. That night after supper the Cub had to roll out the ashcans for the take-up on the morrow. He wore his first plug hat. As he arrived at the curb, with the second and final can, he gravely deposited the hat on top of the ashes.

The next morning he awoke at ten and looked out of his window. The ash-man was wearing the hat at a rakish angle as he moved along to the next group of cans.



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THE CANDLES

(Continued from

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in

Her heels cracked sharply on the mats as she jumped out of her long chair. She was on the veranda in a step. was the steamer? Where was Arthur? Why had she been fool enough to go to There was no knowing what sleep? might have happened.
She listened. Night-owls ere calling

in the bush-hoo-hoo! how too! A boy was singing sleepily, somewhere at the back of the house. In the distance, the sea breathed low.

No steamer, no lights on the water. No steps upon track or beach. Nightcrickets whirring woodenly among wet winting woodenly among wet leaves. Night moths, with ghost-pale wings, fluttering against the bark walls of the bungalow. The wilderness, the huge unknown—she, solitary, in the midst of it!

Greta, bending her figure and clasping hands over her heart, unconsciously, as that cave-woman ancestress of hers had done, eons ago, to ward off falling blows, crept out toward the kitchen, where the

"Where's your master? Where's my husband?" she asked, peering pale-faced into the doorway. The boy looked up from his seat upon the floor; he had a huge frizzed head: his lips were red with

"No savvy," he replied. There was a high log pathway connecting the kitchen with the house. Greta went out onto it, and stared through the She could see the black-velvet wall of the forest cutting the stars, and the sea, like gray glass, and a narrow thread of pathway, winding she knew not whither. There seemed to be a light—the dimmest possible light—tangled some-where or other in the forest, near the end of the track. It was not one light, but several, very low and very pale,

standing together.
"The Candles!" breathed Greta to herself, feeling her breath come short. "The Candles of Katara!"

GRETA has never been able to account for what she did then. She thinks that she must have had a touch of island fever-the long, stupid sleep of the afternoon suggests as much. Certainly, in her ordinary frame of mind, she would not have left the safe shelter of the house, and run through darkness and over every obstacle, right toward the strange, sinister lights. But that was what she did.

And just as her little high-heeled shoes were crushing the wild indigo and smilax that bordered the forest clearing—just as the lights were beginning to show bright among the boughs-they vanished, in a kind of wild upheaval, and she was left lost, bewildered, clutching at nothing, staring into the dark.

You do not see khaki by nighttime. Greta jumped, and cried out, when a tall up beside her and spoke her name.
"Mrs. Ferris—what are you doing out here?"

"Where's Arthur?" she answered.

can't find him."



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"Can't find-" "No."

OF KATARA page 74)

"Where is he? Where can he be?" "If I knew, do you think they'd be

"What do you—what—where can he have got to?" They were walking now, back along the pathway that led to the house. The long grass brushed against their ankles; it was heavy-wet with dew. A mist was coming up from the sea; you could not see more than a few yards in

"It'll rain in a minute," said the sailor.
"We'd better hurry. As to Ferris, you can't expect me to be very anxious about him. I should say he's in the place that best suits him to be in, whatever that is."

"Arthur always does do what he chooses," agreed Greta. "But—it's so

late and dark."

LIDDON said nothing. Greta continued: "And I saw cliffs, big cliffs, at the other side of the island, as we were com-

"All the boys are out looking."
"Not all of them," objected Greta, remembering the sleepy savage in the

"What do you mean?" asked Liddon,

stopping short.
"I don't mean anything. I'm sure you're doing all you can. I only mean that I saw the cook sitting in the kitchen."

Liddon started on again, and said nothing. Oddly, she could have sworn he was

relieved.

They reached the house. In the rude sitting-room the cook-boy had set out food-stewed pigeons from the forest, tea, fresh scones. Liddon urged her to eat; she found herself hungry, in spite of her disquiet. They finished the meal, went out on the veranda, looked through the mist and the rainy gathering dark. Greta suddenly began to cry.

"I know something's happened," she sobbed. "I've felt it, ever since I saw those dreadful lights."

"Now, don't you worry," comforted ddon. "There's nothing in the world so bad that worrying wont make it worse, or so good that worrying wont spoil it. You're dead tired. You're to have my room, and I'm going to bunk in the boys' house. Go and turn in, and in the morning-

"What?"

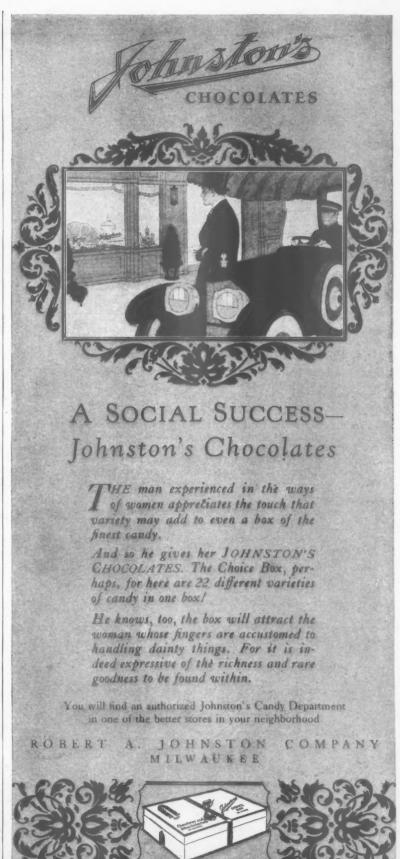
"In the morning the boys will be back, and it'll be all right. People lose their way easily in these forests.

"But the cliff!"

"You turn in, and don't bother about cliffs, or about lights. There's nothing in that at all; it's merely phosphorescence. Now good night, and mind what I said."

I N the morning, there was no Arthur Ferris. There was no Arthur Ferris all that day. There was never any Arthur Ferris again.

Greta cried a little-not much; she was in her heart glad to be freed of him. She could not help reckoning up to herself, in solitary moments, what she would inherit as a widow. They had lost money through speculation lately; there wasn't much capital. Arthur had meant to de-





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velop the island, and set himself straight. She owned the island now. She owned the capital. Bob Liddon had been shockingly treated. At first her thoughts went, consciously, no farther.

By the time Bob Liddon's schooner returned from a trip to Tahiti, a fortnight later, her thoughts had taken form. The days on the island had been golden, peaceful; the scent of the great forests, where the ax was at work, seemed to hold a drugging, hypnotic power, charming you into forgetfulness of all things that lay beyond the circling beach of Katara. Greta, by now, knew her own mind. She was in love with Bob; she had been, ever since that voyage on the Siandra. And Bob was in love with her. And Arthur— Arthur, the hurried choice of immature girlhood, Arthur, whom she had never really loved, who had made her bitterly unhappy, from whom she had never hoped to be freed-Arthur had, somehow or other, in the dark of the island night, fallen over a hundred feet of cliff into fifty fathoms of sea. She could not, now, even pretend she was sorry.

THE schooner, floating white-winged into the bay, fair as a morning dream, seemed to her the end of something that had been strangely sweet. She took it for granted that Liddon would send her off to Tahiti. But it seemed that there must be some little delay. One of Liddon's laborers, a boy from a far-off island, had to be sent home. His time was up; governments, Liddon said, made a fuss if boys were not returned at the proper date. If she wouldn't mind waiting just a little while longer, he would see she got a boat as soon as possible.

Greta, wondering a little, remained. And the golden days and the still, hot, scented nights, went on. And the glamour of the island world crept round her heart, as the long liana ropes, all starred with flowers, crept round and clipped the trunks of the forest trees—so that at last she felt Katara, and the man who justly owned Katara, were twined into her life so fast that only death could ever tear

them away.

When the schooner came back, she sailed again, almost at once, for Papeete. Liddon captained her this time, his native captain being left behind to look after Katara. There was a wedding in Papeete, and a honeymoon on Moorea; and more and more, the drugging sweetness, the long, long dream, of island life crept into Greta's heart. Australia, New Zealand, California, the countries where there was cold, where people worked hard and hurried, where nobody had time to live, or ease to dream, passed out of her thoughts. Life lingered, on Katara. You were not speeding to the grave; you were not speeding anywhere. You were wandering and dreaming, among flowers, by blue Summer was everlasting; love would never end.

ONE thing puzzled Greta from time to time. Liddon would not talk about the island lights, the mysterious "candles" that were so seldom seen. He declared, if questioned, that they were nothing at all, but he always changed the subject. And by and by Greta, gliding insensibly from the state of the bride to that of the wife, came to feel that Bob's preferences, positive and negative, had to be respected. She came to know that you cannot marry a man for his strength, and at the same time hope to rule him. What Bob said, what Bob wished, "went!"

He did not like to talk about her late husband. That, of course, was compre-hensible. Arthur had treated him vilely. Greta assured herself that she understood

When they went out walking, he did not mind, never seemed to avoid, the green cliff height where Arthur was supposed to have fallen. Greta did not mind, either, but she felt she should have minded. She did not say so. Bob, however, avoided the spot where she had seen, or thought she had seen, the candles. He did not tell her to avoid it, but he always seemed to have something for her to do, when she was heading that way. She had looked at the place from afar off; it was nothing but a tangled brake of bush, full of fallen trees. She did not want to visit it; it looked as if snakes might be there. But she used to wonder, at first, why Bob disliked her going there.

After a while she stopped wondering; she did not think about it. It seemed to

her that she preferred not.

After a little while more, she found, quite suddenly, that the prohibited subject had been working itself out in her sub-conscious mind. Her mind offered her the result, as a persistent servant may offer unwished-for food. She refused to accept it. But somehow, somewhen, she found that she had accepted-what?

The truth, at last.

WELL," she said to herself on a certain scented southeast-season morning, when the axes were chipping busily away in the forest, and the sea was ruf-fled into white and blue. "Well! What But she knew that it could not be done away with like that. "I don't care," she told herself. "I don't care one little bit. Just so long as he doesn't know I know." That was all right—but how long could she keep her knowledge hidden?

Forever, she maintained stoutly. But she knew that a wife does not keep such secrets. She cannot. They tell them-selves. What she does not say shouts out the things she is hiding, as plainly as if she had spoken it. And it is so hard to control what you do not say and do

It came about, when the southeast season had broken, and the northwest gales begun, that Bob and his wife talked less and less, by themselves. They seemed to like having one of the house-boys in the room, dusting, setting or clearing table, when they talked. As soon as they were left alone, they felt constrained. And at night, when one lay awake in the darkness, he, or she, pretended to be asleep.

It was sometimes clear in the mornings now, but great rains fell after noon; one could not often go out. Books had come up by the schooner; they read; they played cards; they sang together to Greta's guitar. When employment failed, Bob hurried on an oilskin, and went out to the boys' house, to set the laborers at indoor jobs. Or else Greta went to the kitchen, to make cakes. They



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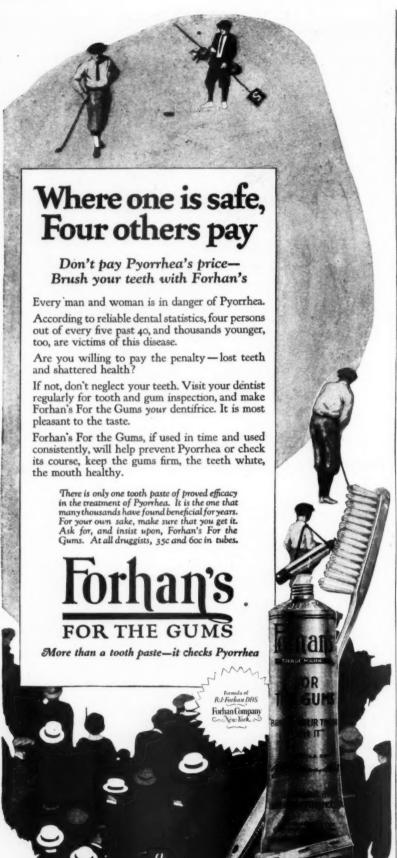
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never sat idle, in one another's company. And sometimes, now, one caught the other covertly observing.

RAIN had fallen heavily all one day. At night it slackened off; the bush smelled chill and damp; fresh wind blew on Greta's little face—which seemed to be growing smaller and more pointed day by day-as she stood on the back veranda, alone in the dark. Bob was in his bedroom, turning out boxes. The boys were in their house. She was quite alone. And looking out into the wet-smelling dark, she saw the lights-again, unmistakably, the Candles of Katara.

She listened for a moment. shifting boxes noisily about. Nobody was

in the kitchen.

Treading quietly, she went down the steps of the veranda, and once on the cleared ground behind the house, she ran.

When she came to the bush again, she halted, and began parting the low boughs with her hands. There were the lights in front of her, not fifty yards away. She could have screamed with fright, but something drove her on. Something told her that the secret lay there—there, within touch of the Candles, the mysterious lights seen so seldom, so little understood. Well, she was going to see and understand now, if it killed her.

She climbed over a dozen fallen logs, thinking as little as she could about possible snakes. She pulled aside a tangle of drooped lianas. There was a small clear space behind the logs; grass grew on it, and low creepers, but nothing more. The rain had begun again; it was dropping heavily into the clearing; in another minute it would pour. Greta's thin blouse was drenched across the shoulders; her hair fell heavy-wet. . . .

She did not feel the rain. She did not feel herself, or know she was there. She was conscious of just one thing—the

Candles.

There they burned, right in front of her-little, long flames, set in irregular figures. And the figures took the form of a human body.

She found herself nearer, without knowing that she had moved. She was bending down. There was no corpse there. But the candles, livid tongues of light, burning in the midst of the rain, stood as if set in masses over arms and legs, over a head and long, laid-out body. She was so ter-rified that she flung herself at them, snatching. One or two went out; in her hands she felt something thick and damp, cold as a dead body.

SHE thinks, now, that she went mad for a minute. She does not remember how she got back to the house. But she was there, standing under a furious black rain, with her hands clutching the uprights of the veranda steps. She did not go up the steps for some time. Then it oc-curred to her that she had to wash her hands, and so she went up, and into her room. Bob was there, sorting books. She did not say anything, but he cried out when he saw her, drenched, dripping water all over the floor. With her hands in the basin, she turned round and looked at her husband.

"Somebody has come and set candles all over his body," she said. And the

secret, that had never been a secret, was out at last.

Bob pulled her wet clothes off, and wrapped her in a dressing-gown. He laid her on the bed, and brought whisky, and told her to drink it. She drank it, but it did not go to her head. In a curious white calm, she sat up, and told him to go and blow out 'the Candles. "Some one else might see," she said.

The strange white calm still held, while Bob went out. She saw, heard everything with vivid clearness. She knew when her husband reached the brake—heard, through the drumming of the rain, the strokes of his bush-knife, clearing boughs away, beating on the ground. After a pause she heard him coming back. When he entered the lamplit room, his blue, sailor eyes looked big in his brown face, because the brown had suddenly grown paler. She felt quite certain that she loved those eyes, better than any other eyes in the whole world—no matter what had happened, no matter how.

It might have been the whisky—she thinks so, sometimes. But she spoke right out.

"Bob, darling, if we don't mind, who need?"

BOB came and sat on the bed beside her. He did not answer. Instead, he told her about the Candles.

"I've always known what they were," he said. "They're fungus—a new kind, I reckon—no one ever seems to have heard of anything like it. They're like little cones, and they show all shiny in the dark. Seems they hardly ever come up—just once in a long while; and if they do, it's after big rains, and—and—I reckon it must be—over a place where something's—something's—died. But they hardly ever—I never thought. Anyway, the boy and I thought it a good place. People wouldn't go—"

Greta put her arms round him.
"Tell me," she said, with her face hidden, "did you mean to, or not?"

"Lord, honey, I don't know," allowed Liddon, with a note in his voice of bewilderment. "It just happened. A fellow doesn't always know what he means, when another has driven him mad. I'd been all round the island, and came on him again when it was getting dark. And he started to mock at me—you know; and there was the thought of you in me, and that made it worse. When a fellow is all mushy about a girl, he sees red so easy. I don't know what I meant. But it was just one blow—the point of the chin—his head went back. There was a boy I trusted; I got him to help me—dig. He didn't mind the place where the Lights were seen. The others wouldn't have gone near it."

He stopped. Greta felt his arms slackening ever so little. She set her little teeth, and sat up.

"Bob, we've got to thrash this out. What were you afraid of?"

"Well, they always say—and the books, you know, and picture-shows—if a man's killed another, he can't marry his widow." "Why not?"

There was silence. Bob rubbed his hair up with his fingers.

"Honey, you're cleverer than I. I reckened you'd know."



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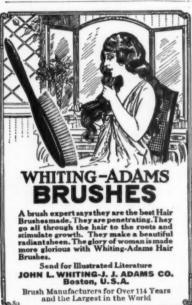


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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S School Department will help you solve the problem of your child's see pages 7 to 16.



"I don't."

"I-I reckoned, somehow, even if you thought you'd got to stand me, you'd want us to leave Katara."

'Why?"

'I thought you'd know why."

"I don't!

Silence dropped. The two sat staring at one another, in the orange light of the

hanging kerosene lamp.

"This island," said Greta suddenly, "isn't a picture-show or a book. It's just an island. You and I are real. In pictures-there'd be all sorts of nonsense. But it's not pictures, Bob; it's you and

THE night had passed, they knew not how. Over the gray lagoon dawn was lifting hands of rose. The lamp burned dim.

"Honey," said Bob, looking out at the new day, "it's morning now; let's forget bad dreams."

The golden days have come back to Katara-for a little while-which is all that Fate grants to the happiest among men.

(Beatrice Grimshaw has written a new group of stories of her own South Seas for you. They are redolent of the atmosphere of that strange land that she knows from long residence better than any other living author. The first of these stories will appear in an early issue.)

MARY ON HER OWN

(Continued from page 86)

high voice. "Where do any of us get off?"

"But if we don't get a license to fight, I can't see where the papers'll be legal."

"Didn't I say a gentleman's agree-ment?" asked the promoter impatiently. 'It's done every day-private fights to try out a new man. But if you've got a lot of suspicions, it's all off. I haven't got time to fool with this sort of mush-"

"Oh, well-

Artie looked again at his check-book then turned irresolutely to a fresh leaf and took-a step toward the table. Mary, who had continued dropping ice into the glasses, made a slip of the hand. A glass went crashing to the floor, a warning note. Kit Fennelston, who had hitherto been absorbed in the work at hand, glared around irritably. His expression, changed momentarily from its persuasive cast, was not a pretty one.

"What the hell-" he began: then his little reddish eyes catching sight of Mary:

'Who let that woman in?

Artie saw for the first time. His face, which had been puzzled and worried up to then, took on a look of complete astonishment. His jaw and his check-book dropped at the same instant.

"She came up, Mr. Fennelstonbegan the waiter, only to be cut short.
"Well, put her out!"

"You'll not put me out!" said Mary with a distinctness that surprised her. "Not until I've said something!"

SHE had placed herself at center stage, quite naturally and reckless of peril. Everybody in the room jerked around and glared at her, suspicious as a gang of dynamiters caught in their own trap. The two fat men by the table craned their necks like great, shapeless walruses. Fennelston half rose, leaning on his hands. A powerful young man with a seamy face made a move toward the door, while Artie, plainly annoyed and embarrassed, shuffled over to the table where she stood.

"Look here, Mary-" he began in an

undertone.

"I've come here to talk to you and to Mr. Fennelston," she resumed, her voice gaining in clearness. "You know very well—all of you—that you've got this boy here"—she laid her hand protectively on Artie's arm-"to swindle him out of his money, and bruise him up, and make a laughingstock of him."

"I don't know who your Jane is,"

snarled Fennelston in his queer high voice, but you tell her to get the hell out of

"Don't pull any rough lines here, Fennelston," Artie warned him quietly; then he turned to Mary. "What's this all he turned to Mary. about, anyhow?"

"You're being cheated—swindled out of your money," she said, for the benefit of the roomful. "And everybody here—

"This is ladies' night, I see," piped Fennelston. "Maybe you've got the inside dope, little girl."

"That's exactly what I have got—the inside dope, as you call it. Mr. Fennelston, you've played on this boy's vanity. making him think that he's a terribly talented prize-fighter—or whatever you call it. You've known right along that he can't really fight-not like the regular pugilists. And now you want him to bet a lot of money on himself. You know he's rich and can afford to lose. You're pretending to match him against some sort of broken-down prize-fighter, and you're really bringing in a champion under an assumed name."
"Who told you this?" growled Artie,

wounded pride and rage-rage at her and

all the world—in his voice.

"A man named Gibbons." At the name, the two fat men turned and glanced significantly at one another. But the promoter's face was stony.

"I suppose he's the wise guy," said

Fennelston sweetly.
"I think so. He's been your chauffeur up to very recently, and he's listened a great deal.

"Throw the wren out!" demanded a rough voice from the back of the room.

Artie turned and glared.

"See here, Artie," resumed Fennelston, his tone becoming suave again, "your lady friend's having a brainstorm, and we can do without her. I got to catch a train back to New York, and if you want to talk business-

"Artie, I'm telling just what I know." She had turned to her Tough Knight Errant and touched one of his big hands. "You don't have to believe me-but you wont decide anything tonight, will you?"

she pleaded.

His brow puckered into wrinkles with the effort of decision.

"I guess we better call this show off for tonight," he responded gently, speak-ing to the roomful. "Aw right!" Fennelston arose and

crammed a sheaf of papers into his pocket. "That's just what comes of playing with a lot of college boys. I don't care what happens to you after this, Artie. I did my best to put you into the game—it's cost me money, too. But if you walk out tonight—well, good night;

ARTIE hesitated, shuffling uneasily in the middle of the floor. Mary reached out and took him by the hand, much as a teacher would conduct a little child, and led him toward the door. The room began to buzz like a hive of bees. Several of the company began swearing terribly, and as Mary was reaching for the knob, a new dilemma presented itself. The big, seamy young man who had been acting as sentinel, stood across the panel, blocking her way.

"Let us out, please," she demanded, proud as a duchess in her servant's uniform.

"Oh, no, sweetheart!" His voice was

insultingly soft.

"Artie, are you going to let him-" She turned to her companion, and for the first time the big fellow seemed to come out of his trance.

"Get out of my way!" he said in an annoyed voice. The rest seemed simple,

as most miracles do.

Suddenly, and without apparent effort. Artie had thrown his entire weight from the ball of his left foot to the knuckles of his right hand. It was a short blow, nicely timed and placed. His great fist, striking its objective just below the ribs, made a dull, dead sound like that which would be caused by a sledgehammer smiting a hair mattress. The man who had stood sentinel stood no longer. He writhed on the floor, grunting and holding his stomach.

That was the last of Ogg's Hotel, so far as Mary was concerned. They took their time about getting away. She linked her arm in Artie's and led him gently down the hall, and she was grieved to see the shamed and heavy look on his face. It was not until they had left the lobby and were out under the stars

that she dared ask:

"Artie, are you mad at me?"

Chapter Eight

HE did not answer. Although they were walking together arm in arm, and she could feel the consoling strength of his big muscles under her little hand. Mary was not at all sure that he had heard her, so deep was the reverie into which her Tough Knight had fallen. She wanted to say that she was sorry for him; she wanted to say more than that—to tell him how his quiet, unassuming courage had aroused the primitive woman in her. She loved to be protected! Mary Hamilton Parr, feminist by conviction, who had gone alone into the world in order to prove her independence, trembled with delight at the thought of this conquering male upon whom she might lean!

They were safe on the Boardwalk now, and had reached that section where enormous, prosperous hotels cast their brilliancy far out to sea.

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| NAME | - | | _ | _ |
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| | | | | |

said Artie at last, pausing before an illuminated entrance.

"Oh, yes," answered Mary, confused. Artie had broken his silence, but the manner of his speaking was decisive, as though the name of the hotel settled something in their case.

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"I thought maybe you'd like to stop

here-

"Stop here! But Artie, I-"

"This is where your aunt's staying," he blurted out, and at that she wheeled around and faced him. "Artie Thorpe, how do you know she's

my aunt?'

He grinned for the first time that evening, and she was glad to see it. schoolboy flush came over his face, which had been pale.

"I've got a little inside information too," he announced. "You'll find her in Room 1126. She ought to be home from Ma's séance by now.

She hesitated in the entrance, not knowing why. Possibly her inner mind knew something which her superficial brain could not express. But Artie's face

"Good night," He pulled off his cap, but made no attempt to shake hands with her.

So that was all. He had not forgiven her for pulling the wool away from his eyes and showing him the ugly world into which his credulity had led him.

MARY had no trouble in being shown up to 1126 when once she had announced herself. In the large drawing-room of her suite she found the eccentric Arabella coddling a pet marmoset against the lace of her elaborate negligee. amazing old lady showed not the slightest surprise at this sudden visit from her runaway niece.

"Remember what I said last time I saw you," she began before Mary was well in the room, "about going to a pagan place full of minarets and domes and Oriental bazaars? And I've even got the black dragoman to walk beside my chariot-his name's Montmorenci Richmond, and he's the smartest colored man that ever pushed a wheel-chair. didn't think I meant Atlantic City when I said all that, did you?"

"How could I?" gasped Mary. "Oh, Aunt Arabella, I'm so glad I've found you!"

"Come here and kiss me!" demanded the oddity, not moving from her chair; and when the duty was performed: "So you've gone into service! Sensible. I'm glad to see that one of the Parrs has enough ambition to work."

"I'm-I'm so scared!" Mary said this with a half-scream as she threw herself into a chair and, quite against her will, burst into tears.

"Here, Nicolette!" A mulatto maid appeared, and Arabella handed over her marmoset. "Put Zoroaster to bed with a hot-water bottle."

But when the servant and the little monster had disappeared, Arabella's tone was softer than Mary thought it could ever be.

"Dear child! Don't go on like that! What have you done to yourself?'

"I-I just couldn't marry Stan Mapes,"

she rambled hysterically. "I couldn't

make up my mind to—I ran away."

"I know you did," agreed Arabella.
"And it was very wise and sensible—very. Stan is the dullest of all the Mapes. I know, because he almost bored me to death when he came to me, the day after you walked out,-they discovered I was in town, somehow,—and tried to get my advice. I thought my hair would turn

ONE of her jeweled fingers lightly touched the auburn wig she wore—so Mary suspected—even to bed.

"What—what did he say?" asked Stan's ex-fiancée, curiosity conquering all other emotions.

"Just what you'd suspect. He's a pig, my dear—and isn't it fortunate he is? He was in a dreadful rage—said it was a bitter blow to his pride!" Aunt Arabella laughed one of her short, sarcastic laughs. "His pride! I don't think he gave a rap about losing you—now, don't bridle, my dear. It did hurt him, just as losing any good piece of property would. But it was mostly his precious pride. And what do you think I told him?"

"I can't imagine." "No. People can't imagine what I'm going to do next. I ought to be a Bolshevik or a professional assassin, I'm so fond of conspiracies."

"But what did you tell him, Aunt Arabella?" insisted her niece impatiently.

"I told him that the only way to save his pride was to go out-go at once, pronto-and get himself engaged to somebody else."

"Oh, yes." Ma mixed. "Did he—" Mary's emotions were

'Certainly he did! That Ponsonby girl-the one with the big teeth-she's been in love with him for years. They're going to be married in November at Southampton."

"That was very kind of you, Aunt Arabella," admitted Mary, her own pride a little wounded in spite of the relief which the news had given her.

"Let me see your hands," was Aunt Arabella's next surprising request; and when she had studied Mary's fingers for an instant, she said: "White and lovely as ever. How could you stay in service and keep your hands like that?"

"I—I'm a parlor-maid," explained Mary without humor.

"Oh! I thought you worked for a living! Who employed you?"

"It's a queer thing, Aunt Arabella. A woman who calls herself Mrs. Apthorpe Thorpe."

IF any surprise was shown at this remark, it was on Mary's face, not Ara-

"Well, how small the world is, after all—that's a bromide, but isn't it true!" creaked the old woman dryly.

"Then-then you know her?" Mary lacked courage to tell how she had seen the two Mrs. Thorpes together that very evening.

"I think I ought to," said the old lady. "She's the woman who pays my expenses—and they aren't small, my

Quite obviously not! From the size of the room in which they sat, it was not



No matter how you shape and file them-

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cupied the best suite in the hotel.

"But what—" The question died on Mary's lips, for her aunt broke in:

"For giving her my name, child!" That sounded simple.

"Of course."

"Well, not of course, exactly. But you see, I've been living in boarding-houses, mostly in Brazil and China, for the last thirteen years. I'm not made to live in a boarding-house, Mary. I've been raised to spend money and to buy the things I want. When I found that my husband's fortune had fizzled away to a little four thousand a year, I simply couldn't stand living in New York and letting people know how your I was " know how poor I was.

"So you moved to Brazil?"

"I've hovered in every black-and-tan and yellow port in the world, just hating 'em. Lots of times I'd have sold my soul to the devil for ten thousand a year only the devil would have got a bad bargain, I'm afraid. And then along came this Thorpe woman. I met her on the boat coming up from Rio. It seems her husband made eleven million dollars, selling dynamite to the Allies, and was blown up just in time to make her one of the richest women in the funny little State she came from. She didn't know what to do with her money; she hadn't any brains to speak of, and—isn't it queer?—she had almost the same name as mine-Mrs. Absolom Thorpe."

"And she wanted to trade names with

vou?"

"She? Mercy no! The poor old thing didn't have sense enough to think of it. But I talked to her. I told her that I'd been away from New York for ages and had my face and hair done overnobody in the world would recognize me. She was just crazy for social position, and I showed her how she could get it. I'd give her admission to all my clubs, a list of my friends, enough facts about myself to work on. In short, I gave her myself, including my name."

"I'll say that was generous of you,

Aunt Arabella!"

"Not at all. New York society bores me to tears. And I made a bargain with her—goodness, what a bargain!"

ONE of her withered, ringed hands made a gesture around the big room. That gesture seemed to include all the luxury that the pampered old soul required of

"I'm endowed for life," she smiled serenely. "But tell me, child, how much longer are you going to be with that Thorpe woman?"

"I-I've left her," admitted Mary.

"You were right, my dear. She's playing fast and loose with the name I gave her. Spiritualism! That's all rightvery chic, if you show any judgment. But you should have seen what I saw there tonight. Positively grotesque! She had employed a terrible impostor of a medium, and his work was so transparent that they fairly booed him out of I enjoyed it immensely," the house. added Aunt Arabella.

Mary sat irresolute, not knowing how to proceed with her own business. But her eccentric relative read her thoughts.

"Mary," she snapped, "you mustn't

hard to guess that Aupt Arabella oc- wear those ridiculous clothes any more. I have more room here than I know what to do with. You stay with me, and we'll defy the world. What is it you're afraid

> "I don't know. I-I thought it was simple for a girl to go out on her own-to work and be independent. But since I've tried it, my life's been a melodrama -a terrible melodrama with something always bouncing out at me. I don't think

> I'm capable of getting along without—"
> "Without a husband," Arabella supplied promptly. "I've been thinking plied promptly. "I've been thinking about that ever since you disappeared. I'm a little surprised that you aren't married already."

"Why?"

"Well, you're the marrying kind. You think you aren't, but you are.

MARY sat silent, crestfallen. Where were all her brave resolutions, born of college-bred feminism? She had tried her brush with the world, and slunk back to be told what she had always hated to hear-that she was fit only for the one natural feminine occupation, marriage. Then a consoling thought sent warm blood through her veins, thrilled her un-reasonably. Again she felt the strength of Artie's arm under her little hand.

You've seen her boy, haven't you?" asked Arabella, obviously a mind-reader. "Artie? Oh, yes." The words were

jarred out of her by the suddenness of her aunt's attack.

"Well, why don't you marry him?"
"Artie?" she repeated; and because the

clever old eyes were fixed upon her: "I-I don't think he'd want to marry me, even if I did-

"He's crazy about you." "How do you know that?"

"He's been fetching and carrying for me ever since I came to Atlantic City. I saw you down on the beach last week—"

"Oh! I didn't think anybody knew-" "You're not so sly as you think, child. He's in love with you. There's a big, honest, boobish boy who could get any-where in the world if he only had a wife with brains to direct him. You'll be amazed to see how he'll grow up, once he's away from that addle-pated mother of his. You'll put him right where he belongs."

"You talk as though we were engaged."

"You will be," said Arabella decisively, and pushed a button in the wall at her

"Nicolette," she demanded of her maid, "show Mr. Thorpe in."

"Mr. Thorpe!" Mary breathed in-edulously. "But I left him at—" credulously.

"He rang from downstairs while you were coming up in the elevator. Now don't ask any more questions, child. You're much too inquisitive. It's a bad habit and you mustn't let it grow on

The door opened, and Artie, looking enormous and shy and-to Mary at least -adorable, stood on the edge of the rug,

his face suffused with blushes.
"Now, Artie," began Aunt Arabella,
"help me up, will you?"

He gave her both his hands, and when she was on her feet, she limped toward the door, throwing back over her shoulder: "I've got her here; now I don't want you to fool away any more time."

"ARTIE," said Mary, speaking into his lapel,—it was twenty minutes later,—"I don't know how I could have thought of living alone—when I had this to come to."

"We get a lot of ideas-darling." He said the last word creakingly, as bashful men do. "We both of us thought we were white hopes, didn't we? And we've blown up, and gosh, we're lucky!

There fell another pause during which they wasted no time in words. Then, being feminine, she was the first to

"I didn't think you'd forgive me, dear."

"For what?"

"Breaking in on your business the way

I did tonight at Ogg's.

"I hope you'll break in on it every day of my life. I've got a chance to buy a share in a contracting business, and I'm for it, if you think it's all right. Gee, you've got a head on you, Mary."

"Do you love me?" "Does a duck swim?"

"When did you begin loving me?"

"When I saw you that rainy night in Ma's kitchen, and knew darned well you'd never make a servant."

"How did you know?"

"A servant girl would have screamed and yelled instead of asking me to supper. And say, Mary-when did you first love me?

"I don't know. Maybe it was when you came up the stairs that night, and I

knew you weren't a burglar.'

"Why?"

"Because burglars aren't kind and chivalrous, except in story-books.' "I'm such a rough guy, Mary.
"My Tough Knight Errant!"

"I hated to hit that man tonight, right before you. But it was the only way to

open the door-'

Enlightenment came to Mary, and caused her to ask a question which, on its face value, was irrelevant enough.
"Artie," she inquired, holding him by

his lapels and looking straight into his handsome, honest eyes, "tell me some-thing. Who was that man you knocked down as we were getting out of Ogg's?"
"Him?" asked Artie, indulging in one

of those grammatical errors of which she tried to cure him during their prosperous, happy life together. "Oh, he wasn't happy life together. much, after all-

Yes. But who was he?"

"Well," he explained, shuffling from one foot to another like a boy being quizzed, "well, Mary, he was the famous fighter Fennelston brought down from New York to lick me."

THE END

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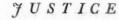
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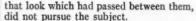
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For a few days Miss Kittle had thrown out small lures in Mr. Grimes' direction -the regular thing with her whenever an unattached man appeared. And then she had given up with a completeness never before known of Miss Kittle, who as a rule was persevering. The teachers said only that Mr. Grimes was "so reserved." "Lively as a funeral," was the comment of Mrs. Katz, given with a slight, unconscious shiver. Mrs. Pugh, who was present at the discussion of the new boarder, remarked that he got on her nerves. As she spoke, her eyes peered from her fat face with an expression of bewildered discomfort. She was an old resident of Riverton who had known the elder Mrs. Kirby well, and had come to board with Janice to "help out," as she said. So far she had been well rewarded; everything had suited her, the familiar house, Janice's cooking, the society of the other guests. But now that Mr. Grimes had come-well, she was conscious of a difference. Exactly what, she couldn't say, but a difference—an atmosphere about the house that was making her nervous. Why, when she found that she had left her glasses downstairs on the living-room table, where like as not they would get knocked off and broken—well, when she made that discovery at eleven o'clock at night, she just couldn't make up her mind to go down after them. She told Janice about it next morning, while Janice was dusting.

"What's come over me I don't know, she said, shaking her head, "but I'm simply all nerves, Janice. I jump when a board creaks, and when I pass a door that's a crack open-well, I look the other way and hurry by-actually as if I expected something to pop out. And I don't know how to account for itunless-

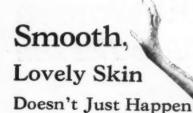
"Unless what, Mrs. Pugh?" ran the dust-cloth carefully along the windowsill.

"Well, unless it's that Mr. Grimes, Janice. There—it sounds perfectly absurd, of course! But he does get on my nerves somehow—in a way I don't seem able to describe exactly. It's not that I have anything against the man-he minds his own business as thoroughly as anyone I ever saw; but sometimes when we are all sitting at table and I catch his eyes suddenly-well, Janice, I shall scream right out some day; I know I shall."

Janice dropped to her knees and began to wipe off the baseboard. "Why do you feel like screaming when Mr. Grimes looks at you?" she asked after a pause.

MRS. PUGH shook her head. "That's just it. I mean that's just what I don't know how to explain. It makes me think sometimes I'm going crazy. The best I can say is, I get a feeling as if Martha Kirby might as likely as not walk in at the door next minute—as if anyone might-she, or Jim, or any of them.

"Aunt Martha and Jim are dead, Mrs. Pugh," said Janice in a hard voice.
"That's just it, Janice! That's just why it's so awful to feel as I do. But



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(Continued from page 55)

what this Mr. Grimes has to do with itor why he should put me in such a shiver— And Janice, I hate to speak of it, but—"
"Yes?"

"Well, hasn't it struck you that since he came, Alvin has grown worse steadily? More nervous, and jumpy, and every-thing? I notice at meals that he can't keep his eyes off Mr. Grimes; and then when Mr. Grimes looks at him-well, he'll shake so that he'll drop his knife

stares and stares. I tell you, Janice, there's something queer about it."

Janice turned suddenly. She was so pale that Mrs. Pugh, startled, put on her glasses to look at her better.

or fork, and yet he can't look away-just

"Mrs. Pugh, I know you want to help me, for Aunt Martha's sake. Well, if you do, never, never say to anyone else what you have said to me. Why, there's no telling what kind of a wild story it might grow into-enough to drive people away from here, anyhow. And of course it's all nonsense. I mean, there simply can't be anything—queer—about Mr. Grimes. Alvin has taken a foolish dislike to him, for some reason. You know how notional Alvin is. So don't, please, repeat to anyone what you have said.
Please, Mrs. Pugh."

Mrs. Pugh promised. She was a little

scared by Janice's intensity. Of course, poor girl, it would be dreadful if her boarders left her, now that she was beginning to do so nicely. And then Mrs. Pugh herself was very well suited with things as they were—at least, as they had been before Mr. Grimes came. And probably Mr. Grimes would not be permanent-there was that ranch he was supposed to be buying.

Left alone, Janice sat on the floor with the dust-cloth in her hand. Her face was pale and drawn, its expression that of a fear which has passed beyond expectancy, to certainty. And at the same time there was a question in it, a desperate, concentrated effort to see clearly something that still eluded her—as one may peer into a dim corner, trying, yet dreading, to make out what it is that stirs there among the shadows.

YOU still like your boarding-house pretty well?" Mr. Butters inquired of John Grimes some three weeks after their first interview in his office. They were returning in Mr. Butters' car after inspecting some property farther up the river. Mr. Butters' question broke a silence that had lasted for some time. Mr. Grimes was on the whole a silent person, and habitually left the burden of conversation with the other party, who-ever it might be. Mr. Butters did not, for some reason, like to be silent in the company of Mr. Grimes.

"Yes, I like it all right," Grimes answered.

Another silence, which Mr. Butters again felt nervously moved to break. "Janice,-I call her Janice on account of knowing her since she was knee-high, -Janice has certainly held up well under the load she's had to carry. Funny how things turn out. A few years ago, I



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guess nobody would have prophesied that Janice Wright—prettiest girl in town, some called her—would be where she is now, keeping boarders with a brokendown husband on her hands. She's kept her looks pretty well, though, all considered. I'd say she was something of a looker yet, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

The indifference in Mr. Grimes' tone nettled Mr. Butters somewhat.

"Well, you'd have said so, all right, if you had seen her before she was married! Half the fellows in town were after her. A merry chase she led them, too—Jim Lowrie, old Mrs. Kirby's nephew, and all of them. My wife and I, though, we always bet on Jim. 'She's just having her fling,' my wife used to say. 'It'll be Jim and nobody else; you'll see!' And sure enough, when the war came on, and she knew he'd be going off soon, she dropped all her nonsense, and they got engaged. But maybe I've told you all this before?"

"Did you? I don't remember."

"Well, come to think, I guess I didn't ever go into it much. But now that you're living right in the house, it seems kind of natural to talk about it, especially as you can see for yourself the sort of citizen friend Alvin is—laying there letting her wait on him and never doing a lick. Oh, I guess his heart is weak, all right—it was why they let him off from the army; but I never believed it was so darn weak as he makes out now. Of course some say that Janice has herself to thank; she oughtn't to have married Alvin in such a rush just on account of what she'd found out about Jim. But I guess when a girl gets hit by a thing like that, she's liable to fly out in most any direction, so long as she thinks she's getting even with the man that hurt her. Anway, I expect it was like that with Janice."

"I see you take the usual juryman's attitude, when it comes to convicting a pretty woman," said Grimes with a laugh.

THE laugh jarred on Mr. Butters; it was distinctly unpleasant.

"I'm willing to give her the benefit of the doubt, same as I would anybody," he replied with emphasis. "I told you I'd known Janice all her life, and she was always a fine girl. So was Jim a fine young fellow, too, I always thought. Of course, that business of Hattie Canfield, while he was going with Janice, did look pretty yellow, though. Hattie was one of our town girls too, and was always thought well of till—well— Don't it beat all, the way some of these young fellows will go on? Here was Jim running up from the training-camp every chance he got, to court Janice; and yet at that very time he was in deep with Hattie too, right here in the same town."

There was a pause before Grimes said: "So it turned out this Lowrie was engaged to both of them at once?"

"Engaged? Well, maybe Hattie thought he meant to marry her—though I don't see how she could, with the whole town knowing about him and Janice. But I expect he did fool her into thinking it; she had always been a decent girl before that, anyway. It was the way it all came out that stirred

people up so—happened just about the time word came that Jim's regiment had got safe across. She had a fall at the place where she worked, and—well, they rushed her to the hospital, and she died that night—never came to enough to talk. Nobody had suspected before that there was anything the matter. There was a lot of talk about who was to blame, and so forth; and the next thing it was all over town that it was Jim Lowrie. I expect some would have been slow to believe it; only right afterward it came out that Janice Wright, who'd been engaged to Jim, was going to marry Alvin Kirby instead. And she did marry him, too, before folks had time to get their breath back."

"You mean she broke off with one man and married the other merely on the strength of some talk that had got around town?"

"No sir, the thing came to her straight—I guess it would have taken more than talk to make her believe a story like that about Jim. Janice's mother was living then, and a pretty close friend of my wife's, and that's how we got to know the facts. You see, Jim lived with old Mrs. Kirby, and had from the time he was a kid, not having a mother of his own. Later on, Alvin came to stay in the house too, Mrs. Kirby liking to have the boys with her, though she was a sight fonder of Jim. They say it was her being so fond of Jim that kept him and Janice from marrying before he went across—the old lady wanted to feel, while he was away, that she was the nearest he had in the world. But she liked Janice all right, and when Jim was gone, and she finally got her mind made up to overhaul his things and put them away, she had Janice come to help her. I expect they had great times together, crying and talking about Jim.

... Well, they were putting mothballs among his clothes and so forth, when Mrs. Kirby comes across a letter. She looks at it and says: 'Well, I declare, Janice, he's left one of your love-letters in his pocket!'

"Janice says, 'Give it here,' or something like that, and takes it from her. Well, the minute she looked at it, she saw it wasn't any she'd written. She got pale as death, and she said to Mrs. Kirby, 'I'm going to read this,' she said. And it was from poor Hattie, that there was so much talk of at the time, to her 'Dearest Honeyboy.' Regular red-hot love-letter, it was—didn't leave the least bit of doubt who was to blame for her trouble."

"Did it name him? 'Dearest Honey-boy-' Pretty indefinite, isn't it?"

"Well, when a man carries a letter like that in his inside vest-pocket, it means he's the party it was written to, I should say," rejoined Mr. Butters. "At least, it would take some showing to convince most people that he wasn't. Anyway, Janice took it at face value, and so did Mrs. Kirby, for all she was so fond of Jim. I expect Janice had just one idea in what she did after that—to show Jim, and the town too, that she didn't care. Alvin had always been hanging round her, and there he was, right on the spot, to fall back on—



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But I put it off—and off—and off—

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most of the boys, of course, were overseas. Their wedding came so quick it always looked to me like she wanted to get it over with before she had time to think. Not long afterward came the news about Jim-him and a lot more, done for in a mine explosion. Poor old Martha Kirby! That and the scandal together were the end of her. She died. and Alvin came in for about all she left. Quick as he got his hands on her money,-there wasn't so very much,he went to speculating, and pretty soon he was cleaned out. I always did think he was one of these skyrockety kind of fellows that you can't bank on very far. He went broke, and then instead of hunting a job and beginning again at the bottom, he just quit cold. They had the old Kirby house left, and when he decided that his heart wouldn't let him work, why, Janice just turned to and took boarders. Maybe she *did* act hasty, but she's paid up, I guess. Not that I'm saying Alvin aint some sick. But it looks to me like he had mostly just quit. You know how a man will, sometimes, when things start to go against him-kind of lay down like he thought it wasn't any use."

"Often, when a man breaks that way, it's because he has—something on his conscience," said Grimes.

A queer thrill passed through Mr. Butters. What caused it he couldn't have said, unless it was a certain note in that rather thin voice of Grimes'. As if he knew all about Alvin Kirby, knew him as God would know him on Judgment Day!

He gave one of his sidewise glances at Mr. Grimes. What was it about him that made him different from other men? Why, when you were with him, did you find yourself continually trying, as it were, to brush away a mist from before your eyes-as if, could you only see clearly for a moment, you would know something fathomlessly strange, utterly astounding? Yet Mr. Butters saw only a quiet, expressionless profile as Grimes sat with arms folded and eyes on the road ahead.

"On his conscience? Well, I dunno," responded Mr. Butters dubiously. "I never knew of anything crooked Alvin's done-only he's kind of unreliable. Anyway, it's rough on Janice, him quitting like he did. We always liked Janice, my wife and I, and we liked Jim too. Looked to us like they were made for each other. Queer how things turn out sometimes, aint it? We'd always kind of paired off the two of them in our minds, and now here's Jim blown to scraps over in France, and Janice married to his cousin and keeping boarders in the old Kirby house. Sure is queer.

They finished the drive in silence.

AS Mrs. Pugh had observed, Alvin had grown "worse" since the coming of Mr. Grimes. A kind of unwholesome old age seemed to have overtaken him, a general loosening of his hold on life. He had been rather plump and flabby; now he grew haggard. It was significant that he said nothing more to Janice about wanting Mr. Grimes to go; he said nothing about Mr. Grimes at all.

Nor did he now avoid him; on the contrary, Alvin seemed unable to keep

from following him about, from haunting rooms and porches where Mr. Grimes sat. What did Mr. Grimes think of Alvin's hoverings, his starts and quakings, the extraordinary fixity of his furtive stare? Nothing showed that he was even aware of them.

On warm evenings after dinner some of the guests usually strayed out on the porch, and if Mr. Grimes was among them, as he often was, Alvin was sure to follow. When Janice was through in the kitchen, she would come and stand at the window, behind the curtain. From there, she would watch Alvin and Mr. More and more intently, as Grimes. the twilight deepened, would she watch Mr. Grimes, until her eyes seemed to burn through the dusk that enfolded him, softly blurring out his face, leaving only the outline of his lean figure as he lounged on the porch rail.

JSUALLY the Katzes sat on the porch too, or Mr. Allen-the latter hardily making love to Miss Kittle, who "stood him off" with a fire of sarcasms. But one night the Katzes went out to dinner, and Miss Kittle and the teachers to a movie. There was no one on the porch when Janice reached the window overlooking it, but Alvin, Mr. Grimes and Mr. Allen, and the latter was just departing.

"Well, guess I'll mosey 'long downtown," she heard him say. "Some of the fellows going to drop round to Martin's tonight for a game of pool. You feel like coming, Grimes?" he hazarded.

"Guess not, thanks," returned the man addressed, and Allen clattered down the steps and went whistling off along the street leaving Alvin and Mr. Grimes on the porch together, Alvin huddled in a chair, Mr. Grimes seated on the porch rail, his back against a post. Behind the curtain at the open window Janice watched.

Alvin's chair was near the window. She could hear his quickened breathing as he struggled with the emotion that at last broke into speech.

"Look here, I want to know right now what you're doing here? What it is you're trying to put over?" The defiance of his tone was thin as the crackle of paper. Under it fear lay abysmal.

"What am I doing here? I thought it was generally understood that I was looking for a ranch." Quietly as Grimes spoke, his words carried the stab of a ruthless irony.

"Well, I don't understand it. Oh, hell, let's cut the thing short! I— I've got to know what you-what you're His fingers laced themselves into after. the interstices of the wicker chair.

"But I think you do know," came from the figure lounging on the rail, through the dusk that made it dim.

The chair creaked under the heavy, sudden slump of Alvin's body.

"So why try to dodge the issue?" pursued the voice. "You knew, didn't you, to begin with, that you'd have to meet it some day-somewhere? I concede that you probably did not expect it to be under just these circumstances."

By main strength of his clutching hands, Kirby pulled himself up a little.
"I—don't understand," he quavered.
"No? But you've just said you did

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understand-that this business of the ranch was camouflage.'

"I don't understand-what your business here is."

"My business is with you," said the thin voice out of the dusk.
"It's a lie. I haven't any business with you—I don't know you!" raged Kirby suddenly.

"Shall I recall myself to your recol-lection?" the voice asked.

Kirby tried to speak, but produced only an inarticulate sound.

"Shall I?" insisted the inexorable voice.
"My God, no!" The chair creaked faintly with the shaking of the man's body. Then, "What do you want?" he body. Then, "What do asked in a thick whisper.

"Justice."
"You mean-"Just that."

"But it's done, it's done! How can it be undone?" moaned Kirby.

PARENTS giving serious thought to the education of their children should read "Summer Camps and Useful Leisure" on page 6. If you need help in selecting the right camp or school, write, giving full details, to the Director, Department of Education. Enclose stamped return envelope.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 42d Street New York City "The truth can be told."

"To her?" "To her."

"But I'm her husband!" came from the huddled shape that showed dimly against the whiteness of the chair. "Would you want her to know-thatabout her husband?"

"Who was it that would have been her husband but for you?" asked the voice sternly.

"But he died," Kirby faltered. "He died because he wished to die. After he got her letter, he went looking everywhere for death. That letter told him nothing-gave no clue to what had happened-just let him know that she had thrown him over-and for you! He

"God, God!" The chair creaked and snapped under the rocking figure. "And you came back to-to-

"I have told you why."
"And if I tell her—" Kirby spoke with fficulty. "If I tell her, you will—go?"
"I promise that you will never see me difficulty.

again."
"You—wont ever come back?"

"Never."

"Nor-nor Hattie? Oh, not Hattie!" Kirby shuddered.

"How can I say? That is between you and her."

"Oh, not Hattie!" he whimpered again miserably, then started up in terror as Janice came out upon the porch. With a cry he fell before her and clasped her

"Oh, Janice-oh, Janice!" he sobbed. He drew her warm body to him, clinging

to her like a frightened child. "Oh, Janice, Janice!"

To herself she had seemed to be moving in a dream as she groped her way from the window to make a third in that extraordinary interview. Now at the touch of that abased and broken creature she seemed to wake-to a compassion that lifted her like a great wave, above

"Hush, hush!" she said soothingly, her hand on his bowed head. "Hush, Alvin." "Oh, Janice, I did it, I put the letter

there. It was to me-Hattie's.

His grasp relaxed. He slipped down limply at her feet, like a bundle of old clothes.

She seemed to stand alone with two dead men in a world gone dark. It was fantasy that one of them should stoop and lift the other up. She heard him telling her to call a doctor.

EXCEPT old Mrs. Pugh, who was still faithful to her program of "helping out," the guests had left the house until the funeral should be over. It was over now, and Janice was moving about get-ting things in order. She and Mrs. Pugh had dined informally at the kitchen table, had done the dishes together; and now the creak of the old woman's rockingchair sounded from her room overhead. Tomorrow the boarders would begin to come back; Lizzie would reappear, and time would begin again after that strange pause which death produces.

All these three nights and days Janice had been busy without respite. Insistent duties had claimed her, giving her no time to think. It was as if she had been able to close for a little while a door which shut out something that stood waiting—waiting for the time when she must open.

As she stood looking about the livingroom, in which the scent of flowers still hung, she was aware that the sort of anesthesia which had made life possible for her was wearing off, that a sense of reality was returning. What should she do when it did return? How was she to bear it when that flood of pain and grief and sheer inexplicable horror broke through and overwhelmed her?

A footstep crossed the porch; the front door opened. The step was in the hall-now it was in the room with her.

Twilight was gathering in the room, and an overmastering impulse made her, before she looked around, snatch at the chain of a wall-bracket close by. As the light flashed on, she turned—and her breath exhaled in a long sigh. For there was Mr. Grimes—unchanged.
"I came to tell you that I am going

away," he said quietly.

"'Going away," she repeated. A little cold wind from a far, far-away place seemed to play about her, delicately stirring her hair.

"Yes. I have finished with-the business that brought me to Riverton.'

She looked at him with an intensity of questioning that was like the desperate beating of hands at a closed door.

"All of it?" she whispered.

With his gaze on her steadfastly, he answered: "All of it."

She twisted her hands together. "I

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was listening at the window," she said, and the throbbing of her heart shook her. He was silent.

She cried out suddenly: "I must know the truth!"

You know now-all that matters." "I know nothing-or else too much not to know the rest-not to know who

He turned, with a gesture that seemed to warn her from him.

"I must know!" she insisted.

"I am a man named Grimes; let it go at that."

"No!" She made a swift step and caught him by the sleeve. "I can't bear this any longer. . . . I must know. From the very first moment when I opened the door and saw you there-oh, it was to see a living man and feel a ghost!"

"The living man-is just John Grimes; the ghost-oh, let the poor ghost go, Janice! It returned as ghosts do, to see once more what it had loved. It will go away now and live as ghosts must -in memories."

AS her name came from his lips, she trembled. She stood staring at him with a wild wonder in her face. Then slowly her hand slid along his sleeve until

it touched his own.
"Warm flesh," she murmured. turned the palm upward. "The scar you—he—the scar you got that day on the barbed-wire by the hay-field-do you remember?" Her gaze plunged into his, searching, seeking.

"Remember? I told you a ghost had only its memories, Janice.

She held him at arm's-length. "Your hands, your eyes," she whispered, "and a stranger's face and voice.... Yet you are behind the face, you are speaking to me. . . . Oh," she cried despairto me. . . . Oh," she cried des ingly, "don't let me go quite mad!"

"Janice, suppose a man longing for death went out into the darkness, rejoicing that he had found it. And suppose after a long, long while the darkness began to break—and he understood that he was still chained to the body he was so tired of. And then suppose he found out gradually that it was a body name-less and unrecognizable—that below its eyes it had no face. Well, he had wished to die, and here he was, dead to all intents and purposes-dead so long as he kept silence. So when it came his turn for the miracle that they performed in that hospital every day, he saw to it that the new face they gave him was as dif-ferent as possible from the old. His voice was different too, and with the new face and a new name, he went out to begin life over again, utterly cut off from his past. He was John Grimes now.

"But he had a ghost in him, the ghost of the man that was dead. And one day it brought him back. But the ghost wont haunt you, Janice. It will go away and never trouble you again. I know what John Grimes is to you—a ghastly mask with a dead man's eyes looking out of it."

He turned from her to the door. But before he reached it, her arms were about him, and her voice, broken with joy and anguish, was crying:
"Jim, Jim,"

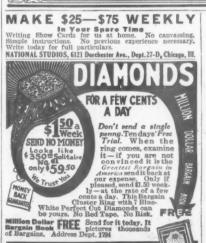


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Telephone Engineer
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...Wireless Radio
...Undecided

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THE GOLDEN LADDER

(Continued from page 65)

no dearth of flirtation and intrigue in the salons, but she was still too uncertain of her path to risk any adventure.

There was a torturing irony in her success. She was here in Paris, the familiar of all these supreme people; and for all she knew, nobody in New York was aware of her victories. The wretches perhaps supposed her dead and assumed that her carriage no longer glistened and journeyed along the ruts of Broadway because she had taken her last ride—or worse, had lost all her money.

Somehow she must get back to America and publish her success. One of the last days of November, Jumel told her that he was riding to Bordeaux to send off one of his ships. A fierce impulse to dash across the sea to New York seized her so irresistibly that she had her things flung into trunks and the trunks fastened to the cabriolet.

She set forth so hastily that she had no time to bid Mary good-by. It was five months later when she received in New York a letter the girl had already written begging her to come and hear a school concert. Yet the sweetest thing in her life was her love for this pleasant child and the gratitude she earned. The prattle and gossip of the innocent were dear to the woman whose own childhood had been so learned in all the things that little girls should not know.

Betty had a child of her very own and gave it none of her love. If she had any temptations to pay George Washington Bowen the arrears of affection she owed him, she resisted them perfectly. To confess his existence now, would be fatal. For all her accomplishments in France were useless in her campaign against New York. The old Dutch dyke would not yield to her.

Chapter Thirty-four

THE mansion on the high hill overlooking New York was no longer a place of commanding power. It was a peak of exile. Betty was like a Prometheus chained to a cliff, with the vulture of social ambition picking at her liver eternally.

She could not amuse herself with intrigues, for everybody in town was eying her askance, and waiting for her to go back to the dissolute life of her early days. She had had enough of such love as she had known. The word was a trade-word with her. It stank of merchandise. Since the brief girlhood romance with the young Pierre who had touched her heart and died, she had not known what it meant to adore a man, to melt into the desperate bliss of surrender with no thought, no fear, no calculation. After Pierre's death and her one experience with an unwilling mother-hood, love had been a treadmill, a business, a way of gaining clothes and food and wine. She was neither tempted no tempting, nowadays.

She paced the lawn in front of her home and stared at New York hungrily, cursed it for a cruel Jericho whose walls she longed to cry down upon its stubborn citizens. She kept a solitary state, with servants enough, and the sullen Albin as master of the house. She endured him because she feared to discharge him and turn him loose among the households of New York. But he did not like her, and she abominated him.

Her only pleasure was the bitter martyrdom of driving down Broadway behind the beautiful horses that she always kept. Her one pride was to win the servile bows of the merchants by her lavish purchases. Broadway was lengthening, and the buildings about it increasing in number and magnificence. But it was still dusty, muddy, sunblistered or blizzard-riddled by turns. The swine and the bad women were more numerous than ever. One of the town poets wrote of "the pigs and Paphians" that thronged Broadway.

ONE afternoon she was startled by a voice that sounded her name with affection:

"Madame Jumel! Madame Jumel!"
She called to her coachman to stop, and out across the mud ran a young mother with a babe in her arms. Betty stared at her and found nothing familiar in her face, unless it were a certain worship in the eyes, a look that she had not often seen.

"You don't remember me!" the woman laughed.

"I seem to-and yet! Your face I know, but-"

"Do you remember Susanna Pennery?"
"Susanna Pennery? Susanna Pennery?"
It was terrifying to have both names and faces slipping from one's memory.
It had a threat of old age.

After a moment of teasing suspense, the woman said:

"Don't torment your memory, Madame Jumel. You were only a young girl when you met me, and I was a child. It was when you were coming from Providence to New York on the packet, and my mother was drowned, swept overboard. I was alone and afraid, and I cried terribly. But you were good to me. Oh, you were so good to me! You took me into your bed and mothered me. You let me hold on to your hand for days and nights till we came to New York: My father met me there, and by the time I had told him about Mamma's death and your goodness, you had gone. We couldn't find you, and we went back to Philadelphia. I grew up and married, and this is my baby. I am Mrs. Sandys now. When my baby grows up, I'll teach her to pray for you as I've always done. My prayers seem to have been answered, for I see you are rich and married and all."

Betty wept blissfully. This was something new in her life. A rose tangled among the thistles of her memory—a good deed blooming hidden in her past. She made Susanna climb into her carriage and took the baby on her own lap, and she flung a tear-lit glance of pride at the knot of staring people on the curb.

Susanna chattered on as fast as the carriage wheels. She evidently knew

nothing of Betty except that she had money and a carriage. Betty's fame, good or ill, had not penetrated to Philadelphia. Obscurity had its recompenses now and then.

After a time there came out of the

crowds a loud call:
"Stop! Stop that carriage!" The coachman craned his neck and drew his hands back to his breast.

Susanna and Madame Jumel looked

round, and Susanna cried:
"It's my husband! I so want you to meet him.

But the man bore no welcome in his countenance. He stood panting and frowning and holding out his hand. Susanna put hers into it and said:

"Mr. Sandys, I want to present you to Madame Jumel."

Mr. Sandys touched his hat with a surly deference and tried to drag his wife from the carriage. She held back a moment, amazed, protesting:

"It was Madame Jumel who was so good to me when-

"Then Madame Jumel will be good enough to let you alone. She will be good enough to understand why I cannot permit my wife to ride abroad in her famous carriage. She will oblige me

by handing me down my child."

Susanna gazed stupidly at Betty, as deeply mystified by life as she had been by death when the wave tore her mother from the world.

"What does he mean, ma'am?" she babbled.

"He will tell you, no doubt, what lies he has heard of me," was the best that Betty could answer. "But obey him as the law requires. Here, take your child, and thank you for your prayers. You shall have mine."

Sandys dragged his wife from the step, snatched the baby from Betty's out-stretched arms and hurried back to the pavement, wedging his way through the crowd.

Betty was sick, sick. She was so poor and so detached from the world that she sent for Mary Bownes to leave the school in France and come home.

THE isolation of Betty was only emphasized when Mary arrived from Paris, for Mary was now at the age when lovers should be gathering and squiring her to dances and to sleigh-rides. But no invitations came. Other young girls were not permitted to call at the notorious home of Betty Jumel, and no young men found out how brilliant Mary To get back to Paris was Betty's one desire now. She was once more frozen out of New York. She advertised again that the mansion was for rent.

In the meanwhile she heard that another of her jumbled family had come to town, the illegitimate daughter of Betty's illegitimate half-sister Lavinia Bowen. It seemed to be a family habit to give proof of fertility before attempting matrimony, as certain savage races require their women to get a child before they can get a husband.

The name Lavinia was odious to Betty from that Lavinia Ballou, but she forgave it now in her half-sister, who came to New York with an illegal child called Ann Eliza Nightingale. Ann Eliza had

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married a baker in Christopher Street, and Betty drove down to pay a call, though she did not descend from her wheeled throne. She made an engagement to meet Lavinia on the Bloomingdale Road, and they had a long talk together. Lavinia came afoot and would not ride. Betty would not walk. La-vinia would not be patronized. She would not call at the mansion in her shabby clothes. And they parted.

Chapter Thirty-five

WHEN Betty reached home, the cook met her in great excitement: "Lawd-a-massy, ma'am, there's been a

king here to see you."
"A king? What king?"

"Leastways, he says he was a king. Never having saw a king, so to speak, I couldn't give him the lie, being as he was so pleasant-spoken and so plump and

all." "What king?"

"King Joseph of Spain, he called his-self, and who was I to give him the lie?"

Betty groaned at her continual ill-luck. Jumel had told her that when he pleaded with Napoleon to come to the United States, the eldest brother Joseph had begged the Emperor to flee with him, and had even offered to substitute himself as prisoner to cover Napoleon's escape. Though his pleas were as vain as Jumel's, he had made his own way secretly to New York, dwelt awhile at Claremont not far from Betty's home, and then set up as a farmer in New Jersey. Learning that he was planning to move to New York, Betty had written to him and ffered her house.

While she had wrangled with her halfsister in the open road, a king had called upon her and found her out. She de-

manded of the cook:

"What did he say? What did you do?" "Well, he sniffed the air, like, and says, 'Vat it is it?' and I says, 'Pork and says, Yau Honor. I'm cookin' it for my dinner. Want some?' And he says, 'Mercy. may we!' or something. So I take him into the kitchen and-

"You took the King of Spain into the kitchen and gave him pork and cabbage!

"Yes, ma'am, and he et enough for two farmers. And he told me if he was still king or ever got back to be a king, he would give me a cord on blur or something."

Betty moaned at such a reception. She wrote a letter of apology and regret and told King Joseph how high the honor and how low the price would be if he should lease her mansion. And he wrote to her:

I am sorry for all the trouble you have taken in sending me the list of the furniture and your kind offers of your beautiful country place, but since I have decided not to leave my estate in New Jersey, I can only reply by thanking you, and renewing my compli-

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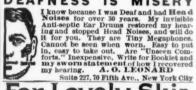
Betty smiled dismally, folded the let-ter and put it away. Kings, duchesses and countesses wrote letters to her, but the shoddy aristocracy of New York

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snubbed her. She gave up the useless effort to win them and went back to France with Mary.

ONCE more the compliments of the great rained down upon her: "The Countess Loyauté de Loyauté begs Madame Jumel and Mademoiselle her niece to do her the honor of spending the evening with her." The Countess of Hautpoul solicited a contribution for the poor wife of the court saddler. Betty was advised to buy a box near the King's at the Grand Opera. The Bishop of Nancy invited her to a ceremony presided over by the Cardinal of Clermont Tonnerre.

The Marquise de la Suze devoted many letters to the conversion of Betty to Catholicism and exclaimed: "How good God is to have granted the fervent and continual prayers which I have made Him for the eternal welfare of your soul!"

Betty smiled craftily at this, for her welfare seemed to be guided in a most

ungodly channel.

She was devoutly endeavoring to rid herself of the plain "Madame" and set something more sonorous before her name. The grandeur of receiving all these letters from all these peers and peeresses was diminishing under the strain of having to sign herself a mere "Madame." In France the washerwoman who scoured her clothes, the dressmaker who sent her gowns and bonnets and fichus to select from, the very char-woman who scrubbed the glistening floors, must be called "Madame."

She sat and practiced her name as La Comtesse de Jumel, Madame la Marquise de Jumel! Even La Baronne Jumel was not bad. The King was squandering titles, and some of the yokels that Napoleon had ennobled could spell no better than Betty. Why should she not be decorated, too? She cast about for a way of achieving her new

She had gone as far as she could, it seemed, by the practice of rigorous correctness. She heard much gossip of the power of love. By means of their gifts of love, milliners and even lighter women had made themselves royal fa-vorites, and had queened it over the lawful queens.

There was a certain Comte de la Force who was always hovering about her on the Bourbon evenings at the Jumel residence in the Place Vendôme. He was always whispering into her back hair that she was cruelly beautiful and un-beautifully cold. He boasted constantly, too, of his close friendship with the King. He sighed:

"I can get anything from His Majesty, and nothing from you.'

HERE was the manifest instrument for her advancement. She reverted to her old methods and brought out of her past all the tricks of her ancient trade. She made love to the Comte with every appearance of timidity and helplessness be-fore his irresistible charms. She compared herself to an unprotected citadel yielding to the siege of a great general.

With all the deftness in her power she insinuated that the way to win her com-



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plete surrender was to secure her a title. She thought she phrased it rather cleverly:

"If I were only a Comtesse, how I could love a Comte! But being a simple Madame, there is an impassable gulf between us.

"To secure for Madame the bagatelle of a title would be the least that I would do in return for a smile," the Comte made haste to respond.

By a smile, of course, he meant much more, much more. Once having learned that there was hope of conquest, he grew as impetuous in his attack as he was deliberate in his achievement of the title. His promises were so confident that he swept Betty away from all thought of caution. She trusted him too well.

And finally when the delay in her admission to the peerage grew unbearable, she took courage from the fact that she had already paid in advance. She committed the monstrous indiscretion of writing to the King himself. She secured the aid of a man who knew the forms, the phrases and the style, and sent His Majesty a long appeal whose gossipy familiarity stunned him.

Never dreaming how amazing her letter would be to a Bourbon monarch, Betty sent it forward and awaited with impatience the royal benediction. sat one afternoon reading over the copy she had kept. She admired the cleverness with which she had emphasized Jumel's adoration of the Bourbons and omitted all reference to his idolatry of their arch-enemy Napoleon. She liked the implied threat of a return to the United States.

It was all according to the best traditions of the diplomatic arts, and when a servant brought her word that Monsieur le Comte de la Force called, she ordered him shown into her salon.

She did not order the doors closed upon them as she had done during the more intimate negotiations. Her husband was at his office, of course; Mary was out for a drive in the Bois with the house guest. La Comtesse de la Pagerie. The servants did not matter.

She awaited the Comte de la Force with warm assurance. She kept her letter in hand so that when he announced that the title had been granted to her, she might take all due credit to herself for her share in its expedition. She wondered whether she were already a Comtesse, a Marquise-what?

SHE kept her seat and nodded with the condescension of a peeress when the Comte appeared and waited for the servant to withdraw. She was surprised to find that he did not meet her smile with his usual ingratiation. In fact, he glared, and with bloodshot eyes. did not breathe compliments; he panted with rage.

Then he advanced on her with such speed and ferocity that she cringed before an expected blow in the face. stead she received a deluge of French so volubly delivered that she could hardly catch a word of it.

"Plus lentement un peu, s'il vous plaît," she pleaded.

And he repeated his message with such slowness that every phrase was the

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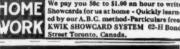
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lash of a whip. Her mind was in an uproar. It must translate each French word into English. It must resist the panic of her faculties and reassemble them for self-defense. As she made it out, what he was saying was this:

"Insolent Yankee, what have you done? You have made me a cause for laughter throughout the court. His Majesty sends for me and frowns upon me as if I were a lackey. He has in his hand a long, long letter. He tosses nis nand a long, long letter. He tosses it beneath my eyes and commands me to read. He asks me if you are the lady for whose husband I asked a reward. I must stammer, 'Yes, Sire, but if it please Your Majesty—' He breaks in the does not below the late. in: 'It does not please our Majesty. Surely if Monsieur le Comte de la Force wishes to buy a lady's favors, he should not offer her ours. This Madame Jumel tells us that I bow to her with gracious smiles. Does she think that I know all the faces I bow to? Does she not know that thousands of my subjects line my path wherever I move? Perhaps, you have told her that I also shall call upon her and confirm your promises! In any case, Monsieur le Comte, if I must sell the titles at my disposal for the smiles of ladies, will you not permit me to select the ladies and to collect the smiles myself? To certain battles the King sends his lieutenants; as for the others, he prefers to engage in person. Have the kindness to inform your Madame Telle-et-telle that I have no titles to sell this week.'

THIS was abysmal news for Betty. The royal sarcasm and the bloodcurdling humiliation of the Comte meant little to her. She realized the idleness of the King's talk of selling his own titles for favors. The gossip ran that his dissoluteness ended with his love of coarse remarks. He was called Louis the Oyster for more reasons than one. He was colder than the sixteenth Louis, who had kept his Marie Antoinette a bride for so incredible a time. Louis XVIII was so fat, too, that he was trundled about the palace in a wheeled chair, and lifted into his carriage and out of it like a vat of beer. There was

no hope of flirting with that whale.

Betty's gleaming hopes vanished. Betty would never be more than Madame. She had had trouble enough in acquiring that dignity. It was to be her final triumph. She was not to be rewarded either for her husband's vast financial services to the Bourbons, or for her own personal gratuities to this man who dared to snarl at her:

"You do not swoon! You do not cry out with horror at what I had to endure! When His Majesty had finished, he crumpled your letter and dropped it on the floor. He kicked it aside. If he had kicked me, I should have suffered no more. He waited for me to speak. I could do nothing but sweat. If it had been blood that streamed from my pores, it would have not been too much.

"And then His Majesty begins to laugh, to roar. He holds his side with one hand and groans: 'Oh, Monsieur le Comte and your Madame Une Telle, you are a pair of assassins. You have broken my ribs and suffocated me.



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"Around his table stood his ministers. Old Clubfoot Talleyrand whispered something to the prince at his elbow, and the prince exploded. My only wonder is that I did not die."

He waited for Betty to grovel in apologies, to faint along the floor, to burst into the vapors. She was ready to burst, but she was restrained as with hoops by the maddening limits of her

French vocabulary.
She had heard what the old trulls of Providence called the boozy slavesailors who had not paid their rent. She knew an army of wharfside terms that would have made Rabelais wish that he had studied English instead of the Greek that nearly lost him his life. But all the French she could think of was the sort of thing she had studied to say when a duchess praised her coiffure or a countess thanked her for her carriage. Her throat ached with a very quinsy of venom she could not expel. To escape venom she could not expel. To escape asphyxiation at last she let her feelings go in her native tongue. She fairly bawled at the Comte that he was a thief, and a cheat, to have robbed her of her love and her honor on false promises.

THE COMTE could not understand a word she said, but her very features were obscene. There was objurgation in the mere puffs of air that smoked from her lips. And at length with a final oath that would have done Queen Elizabeth or Catherine of Russia proud, she shot her fist into his face. He was too far from her to be hurt, but the blow sobered him in his own drunkenness of anger.

He must either strike back or laugh her off. He found now a little of the mirth that had rocked the King.

He said so slowly that she understood

"When Madame expressed a wish for a title, I promised it to her as a lover promises his beloved anything that will give her happiness. I hoped to bring you the royal document. But now I understand you: when you said you loved me, when you expired with rapture in my arms, it was not love of me that inflamed you, but love of yourself. You did not embrace me, but a ghost, the did not embrace me, but a ghost of the title you demanded. You have sinned, Madame; but at least you have sinned an original sin. You betrayed your husband in order to advance him. Even if the King would not ennoble him, you have given him a title, and one of the oldest." She tried to strike at him again, but

her hand weakened, and her knees re-laxed. She sank back into her chair.

The Comte bowed and murmured: "If the Comtesse-that-can-never-be will permit her servant to withdraw-"

He walked out, laughing softly. When she lifted her eyes at last, she glanced past the little door that closed upon him, through the arch into the greater chamber beyond.

There she saw her husband.

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THE CLOSED HOUSE

(Continued from page 35)

Will's mind that Narcy was one of those human beings you always seem to see through glass, cloudy glass. He was a palely indeterminate young man; his thin hair was mousy in color, worn in a long wave over his forehead; his thin, highbridged nose might have been the nose of a fanatic, had it been larger; his mouth was at once sensuous and timid. The whole effect of him was blurred, as if Nature had started to do something interesting with Narcy Jethro, and then had become indifferent.

HIS father had died of pneumonia in the cheapest room of the Eagle House one night when Narcy was ten. (His name was written "Narcisse" in a book his father gave him, but that was considered an outlandish name, and it soon became Narcy.) The vaudeville and patent-medicine company with which they had come to Marysport had gone on to other towns unknown; and Narcisse, the orphan, became a charge of the town. Or rather the town allowed him to make a living as best he could, a privilege of which he availed himself in a hit-or-miss fashion until at twelve he went to work behind the soda counter for Tim Crane in the drug-store.

He proved a godsend to Tim Crane, for he not only worked willingly, but he became a rich incentive and excuse for Tim's insatiable love of a joke. With his friends and customers Tim had to be more or less careful how he let his wit play, but he never had to be careful of Narcy. Narcy's stupidities, his daydreaming, his clothes, and his attempts at love-affairs, offered themselves as temptations Timothy never resisted.

And in the course of ten years Narcy's eyes came to hold the hard and scornful defensiveness of the weak person who hates being laughed at. He was twentytwo. He worked ten to fourteen hours in the drug-store. He dressed with pas-sionate care. He went to the movies when he could get an evening, though generally alone, because the nice girls of Marysport wouldn't be seen with him for fear of being laughed at. Besides, there was something ridiculous and slightly frightening in his fervor of gratitude to anyone who was kind to him. He slept in a room over the store, and took his Sunday dinner at the Eagle House.

Doctor Will, idly watching the clerk's face through the window, saw it fall into lines of some strange hunger. Narcy's eyes devoured the jewel-like bottles of perfume; his fingers moved at his sides as the fingers of an artist may twitch when the creative impulse stirs within him. Then suddenly they clenched themselves convulsively. Doctor Will's glance ran up to Narcy Jethro's eyes. They had not moved from a sea-green bottle, but they were fixed as if they stared inwardly at some horror.

THE noon whistles had blown some moments since, and the school-children were streaming past the window on their way home to dinner. Doctor Will came out onto the sidewalk and walked along that side of the Square toward home. As he strolled, he glanced across at the ruins

of the Whipple house and saw that the school-children were already clambering around on the edges of the black hole of the cellar. Two boys, more daring than the rest, dropped down upon the mass of charred timbers. Jeb Meacham came along and stopped to ask if Doc had heard anything more about Miss Whipple.

"It's the darndest thing I ever heard;" was Jeb's comment. "She ordered the hack to call for her in time to take her to the evenin' train to the Junction, an' I sent Pete Sims himself-she always asked fer Pete, bein' nervous about horses. I was talkin' to Pete about it this mornin', an' he says he got her to the station ten minutes ahead o' time. Sam Williams saw her git on the train."

"Yes, it seems certain she got as far as the Junction," said the Doctor. "Well, I must get along to dinner— Hello! What's that kid yelling about?"

The scream had come from across the Square. And it was followed immediately by a scattering, a shrinking-back from the cellar edge, of the children clustered around the ruins of the Whipple house. The two boys who had dropped into the cellar could be seen scrambling out with every appearance of frightened haste. A boy broke away from the hesitating group and started to run along the sidewalk.

"Something's happened. Let's have a look," said the Doctor; and the two men walked quickly across the dried and frost-bitten grass of the Square.

HORRIFIED silence had fallen upon A HORKITIED sheller had an peered the children as they craned and peered into the cellar. When the Doctor came up behind them and asked what was the matter, they turned up to him their round

eyes and scared faces. "Eddie Boyd was pokin' with a stick,

Eddie Boyd was still clutching the stick. With a shaking hand he pointed it toward the chimney side of the cellar.

"Bones!" he gasped. "Oh, pshaw, I guess not," the Doctor soothed them. "Jeb, you're spryer than I am—you get down there and look around."

Jeb stepped gingerly down the charred llar steps. The weight of the falling cellar steps. roof and walls had borne the lower floor of the house down into the cellar and consumed it. But two heavy floor beams running across the room from the fireplace had resisted somewhat. They had been splintered and partly burned, but the ends of them in falling had formed a narrow tentlike free space between the upper mass of débris and the floor of the cellar. It was toward this black hole that Eddie Boyd kept pointing. In a moment Jeb Meacham lifted a

horrified face toward the Doctor, who stood bent over the cellar wall.

"Better come down here, Doc. There's somethin'-

It seemed to Doctor Will that he knew even before he bent his head to look in between the broken beams what he should find. A dark, huddled mass of sooty ashes, and out of them gray-black, slim things sticking up. No need of a second glance. He straightened up and met Jeb Meacham's eyes.

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"Jeb, are you sure Pete Sims drove Almira Whipple to the station?"

"He did, I tell you! And a dozen persons saw her git on the train.'

"Then she came back when no one saw her."

"My God, Doc-what do you think-" "I think we need the coroner."

Doctor Will's eyes, under the thicket of iron-gray brows, were intensely alive. But he would say nothing more except: "Get those children out of the way."

THE sensation of that day was a thing talked about in Marysport for many weeks. Within half an hour the cellar edge was thickly fringed with staring faces. The ruins in the cellar would have been overrun in fifteen minutes had not the sheriff, at Doctor Will's request, kept everyone out. Jeb and the sheriff were busy keeping the crowd back, and were only half aware of the minute and absorbed examination he was making of that huddled sooty heap. He had sent home for his powerful electric flash-lamp, and in the three-quarters of an hour it took to fetch the coroner, he had thoroughly examined the bones and the position in which they lay in relation to the broken beams and the débris about them.

Then, unheeding the questions thrust at him by the crowd, he made his way across the Square toward his own house. There he entered by a side door the large, shabby room which for years had been confessional and consulting-room for half our town. Young Doctor Willie's offices were in the new wing on the other side of the house, aseptic and glittering to an inhuman degree. But his father stuck to this cluttered and comfortable room, and here he kept his case-histories filed after a somewhat casual system of his own.

Today after scruobing his hands behind the screen across one corner, he looked up in these files an entry under the name of Almira Whipple. Attached to the entry was an X-ray picture, made at the time he attended Miss Whipple for a broken wrist. He studied this briefly, and then he went out into his garden.

Among the few valiant survivors of the autumn there, he walked up and down for half an hour. Now and then he stooped as if studying one of his late chrysanthemums, but his eyes did not take it in. For his mind was wholly possessed by the fact his files had enabled him to verify, and by a deduction he had made. Those charred bones discovered that morning had once been Almira Whipple. This was his fact. But it was the deduction that astounded him.

He had examined with the minutest care the skull and the position of the beam under which it lay, and he had noted that the beam had fallen in such a way as actually to protect the body, and that the body had fallen upon the soft dirt floor of the cellar with its fall broken by the incline of the parlor floor as it gave way. And yet, the skull was fractured, evidently from a blow on top and toward the back of it. There grew in his mind a conviction that this fracture of the skull was not the result of the fall of the house. When had it occurred, and how?

He stood still, frowning above his garden beds. Should he disclose his deduction to the coroner, if that rather thick-headed officer did not make a like one for himself? He shook his head in perplexity. He did not quite understand what was taking place in his own brain. He only knew that he felt a curious reluctance to point out to anyone what he believed to be a fact-that Almira Whipple had come to her death by violence.

He recalled the supposition that a tramp had set fire to the Whipple house, but no one had seen a tramp in the vicinity, and after dwelling upon this possibility for a moment, he rejected it, half from reason and half from intuition. The old lady had a known distrust of strangers. She kept her doors always locked. She would never have admitted a tramp to her house. No, if she had been killed. it was by some one to whom she had opened her door voluntarily. Some one his thought went farther-who knew she had just drawn a sum of money from the hank!

BUT she had been seen coming out of her house that evening, boarding the train for the Junction, and later a halfdozen persons had seen her on the platform of the station at the Junction.

Here the conscious processes of his mind gave way to a flash of something beyond reason. He took off his old hat of soft black felt and whacked the gatepost with it. "That's it!" He whistled softly. "She never came out of her house that night. But some one they took to be her-some one who knew all about where she was going, and that her house would be closed for a month-

And just here he realized that he was very cold. There had passed before his eyes a picture of the gray house with its shutters tightly closed, standing there silently holding within itself a secret, while the feet of the living passed by, day after day, starry evening after starry evening. Sun and rain alike beat down upon it; school-children chalked its gray fence, and boys littered its porch with handbills. And every day, perhaps, one pair of eyes looked upon the house and knew what was there, in that prim parlor, behind the tight shutters. One person out of the dozens who passed every day felt a shudder of the heart when passing. To one person that closed house screamed, night and day; and for one person it waited, remorseless and sure, a small, gray, shabby hell.

"Two weeks of that, and then that person couldn't stand it any longer. Kerosene and a match." He stooped and picked up a marigold the frost had missed. There was in his face a sort of grim pity. He sighed, and shivering with something beyond cold, he went into the warm kitchen.

For many days persons stood staring at the ruins; a reporter or two came down from the city; argument and con-jecture flew up and down the valley. It was even suggested that Sister Norah, the woman evangelist, whose reading of souls had startled and caused no small uneasiness to many of us, should be asked to use her un anny power to solve the mystery. But this was rejected by most as utterly fantastic. County officials made a few futile gestures, and not a few amateur sleuths worked busily for a time.

But with no one specially concerned in pressing the case, interest gradually lapsed. The only person who took any really intelligent steps toward unraveling the mystery was Doctor Will. And he, apparently, was the least interested of any. He seldom mentioned the circumstance of the tragedy; when he took a step toward investigation, it was done so casually that no one made note of what he was doing.

He verified one or two facts of Miss Whipple's last day: At four o'clock Mrs. Chaffee had seen her closing the shutters; Pete Sims had called for her at six o'clock, with one of Jeb Meacham's hacks, but he had not gone into the house -as Miss Whipple's trunk had been sent off that morning, there was no reason for him to do so. He had, in fact, sat chatting in front of the house with Henry Chaffee, until a moment before Miss Whipple came out. At six-thirty Sam Williams had seen the old lady getting onto the local for the Junction. At five minutes to seven she had been seen on the Junction platform. But the berth she had reserved on the through train that night had not been occupied.

AND a day or two later he put a casual question or two to Mrs. Chaffee. Where had she and the old lady stood when they met on the street and Miss Whipple had counted her money?

"At the bottom of that stairway going of over the drug-store," said Mrs. up over the drug-store," said Mrs. Chaffee. She was sure of this, because she had just come out from treating herself to a chocolate ice-cream sundae -no, it was a raspberry sundae, or maybe strawberry. Well, anyway, they had stepped into that doorway-she remembered that the door leading from the hall into the drug-store was open, because she had noticed Narcy Jethro wiping off the table at which she had partaken of her sundae, and thinking with the half of her mind that wasn't on Miss Whipple, what a neat boy Narcy was.

"Yes, yes," murmured the Doctor absently. And he did not ask her any more questions. In fact, he mentioned the case to no one after that. He did not know why he kept so quiet about what was going on in his own mind, except from a lifelong habit of facing responsibility alone. He had a theory that back of every murder there is a cause which is as important as the deed itself. He wanted to get at the cause in this case, to examine its relation to the life of the town as a whole, and he wanted this with an urgency that was beyond mere curiosity.

And so it happened that as public interest in the mystery of the Whipplehouse tragedy began to die down, his absorption in it increased. He believed that in all probability somewhere in that town was a deformed soul, dangerous to the normal life of the place. And he sat himself down to wait for its moment of betraval.

He began to spend more time than ever sitting in his chair behind the drugstore window. Sometimes, with his eyes closed, sometimes with them open, he watched the men, women and children he knew so well, passing by, going in and out about their affairs. Among TRIAL BOTTLE FREE them all, who needed money enough to have traded his soul for it? He ranged in his mind the men he knew to be in financial straits, and one by one he rejected them.

Hour after hour he sat with his dis-reputable old hat pulled low over his bristling brows, apparently half asleep. But the drug-store he saw to its last detail. And he apprehended the quality of its life, the secret and dramatic core of the public life of the town. A girl buying her first lip-stick, a man leaning over a rear counter and whispering, a thin woman from a backwoods farm asking for a cough remedy, a drummer telling a story while he waited for a late train, high-school pupils giggling and pushing in front of the soda counter. And the tides of its life he sensed: early morning, a frightened mother filling a prescription, school-children buying pencils; ten o'clock, a salesman from a drughouse; noon, men passing the windows on their way home to dinner; three o'clock, somnolence; four, young girls from school flooding it with beauty; six, a man slipping hastily into a telephone booth, coming out wiping a secret smile from his face; eight o'clock, giggling gayety over the round tables; eleven, lights dimmed, Tim Crane and his friends playing poker behind the frosted glass of the prescription counter.

All the threads of the life of the town converged here: Tim Crane, the humorous and knowing, at the center of the web woven by these threads; Narcy Jethro serving the web and having no place or part in it. Instructive, fascinating and repelling, the drug-store of a country town!

PATIENTLY, Doctor Will sat there until one afternoon a flash rang along the invisible wires. It was mid-after-noon, and the store was sleepily quiet. In the storage room behind the groundglass partition, Tim Crane was con-temptuously jibing at Narcy Jethro. His grievance appeared to be concerned with a matter of a five-gallon can of kerosene which Timothy insisted he had ordered and which was now nowhere to be found. Narcy Jethro was declaring in a high. strained voice that he knew nothing about it.

"No, yeh wouldn't soil your lily hands with anything like coal-oil, would you, Narcy?" Timothy sneered.

"Don't remember seeing it when I cleaned last week." Narcy's voice was

"Yeh! When you cleaned! If you'd stay away from them revival meetin's and do a little real cleanin', maybe you'd find a lot of things. You thinkin' o' gettin' religion, Narcy?"

"I tell you I've only been down to the church once, and that was after

nine. But I'm going again tonight, and you can't stop me. And I don't know anything about that kerosene. I don't know anything about it."

The clerk came through the open door into the store. It was empty except for the Doctor behind his newspaper. He stopped in the middle of the floor. He lifted his sallow face toward the ceiling and gave a whispering groan: "Oh,



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God!" And the Doctor saw his long hands with their almond nails twisting themselves together.

The Doctor did not sit long in the drug-store that afternoon. And that evening he found he could not sit quiet even with the aid of Walt Whitman and a pipe. Presently he shrugged himself into his old coat with the sagging pockets and went down the street toward the church which for ten days had been the scene of something approaching an oldfashioned religious revival. Something more powerful than his distaste for this form of emotional upheaval urged him inside the doors.

Every pew was packed, and chairs were in the aisles. The healer, known as Sister Norah, stood on the small platform in front of the tall pulpit. The bare overhead lights beat down upon her. The green matting up the aisle, the pulpit of pine, grained to simulate walnut, the windows painted to look like stained glass, were sinfully ugly. about Sister Norah there was something beautiful—a plain woman of thirty, in a straight black dress, dark hair strained back from the high purity of her forehead. Uninspired and stammering until something poured into her; then she grew taller, her eyes became dark caves, unseeing; there was something hypnotic in the rhythm and cadence of her speech.

The meeting had plainly reached its most fervid height. Sinners convicted of their sins were crowding up the aisles, shepherded by the recently converted; an usher was pushing a wheel-chair toward the healer; at the feet of Sister Norah a row huddled, bent as if mowed down by the relentless scythe of conscience. And still the woman strained forward, staring with wide-pupiled eyes toward the rear rows. One phrase dropped over and over from her lips: "the Hound of Heaven." She used the phrase like a whip of terror. She pictured the relentless Hound sniffing at the trail of the sinner, picking it up and following it forever.

"Night and day forever," she cried, vaying forward. "Over hill and dale, swaying forward. always at your heel, always, always. You may hide, you may go to far countries, but sooner or later the Hound of Heaven catches up with you. He never gets tired. When you sleep he sits by you; when you run he runs beside you. He is herding you toward the black waters of eternal death. Unless you turn to Him! Lie down before Him, poor sick souls! Give up to Him and He will heal you. Call upon Him and He will take the burden from your souls. He will take the fear from your hearts—"

SHE stepped down from the platform and began walking along the aisle, feeling her way, her hands outstretched as if she were indeed blind. Like wind ruffling the water, faces turned to her and followed her. A murmur of exultation went up as here and there her hand touched a face or a shoulder, and that person rose up and went forward, impelled.

She came to the edge of the throng packed into the space at the back of the church. They were mostly graceless and excitement-seeking men and boys.



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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE New York City 33 West 42d Street



They looked at one another with embarrassed faces as Sister Norah drew nearer. In more than one pair of eyes

there was a gleam of fright.

Doctor Will, looking over shoulders, saw that Narcy Jethro stood in the front row of these onlookers, his hands clutching the back of a pew. He was leaning forward with something inde-scribably thirsty in his thrust-out face. The woman paused, almost touching the man who stood between Narcy and the aisle. Her hands fluttered vaguely; in the dark caverns of her eyes there ap-peared no gleam. Then suddenly they blazed. Her hands darted out; they clutched the shoulder of Narcy Jethro.
"Poor soul! Poor soul!" she crooned.

"So tired—so sick—so afraid! Come, come and be cured!"

There had been an instant, as her hand touched him, when the clerk's face showed an ecstasy of terror. Then sud-denly, without warning, as if the ice of his horror melted before the ineffable tenderness of the woman's voice, his face crumpled grotesquely. Shivering, he was led by Sister Norah up the aisle.

In the crowd at the back of the church one or two snickered. Narcy Jethro could not be taken seriously even in this moment of agony while his soul was being reborn. And when halfway up the aisle he stopped and cried out hysterically, "O God, save me, save me!" on many faces in the pews there was

a nervous grin. There was a terrible absurdity in the long thin neck, strained back, with the Adam's apple quivering, the wild pale face rapt in ecstasy, the arms outflung like the arms of a cross. Something incongruous between the emotion and

the dandified figure, as if a tailor's dummy should suddenly weep. His voice rose shrill and strained.

"My sin, my sin! O God, I give up. No one has sinned like me-

His hands waved in the air, absurd and terrible. A ripple of sound, something between laughter and moaning, began to sweep the church. And then it was checked by what happened next.
There came from Narcy Jethro a choking, shuddering cry, and then the hands went

Those in the pews craned forward, and the crowd at the back pressed into the aisle. Word flew round that Narcy Jethro had fainted, and a titter started. Doctor Will began to work his way up the aisle. When he reached the knot that had gathered about the clerk's huddled form on the floor, he shouldered through it without ceremony.

"Stand back, open the front door," he id sharply. "Air in here is enough to said sharply. knock anyone out. Narcy! Come now, come. Get up. I'm going to take you home."

THE clerk's room over the drug-store was a narrow one partitioned off from a dentist's office. Its one window looked out over the Square. Narcy Jethro had made an attempt at bachelor luxury with a green plush morris-chair, a floor-lamp and a humidor. The chiffonier crowded these objects into the narrow space between the bed and the window, but on it there was a silver toilet set left over from one of Timothy's Christmas sales, and a rack on the wall which held a large assortment of gorgeous cravats.

Doctor Will stood looking down at the clerk who lay on the bed, quiet now, spent and indifferent. Then he walked over to the window. He looked out across the dark Square, to the gap in the south side of it where the Whipple house had once stood. He turned back to the room; he looked at its narrow length-Narcy Jethro's home for ten years. he drew a long breath, steeled himself. Drawing a chair beside the bed, he laid a hand on the clerk's shoulder.

"Narcy, tell me why you killed that old woman."

The clerk did not start or cry out. He merely drew a long breath and expelled it quiveringly. His eyelids settled over his strained eyes as if with an enormous relief.

"Did I tell-in the church?" he whispered.

"No. But I knew."

Silence for a moment. Then Narcy Jethro raised himself on his elbow. His pale eyes were full of a terrible urgency. "I didn't mean to do it! I didn't, I didn't!" His hands beat at the counterpane, and he rocked himself back and

The Doctor took firm hold of his arm. "I believe you, Narcy. Now tell me what happened."

OUT of a welter of incoherent sentences, of sobs and moments of silence when Narcy Jethro lay face down, exhausted, the story of that evening came out. It was a narrative of absurdity and of terror. Narcy Jethro was in desperate need of money. The smallness of the sum pointed the dreadfulness of what happened after he had gone to old Miss Whipple and she had scornfully refused him. But something else was in his mind which was not small, a sense of injury grown through long nursing.

"When I was a kid," he cried, "she hired me to mow her lawn for fifteen cents a week. Fifteen cents! And one week she wouldn't pay me, because she said I hadn't done it right!"

"But my God, Narcy! You didn't—just because she owed you fifteen

"I don't remember what happened! I tell you, I don't know. I've tried to remember, and I can't. She started to the door to turn me out. I thought of how people would laugh. I called to her not to tell on me, and she hurried faster. I—oh, why didn't I die when I tried

"Steady, now; steady, Narcy. Drink

this. Now go on.

Bit by painful bit the story went on. He had taken a drug to give him courage before he went to Miss Whipple's door. And as his fear and anger grew at her reception of him, a roaring in his head seemed part of the hot mist with which the room became packed. His nerves jumped and snapped fantastically. His hand reached out automatically with an astonishing quickness. When his fingers found themselves wrapped around the handle of a heavy poker, they thrilled his arm with a message that arm obeyed. As if it were the arm of another person,



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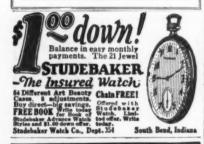
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he saw it rise and fall with a dreadful strength.

Then he heard a noise outside the gate, and peering out through the sidelight, he saw Pete Sims waiting on the driver's seat of the hack. He could perhaps have slipped out through the orchard, but this did not then occur to him. For now his brain was full of a fantastic coolness. Somebody, not himself, had stepped into his shoes, and something outside himself was directing him. In a few minutes he came out, locked the door, walked down the path-clad in the old lady's outer garments, carrying her bag. And his panting breath was blowing in and out through a fold of Miss Whipple's old green veil. The early darkness helped him. At the Junction he slipped behind the station, through a lane, and thence to the fields and river. The bag and Miss Whipple's clothing were sunk here; and Narcy Jethro, in the dark, caught the end of a freight back to Marysport.

The Doctor sat slumped down in his chair. He knew he should be listening to these details; but dreadful as they were, they were not to him so tragic as what lay behind them.

"Narcy, why didn't you go to Tim Crane if you needed money?"

The clerk looked at him with a weary and bitter smile.

"And have him making fun of me for the rest of my life? And hearing him telling everyone that came into the store, over and over hearing him—"

"But what did you want the money for?"

"Clothes."

The word, so futile and ridiculous, sounded in the room like an ironic sigh. And Narcy Jethro, as if vaguely aware of its incongruity, looked pleadingly at the Doctor out of his pain-racked eyes.

"I had to have them-I don't know why. I was a fool."

AND the depths of his folly were slowly h brought up to the light. A new drummer had come along to Samuels' store with an unusual line of men's clothing. Samuels, knowing Narcy's secret passion, through several years of skillfully fostering it, had called him in, and the drummer had displayed before him a suit of such elegance that before he knew what he was doing he had bought it, and next month another. In a short time he was in debt to Samuels, but as if an insatiable appetite for distinction had been awakened in him, he could not stop. Many of the things he bought he did not dare to wear, for fear of the ridicule they would bring down upon him. But he liked to take them out and look at them.

And then there happened the matter of the silk dressing-gown. At this point Narcy Jethro stood up, and staggering slightly, he fumbled in a drawer of the chiffonier. He brought out something wrapped in tissue paper. With a touch that was adoration, he unfolded it, and spread out the shimmering folds of silk, amethyst shot with old gold. The Doctor, who had never had a silk dressing-gown in his life, looked at it grimly. But deep within him he knew that here was beauty. He knew that it meant to Narcy Jethro's starved senses what his own garden meant to him. He had wanted it uncontrollably.



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Month after month Samuels had tempted | him with it, being unable to sell it elsewhere. And at last he had bought it, as another man might buy a Whistler.

And then Samuels began to press him for money, even threatened to attach his wages. And that meant Tim Crane would sharpen the knife of his wit upon him, and the whole town would know. His soul crawled and shrank as he imagined their laughter. And the thought occurred to him, at the sight of old Miss Whipple and her bank-notes, that she might lend him a small sum until his month's wages were paid. A ludicrous and desperate hope, considering the nature of Almira Whipple!

THE DOCTOR'S chin was on his breast. Now and then he looked up at Narcy Jethro from under his ragged brows, and in his eyes there was a deep comprehension. He rose from his chair and walked toward the window.

"And then you set fire to the house?"

he prompted.

The clerk raised his head and looked out the window. The Doctor knew that even lying in bed, a person could see across the Square to where the Whipple house had stood. There was scarcely a single point in that small room from which, with the shade raised, the house could not have been seen. And with the shade drawn, there must still have been the consciousness of the house. Night after night Narcy Jethro must have come up to that room and drawn that shade in vain.

A shuddering cry broke from the clerk's lips. "I couldn't stand it any longer; I couldn't sleep. I was always getting up and going to the window. I couldn't make myself stop. So I set the house on fire. I meant to burn up with it. But I couldn't stay in that house. I couldn't stay! I couldn't—I couldn't

—I thought I saw—oh, God!"

The Doctor hunched his shoulders and winced. He knew he had to get out of

that room for a few minutes' respite.
"Lie down, Narcy," he said huskily.
"I'll be back later and bring you something to make you sleep.'

He went down the stairs, noting that the store was darkened, but that there was a light in the prescription-room. Timothy and his friends were playing poker behind the glass partition. Cheer-ful and assured they were, protected by their thick skins, by their friends, by the homes they would presently go to. Far were they from that borderland, that fantastic and lonely strip sometimes halflit, sometimes blazing luridly, in which Narcy Jethro had his lonely being.

The Doctor went out and stood upon the sidewalk. No one moved on the streets about the Square; in each store, lights were dimmed.

This was the town that had seen Narcy Jethro's boyhood. They had allowed him to mow their lawns, shovel snow; drive grocery wagons, sleep in the livery stable. And he had achieved from their generosity a room over the drug-store and the privilege of inspiring some of Timothy Crane's best jokes.

The Doctor raised his shoulders. "Mustn't sentimentalize. Flawed material. What could we have done with it?



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Sooner or later, under a strain it would have broken."

WOULD it? Well, they had never tried to make anything of it-except a joke. And now it was material fit only for the scrap-heap. Love of beauty had been there, and they had laughed. The sensitiveness of an artist had been there, and they had snickered. Not one of them had opened the door to Narcy Jethro. The human kindness of the town had been to him a closed house

Well! Now the town had to be protected from Narcy Jethro. The Doctor's shoulders sagged as if an intolerable burden had been laid upon them.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," he muttered wearily. And there he stopped, staring up at the beautiful blue-black arch of the night sky. He thought of human justice, half-blind, fumbling. And beyond that justice he thought of the justice of God. He longed for a whisper from that Tribunal which sees all sides, which takes into account not facts but what lies back of them. He regretted suddenly the lost faith of his young years. Somewhere there must be some one whose spirit had not grown deaf, some one who could tell him what he must do next.

He began to walk along the street, scarcely conscious of where he was going, until he found himself on the porch of a plain little house, asking to see Sister Norah. She came into the narrow hall, and as he looked at her face, in which there was now no light, he felt embarrassed before his own fancifulness.

"There's something I wanted to ask you," he began, peering at her wistfully. "You're in touch with God—" He smiled, and there was no offense in his phrase. "I want you to ask Him what is best to do for a soul that's failed. I am pulled here and there, myself; I can't see-

But she was not listening. She had turned to the coat-rack and was putting on her hat. "Take me to that person, she said.

"How did you know it wasn't myself?" he asked, as they came out to the street.

She gave him a brief, indifferent glance. "Your soul isn't sick. It's befogged; that's all."

AFTER that they walked in silence. At the door of Narcy's room they paused, for a low murmur of words could be heard. Quietly the Doctor pushed open the door. The clerk was huddled on his knees, his face buried in his arms, praying in a confused and monotonous murmur. When the Doctor touched him on the shoulder, he staggered to his feet and stood swaying, his face gray-white.

"Lie down, Narcy; you're tired out." The Doctor pressed him back upon the pillow, and Narcy Jethro relaxed as if he was utterly spent. Sister Norah bent over him for an instant. The clerk's eyes looked up at her, wonderingly, with a deep trust in them. Then they closed, and almost instantly he was asleep. The woman stood looking about the room, and Doctor Will had a moment of misgiving. She was uninspired, a drab and weary woman. If she should begin a conventional exhortation, he could not stand



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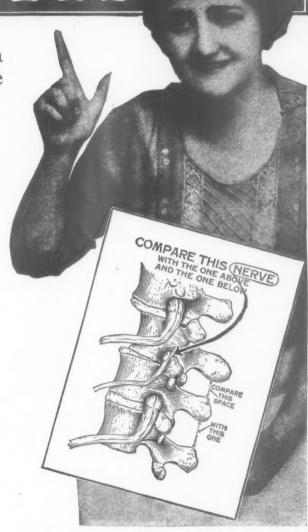
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it. But she merely stood silently, her head bent as if she listened, the fingertips of one hand touching the clerk's outflung arm.

And after an interminable interval the Doctor saw the beginning of something he was never to forget, a dawning unbelievably beautiful. Light and life seemed slowly to flow into and take possession of Sister Norah. Her bent head raised; her body lifted itself as if her very muscles were vivified; her parted lips grew colorful, and her clouded eyes, dull and tired a moment since, became full and starry. Her hands hanging at her sides made a slight outward gesture.

"I am ready," she whispered. "Tell me, O God, how to heal this sick soul."

THE room was still, and Doctor Will felt his hands grip about the footrail of the bed. His eyes could not move from the woman's uplifted face. In the rapture of that face there was also the happiest confidence, the most perfect intelligence he had ever seen.

At last she sighed, and slowly he saw the blaze in her face die down to a quiet power. Her eyes looked into his, and with one hand she touched Narcy Jethro's shoulder.

"He is yours to heal, now," she said.
"Mine?" He looked at her, not understanding, but with dismay beginning to seize his heart.

"Yours to protect, to guard. To heal,"

she persisted.
"But you don't understand! He is-" He tried to say "a criminal," but he knew the words would not express the whole

truth about Narcy Jethro.

And she stopped him with a gesture.
"You needn't tell me. God knows what this poor unfortunate must have his chance. That's why he's yours." She smiled at him gently. "It's so simple."

The Doctor stared at her in stunned silence. Simple! He wanted to protest loudly that he was too old for this responsibility, but deep within him there was the certainty that the something which spoke through Sister Norah was

also the voice of his own soul.
"It wont be easy," he he muttered. "There'll be times when the law-abiding citizen in me will feel guilty as hell."

She gave him a clear look. "God will

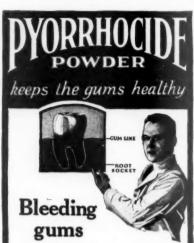
take care of that. And it wont be for long, anyhow."

The Doctor followed her eyes to the sleeping face of the clerk. There were pools of shadows in his sunken cheeks, the look of a man almost at the end of the tether. The Doctor nodded. Perhaps you're right.'

His eyes fell upon the dressing-gown. flung over the end of the bed. Its amethyst gleam reminded him of his garden. He thought of his cherished dream of raising chrysanthemums on a few acres he owned at the edge of town. Narcy Jethro could help him. He'd find plenty of beauty there, a miracle, maybe—who could tell? Well—he straightened his shoulders, as if already they were ad-justing themselves to this new burden.

"I'll take you home," he said to Sister

But she moved toward the door, a commonplace woman. "No. Stay with him. He'll need you when he wakes."



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Made of Cellucotton—a newly-discovered super-absorbent—Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture. It has 5 times the absorbency of or-dinary cotton "sanitary pads." And, in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

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Hygienic immaculateness-that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

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ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.

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